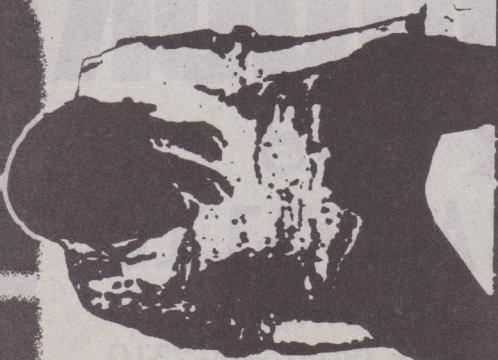


hardcore for the hardcore

**THE
HARDCORE
LIVELONG**

50¢ **#34**

AGAINST ME!



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#3-#6, #11, & #16-#27 the usual shit
#28 Words, words, and more words
#29 2001 a (empty) space odyssey
#30 Bury Me Standing and Le Shok
#31 Police Line & Council Records
#32 Blast! interview
#33 Unholy Grave interview

All other issues sold out.

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DEADLINES: *HeartattaCk* is a quarterly magazine. The actual issue will be out around the 15th of the month following the deadline. The deadlines are as follows:

January 1st	•	April 1st
July 1st	•	October 1st

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1/2 page	(7 1/2" x 5")	\$200
full page	(7 1/2" x 10")	\$6,000

EDITORS: Lisa Oglesby, Leslie Kaha, with help from Kent McClard

THE MOVERS AND THE SHAKERS: Chuck Franco, Adi Tejada, Dylan Ostendorf, Danny Ornee, Denver Dale, Steve Snyder, Brett Hall, Fil Baird, Nate Wilson, Mark Telfian, Matt Average, Jenny Mundy, Dave Johnston, Brandy Schofield, Mike Ott, Marianne Hofstetter, Tim Sheehan, and a few other people that didn't get props.

CONTRIBUTIONS: We need articles, interviews, letters, and just about anything you can think of. Most of the things in *HaC* were just sent in by random people. You can do the same. We print what we like. Throw in some stamps if you want your shit back.

COMPUTER INFO: *HeartattaCk* is fully computerized... so if you can, please send all contributions on disk. You can use IBM or Macintosh disks, but please save all files as text only files!!! You can also submit via e-mail, but again please save all files as text only. If you don't have access to a computer or typewriter then use a pencil or pen.

heartattack

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Issue #34

9,000 copies

May, 2002



Issue

#35

COMING SOON:

Punks over 30

HaC #35 will be one of our theme issues. This time around we are covering punks over 30.

Feeling old or staying young

Parenting

Work and looking to the future

Getting jadded

We are accepting contributions such as articles, columns, and interviews for this issue now. The deadline for contributions is July 1st, 2002.

LETTERS TO HAC

art by Keith Rosson



Heartattack.

This is Ben Axiom from Eugene, OR. I'm currently organizing the Green Anarchy Tour (July-August 2002). This letter is a call to action to the underground music scene for support in the form of money, resources, and promotion. This tour is an attempt to bring together the radical environmental, anarchist, and underground music movements through video, music, and workshops. We're organizing all day events with a "radical film festival" featuring several anarchist/eco/DIY videos from Eugene and elsewhere, workshops on eco-defense and direct action, a talk by author/anarchist John Zerzan, and a nighttime punk show to benefit west coast political prisoners including Free (23 years), Critter (5 years), Rob Thaxton (7 years), and Ruckus (3 years). We will also be distributing a lot of underground anarchist 'zines, newspapers, books, etc.

In Eugene, we are under the gun of the state (secret service, ATF, FBI, local law enforcement, Grand Juries, etc.) and we understand that time is running out for "above ground" activism that is both effective and radical. Some of us consider the next few months, possibly years, to be in many ways the tactical "last stand" for publicly amassing support for radical/underground revolutionary activity. The war we are fighting, against the state, against civilization, is real and there are many POWs (for more info check out spiritoffreedom.org.uk). This tour is an attempt to bring the consciousness of the stakes and tactics of this war across the country and raise money for our prisoner comrades. Please check out our website at greenanarchy.org/tour. And check out the Eugene Independent Media Center at eugene.indymedia.org.

—Ben Axiom; benaxiom@yahoo.com

Heartattack,

This is Ceylon from Pezz/Bury the Living/Voices in the Wilderness (www.vitw.org; 773-784-8065). I'm looking for bands to tour the east coast with this summer for spoken word or street theater or something in that neighborhood about Iraq/war/nonviolent resistance. I'm trying to spend the summer kicking up dust in punk scenes around the east coast, then getting a caravan going in the fall (read further) and really develop a better nonviolent war resistance culture.

Of course, anti-war efforts within the scene don't necessarily change minds or open eyes, but "preaching to the choir" can sometimes get it singing a bit louder. Hell, let's get it dancing in nonviolent resistance. The civil rights movement eventually persuaded many people to

"join the choir" because the outside world (or the uninformed or close-minded) saw people using just means to achieve a just end. The civil rights movement (and numerous other struggles) stood only to gain from the fact that the actions they took didn't cause random violence or harm/dehumanize other people. The means you use determines the end you get. We have a chance, with the punk scene, to bring many people into this view and to nonviolently interfere with the development, storage, sale and possible use of weapons that kill the most innocent of people beyond our shores, especially those who are in the crosshairs now, the civilians of Iraq.

Consider what we (me & Simon Harak) are getting at:

Where are weapons of mass destruction stored and developed? From where are troops and gear deployed to bomb Afghanistan and Iraq? Where are hotbeds of terrorism in our own backyard? Where are the companies that manufacture and sell killing machines? Here's the plan for the caravan briefly mentioned earlier:

We start out in NYC on Sept 12th at the World Trade Center, teaming up with the "Peaceful Tomorrows" people (those who have lost family members at the WTC and Pentagon, and are calling for no war). We give LOTS of presentations around NYC (Fordham, Union Theological, NYU, Columbia), do a kickoff gig, maybe bands against bombs at Tompkins Square Park.

We hit the road (presenting at schools and universities and underground cultures all the way!) to the Picatinny Arsenal in Morris County, NJ (<http://www.epa.gov/region02/superfund/npl/0201168c.htm>; "Home of Army Firepower" No joke! This is their MOTTO!), where they make depleted uranium and some of almost every high-tech weapons system, nukes included...

We head south to Frederick, MD (presenting all the way!), to Fort Detrick, where they make Anthrax. ATCC is the company that sold the Anthrax to Hussein's regime in the '80s.

We head south-er (presenting all the way) to Washington, DC, to the Pentagon, site of the 9/11 terror attacks and the brain of global terror.

We could have a stop in Arkansas—
Pine Bluff Arsenal is the (or one of the) largest
chemical weapons stockpile in the U.S.—vx,
sarin, mustard gas, warheads, etc.

I'd like to make an Alabama (based around Huntsville) stop, also; it's home to the whole military aerospace business. Space is THE military frontier... what needs to come out of this closet?

We head even more south-er, and now WEST (STILL presenting all the way), to join up with the SoA [now WHISC] demonstrations in Columbus, GA, in late November.

From now until then, we could be building community connections; we're trying to find/build affinity groups mostly in the south and east coast, hoping to get like-minded communities together (example: putting weekly vigil folks in touch with punks and a faith group and a student group). How about affinity groups or "cells" which draw in participants from

immediately outside their circles?

By the time the caravan comes through, I or Simon will have gotten to know some point people and their groups a bit better than with the usual foundation for a one-off event. What we'd like to see is regularly scheduled events, simple but allowing for newcomers, be the ad-hoc foundation for a resistance community willing to pool resources for the caravan tour then continue those relationships afterwards. This campaign could build up a real foundation...

The preparation would consist of conscienticizing (Simon's new word) the populace, especially around Picatinny & Detrick & Pine Bluff about the dangers of what's there, and beginning to ask them to insist on an accounting of what's there, and the safety measures surrounding the stuff. Accountability, accountability, accountability...

As far as the caravan stop itself, we'd like to spend a week in each location for fellowship and action. There are a lot of people on the fringes that would be glad to find their places in an active (doesn't have to be ambitious) community. So... each stop (a week long) visit can include a day of fellowship and re-introductions, then a couple of days of outreach and planning during the day, events at night (coffee shop/poetry stuff, practice of faith, punk show/bands against bombs) nonviolence training, non-arrestible actions, then maybe a line crossing or weapons inspections type of action—a CITIZENS' INSPECTION TOUR, trying to get in to the site. Because Simon is acquainted with Scott Ritter, we could get some information on how best to carry out LEGITIMATE weapons inspections. The preparation would be VITALLY important for this, so that the "Citizens' Inspections" don't seem to just "fall out of the sky," a day or two of reflection and follow-up.

Follow up—Once we do our collection of names and e-mails, we should immediately send them to a core follow-up group keeping these loose affiliations as a living community, and there should be immediate contact, with an immediate follow-up action (what—I presently have no idea; it probably should have something to do with the Nov. elections?).

What do you think? Anybody interested?

interested. Ceylon Mooney c/o Voices in the
Wilderness/1460 W. Carmen Ave./Chicago, IL
60640; 773-784-8065; ceymooney@hotmail.com

Heartattack,

I've been into punk/hardcore for about 4-5 years, to some that would be considered not long enough. And in those years I have felt the same alienation which caused me to break from mainstream society initially. I remember coming home crying because I couldn't sit with the cool kids at the table, or because my clothes weren't stylish enough. It destroyed my self esteem and made me a bitter and cynical kid. I can say that things have improved some since then, for within the DIY community I found a group of individuals willing to take matters into their own hands, who would not rely on the corrupt capitalist ethic which

destroys mainstream society.

Grim realization after grim realization, I soon realized that more often than not our "counterculture" mimics mainstream culture almost exactly. The insecurity I felt in grammar school was the same insecurity I felt when I was 14 year old kid with an Anti-Flag patch in a group of kids who wouldn't talk to me because they liked "better" music than I did. I felt the same alienation I felt as a child in a scene that prided itself on "DIY" and "tolerance" yet practiced the diametric opposite. I watched my status in our scene rise as I listened to "better" bands, with the clothing I wore that was more "punk" or "hardcore," and I couldn't help but to laugh out of the irony of it all. Everything I hated in mainstream society was present in a counter-culture which prided itself on the opposite.

To this day, I still get angry when I see scenesters and scene elitists preach about tolerance, compassion, and understanding. The hypocrisy is outstanding. I can't count the number of times I've heard activists/bands/labels preach these values and then bands like Capitalist Casualties and Rambo (among countless others, I'm just naming two off the top of my head) write songs called "Fuck the Christians" or include pictures in their CD booklets of butchered Christians wearing Overcome and Zao shirts (all the while being supported by our DIY/punk/hardcore counter culture). I personally don't believe in organized religion, but is this the kind of attitude we have towards people who don't think like we do? Do we write songs/articles/columns/zines about peace and brotherhood and then condone hatred against groups who disagree with our own? What kind of example are we setting for others?

I think I've said enough. It's been 25 years and I think the punk/hardcore community needs to stop and re-evaluate where it's come since then. In this new millennium, we need to be more critical of the banners we stand behind, the music we listen to, and the organizations we support. If not, how can we claim to be progressive? How can we claim to actuate change if we keep repeating our mistakes?

—Ryan

Dearest *HeartattacK*,

In your last issue, there was a nice interview done with Wells Tiptley from Traffic Violation. In reading the interview I found that Wells has had, and still has, a problem with the way bands and the hardcore community have stigmatized the assistance of medication for those with mental illness. Which I agree with. However, the band that he uses to make his point is C.R., and the person who he talks about is me.

I would like to speak on behalf of myself, or "the other side of the story" just so people who have never had the chance to see us play, or see me introduce the songs live, can create their own opinion. Wells says "Brian did this whole fucking schlep on how the doctor wanted to prescribe him medication and that's fucked up and medication is weakness and all this other fucking bullshit."

First off, I would never say that the doctor tried to prescribe me medication, because the song was not about me. Second, I would never call medication weakness because that was not

the focus of the song. The song Stripped is a song about my father's medical conditions including mental illness, and how I viewed his interactions with the doctors and hospitals, and how the doctors would over prescribe him, and misdiagnose him and treat him like a guinea pig.

The song was also fueled by my lifelong dealings with both grandmothers, a mother and a sister who all have dealt with and are still dealing with their conditions, such as nervous breakdowns, bipolar, schizophrenia, paranoia, manic depression and obsessive compulsive disorder.

With that said I just want to state a few things:

1. The explanations and statements I made before this song would always focus on helping your friends through therapy and hoping to ween them off of medication.

2. I NEVER labeled anyone weak because of their illness or use of medication.

3. I have always maintained that my views and statements were my own, and stem from my personal issues, therefore they are my opinion.

4. I have always made it very clear that if anyone disagrees with anything I have said, or would just like to talk, that I am readily available as soon as our set is over.

That being said, the only person that has ever questioned me on this issue was Eric Rumpshaker. This was an intense interview with C.R. in issue number 4 of *Rumpshaker*. This fanzine I believe was available everywhere.

Wells Tiptley has never once asked me about my position on this subject. Not over the phone, not in person, not via e-mail, and not with one letter. AND, I have seen him a few times since this show that he speaks about his wanting to punch me in my mouth, and I have also conducted business with him since then. While my mouth has always been open for punching, it has always been open for conversation as well. Not once did Wells ever express his anger to me.

I am sorry that Wells has to deal with his condition every day and I do hope that he gets stronger every day as it sounds like he is. I am just a bit upset that this is the first time I am hearing of his disgust, and it has been some time now.

I guess I will contact Wells on my own and attempt to have a discussion about what he is still feeling.

Thanks for your time.

—Bricks Avalon a.k.a. Brian from C.R.; bricksavalon@yahoo.com

Hey *HeartattacKers*,

This is Wells from Traffic Violation Records in New York. Thanks for the interview in the last HaC.

After the issue came out I got an e-mail from Brian who used to be in C.R. I made a statement in the interview concerning how I felt about some stuff he had said at a show a few years back. That was definitely how I felt, but I didn't really realize the consequences of saying it in an interview, a place where Brian couldn't respond. Brian and C.R. were always really open to communication from the audience, both during and after their set. Even though I didn't really feel comfortable communicating my feelings back

then, that wasn't their fault.

I was a big C.R. fan. The band really did influence my outlook on the world and how I relate to the punk community, both in very positive ways. It sucks that only a small and negative experience with the band was relevant and discussed in the interview.

Anyway, I think I've taken up enough space in HaC already. I just wanted to apologize to Brian for bumming him out, and thank him for being cool about all this.

Wells Tiptley/Traffic Violation Records/PO Box 772/East Setauket, NY 11713; wells@trafficviolation.com

HeartattacK,

Hello. My name is Tobi and I'm making a video compilation on VHS. I'm looking for some independent video filmmakers or people who are making short films, animations (flash, etc.) or anything with motion pictures. This video compilation should contain some videos from live-acts (hardcore/emo/screamo-bands) I filmed by myself and some short films.

Maybe you can help me?! When you have anything for my video compilation let it me know. I'm open for all! Maybe you know anybody who is interested or has fun to help me with my project? I hope you are understanding all I have written? Thanx a lot for giving answer. Bye!

Tobi; f_60_productions@web.de
P.S. I'm from Leipzig/Germany

HeartattacKers,

WE WERE LATE for the show. The airport, as always, seems to be a geographic anomaly where no matter what one does they can never arrive on time or get out of there on time. We rushed to my house, dropping off her limited material carry on only possessions and then high tailed it neglecting to give a generous phone call to my small body of friends. To our surprise the line into the venue was still long and winding with the kids creating a tapestry of modern youth fashion. I stood with my companion and admired it. I pondered its importance as well as questioned it but nonetheless it was steeped in admiration. At certain points growing up, fashion can be a dangerous thing and I could only imagine the private battles behind those tribal expressions. Not much has changed since we traded our teeth for other valuables at the time, animal bones and varieties of hair. The peacock will always display its feathers and when a flock of birds don't recognize their own they rip it apart.

For the past few months I had been experiencing a particularly gloomy period and to inadvertently darken my gloom I began the pathetic process of looking through old pictures of my friends, various trips and many nights spent dancing severely drunk. I came across a picture that I swear I used to be in and suddenly I wasn't. A girl, once girl friend, but still friend, had graduated college and we all took a several group shots. I noticed that if you took the pictures and flipped them in the same manner one would draw a cartoon my image slowly, yet comically I assure you, moves stage right out the picture. My shape gets up and floats away. "Saved by the Bell" special effects come to mind when doing

this and for a minute through the brine I spit out a laugh. There is one particular shot where she is handing me the diploma as to suggest that I would get off my lazy ass and go back to school but tragically I am missing from this. She is handing it to vacant air. This irrational turn of events so disturbed me that in a sense it fractured everything I looked at. Already somewhat cynical of rock music shows became unbearable. A painting I once loved to gaze, not just look, gaze at, irritated my eyes as I noticed a line of black that was slanted ever so much that it became obscene. My reading of various radical "leftist" literatures left me with a feeling of numbness and comfort that seemed just about right. The burritos just didn't taste anymore. The music didn't sing. The physical representation of my ego had been lost in one-hour film developing and the universe unraveled.

The line of socializing youth casually and coolly waltzed into the show and scattered about. A healthy amount of folks swarmed the stage and we made our way to a good middle position that we would defend very politely. Though not an idiot by birth it dawned on me that I was surrounded by and large a female crowd a good number of which were coupling with their similar significant other. Out of familiar territory I walked coming in and I don't think I was ever more ready. Everything about it, the talking through the openers, the nervous glances searching for no one, were old but as the two female plus one androgynous took the stage I felt funny. In my weathered twenty-two years I felt young again. I was excited simply based on the crowd around me. My acceptance turned to an enjoyment of being a minority of those in attendance and for the first time in long while something felt new. I felt like I was being shown something or more specifically being invited to enjoy something. There was a particular shine in the eyes of the girls around me, a healthy glow of their skin and the feeling that we were here for something, that something, anything, could happen. The musicians talked to the crowd, they laughed, they danced, and then it happened: There in the crowd the Spirit of Fun, who was very tall and sported a Conan hair cut and pocket protector, was standing motioning to me to dance with everyone and knowing it was quite unorthodox for a serious rock n' roller, I rebelled and began to dance. I danced for an hour or so. It was mixture of sad and happy as we departed. Because of my insistence of looking through old pictures that I began missing out and that all I really have are those small relatively short moments where I transcend my habits, my opinions, my poor fashion sense where the floor could fall away from my feet as I shout the same words out with a hundred other off key voices, and where I can borrow a pen from the Spirit of Fun but never return it. That's what I used to look for every time, a simple free moment.

I am happy to report that my vision has been repaired from this experience but I feel it necessary to note a few other notable events. A few days later the friends I neglected to call came over and asked what it is they could do to make my stay here on the planet a more enjoyable experience and this helped immensely as I tend to forget what good friends I have. I started forgetting about my pictures because all the people populating them were in front of me. A

few days later after this I received a book called CUNT and it changed, or should I say, revolutionized my world and illuminated beautifully a few more shadows of the large complex picture. It truly is a gift that unfolds continuously and I recommend it to every boy or adult male everywhere. I actually don't recommend, I demand in a gentle way. I don't have all the words for praise yet. On this same day my brother called to show me a song he wrote that bewildered me completely and I began to salivate at the idea of playing an instrument as soon as I could. He also translated some Spanish for me and taught me some art history in one conversation. Things I missed all along that happened daily and are written off as mundane.

This is my unapologetic thank you letter to a potential button maker who provided me with an existential shovel to dig my way of out nostalgia and those conspirators who provided themselves. Inspiration, who knows really, I have only a moment to write this and it took a moment to get me to write it. I really want to go to bed but what sounds nice is completing a map of the young person's universe in my last annoying sentence fragments. I won't, I can assure you, but you will sleep better knowing that upon reexamination of said picture that I discovered that I am in fact there, the tips of my fingers are on the right coming into frame.

Thank you for your time, Jared Wardle;
Jared@lolarecords.net

HeartattaCk,

Consider death. Consider mangled flesh, hanging from shining, steel teeth, stained with crimson and peppered with gravel. Consider exposed cartilage and tendons, no longer capable of even supporting your weight. Consider death.

Now consider your morning commute. When you get behind the wheel/bars, are you surprised at or aware of your frustration? I am very aware. I ride a bike. I see you anxiously oscillating your glance, waiting to prove that you've got what it takes to join all those "heroes" you've seen lapping it up in Indy. Yes, we all lust for the quick, the dangerous, and the sexy. And why shouldn't we? We're only animals, after all, right? Competitive aggression is in our genes. We're made for this! Yes, well, I refer you to my leading paragraph and ask you to view from another angle just how much we're made for it.

The human mind and body are resilient, yet delicate, and incredibly "designed," but are they "designed" to withstand the advances of an army of lights, glares, beeps, whistles, churning pistons, booming stereos, and smells that could knock a fish gutter off his feet (not to mention the more obvious incompatibility of flesh and steel).

I lean towards "nay" on this one, regardless of my hyperbole, and so I don. I protect myself. The padded shorts, bright colored shirt, reflective tape, and running lights, however, are secondary. Cranium commands capping, and I pinch a few more whiskers in buckling the helmet over my chin. This is new.

I have not always had such foresight and concern for my body or the bodies of others. I was that jerk that rode through the red light, as you accelerated into what you thought was an empty intersection. I was the idiot that almost clipped your book-laden arms as you jogged to

your Chemistry final across what you assumed, rightfully, I might add, was a sidewalk designed for (what else?) walking. I was free. The cars and pedestrians were so much awful, as far as I was concerned. What a bunch of stooges, besides, for supporting huge oil companies and shoe corporations that employ children for slave wages in far away lands! Of course, I am cognizant of the resources required to produce bicycles and the strange corporate bedfellows of some major bike manufacturers, but we make our compromises, to avoid a debate about a topic that is related, but would best be tended in its own pasture. I was a careless fool, and I was invincible.

Yes, it does sound as if I'm getting to my "saw the light" spiel, but I'll spare some exaggeration and the podium vibe. I got a new bike. This bike was to transform my perspective. Fueled by friendly inspiration, I became enthralled with the concept of weaning myself from the petroleum teat, as much as was possible. This phase found me becoming better friends with my senses, and it was at this point that I realized how much I had been missing, in more ways than one. There, a child with a friend on his handlebars. There, a withered character teetering down the road to accost the next oncoming, rocketing block of metal. There, a sidewalk pedestrian taking to grass to avoid a crippling collision. These sights are a daily thing, as some of you are aware. Many of you, in fact, engage in these practices (I know I did for much of my childhood). However, excluding your camp, I have something other than death for readers to consider. It is, to put things in our too frequently preferred manner, respect. Now, before reacting in predictable fashion to a word that has, no doubt, made it into the vocabulary of many a hypocritical/detached/unrealistic/dishonest orator, recall another word that has a hard time being treated as anything more harmless than a bullet, outside of certain hardcore circles. The word is not as important as the concept it describes, but, for those of you burning for this paragraph to roll across the finish line, it starts with an a and ends with an m, as in anachronism (which, while similar in structure, is not the word in question). The concept was already mentioned, above, and I wish to delve further into "mutual awareness," especially as pertains to the accepted and one visualized form of authoritarian systems.

We are a troubled people, according to many, in that we have opted out of organization and behavior that reinforces desire to engage in altruistic action (without monetary or other recognition). Some of this aversion could be biologically significant, but another portion of it seems to be derived from convenience and failure to apply intelligence. I do not intend to analyze these points, so much as I intend to suggest that we are capable of a much greater degree of awareness than we exhibit and that were we to give ourselves the time and understanding to explore this potential, we would acquire more satisfaction from our lives. If you're wondering where I'm going with this, don't worry. We're almost there.

There are hundreds of ways we can participate in adding to or subtracting from the world around us. Whether overt or covert, too, nearly every action has the potential to affect another inhabitant of "your" planet. Hence, the cycling connection. By riding a bicycle, one can

spare fossil fuels, improve one's mental and physical health, and reduce the demand for asphalt-covered earth, among other repercussions. On the other hand, one can also, if not participating in some form of "mutual awareness," increase the risk of harmful/fatal accidents for motorists, pedestrians, other cyclists, and, perhaps, most importantly, for oneself. Careless cycling also puts blocks in the wall of conflict between hard-working cyclists and transportation engineers. This is a wall that does not need your contribution. There is no intelligence in the person that is inconsiderate of this relationship, as misrepresentation of the cycling community only solidifies a further lack of funding and planning that would make cycling a safer and more enjoyable act.

Yes, I am drawing a line between Point A (anarchistic principles) and Point B (bicycling). It is a thin line, you may suggest, and I expected some might think so. I make no claims of possessing knowledge or skill that would enable a more thorough connection to be drawn. I do, however, know that we are all representatives of our chosen activities. People that hunt for sustenance have, for years, been seen through a filter that produced/s a negative stereotype. Skateboarders have been seen through the same filter. In fact, a local paper in my hometown of hundreds of thousands (there has got to be a few enlightened journalists in such a large sample, there's just got to be!!!), compared those of us who ride concrete waves to termites! Football (U.S. style) players have suffered the same injustice, as have chess club members, footbaggers, golfers, and on down the list. So, the question is, why should the lens be any wider

FIGHTING BACK

I ONCE MADE A BOOKLET ON SELF-DEFENCE FOR ?, BUT I WANTED TO RE-DO IT, SO HERE GOES! "SELF DEFENCE IS WHAT WE DO TO MAKE OUR LIVES SAFER ON A DAILY BASIS!" IT'S TAKING CONTROL OF SITUATIONS IN WHICH YOU'RE TO BE MADE A VICTIM—THIS RANGES FROM COMMENTS TO PHYSICAL ATTACK. IT'S REALISING THAT IF SOMEONE DOES NOT RESPECT YOUR BOUNDARIES, YOU SHOULD STOP THEM. THERE ARE MANY DIFFERENT STRATEGIES FOR THIS—SAYING SOMETHING, YELLING, LEAVING, FIGHTING—THE IMPORTANT THING IS YOU DO SOMETHING!

BODY LANGUAGE

STARING AT THE GROUND, HUNKED SHOULDERS, HIDING YOUR HANDS IN YOUR POCKETS, MAKING YOURSELF SMALL, CARRIES THE MESSAGE "I'M WEAK & VULNERABLE!" WOMEN GET TARGETED AS EASY PREY, SO HAVING STRONG BODY LANGUAGE DECREASES OUR RISK OF BEING FUCKED AROUND. MAKE EYE CONTACT WITH PEOPLE IN A WAY THAT LETS THEM KNOW YOU'VE SEEN THEM. SWING YOUR ARMS WHEN WALKING, TAKE UP SPACE. STRONG BODY LANGUAGE NOT ONLY AFFECTS HOW OTHERS SEE US, IT INCREASES OUR OWN CONFIDENCE.

VERBAL STRATEGIES

ASSERTING YOURSELF IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF TAKING CONTROL OF YOUR LIFE. IF SOME BEHAVIOUR IS MAKING YOU FEEL BAD, UNCOMFORTABLE, SCARED, CONFRONT THE PERSON. YOU CAN:

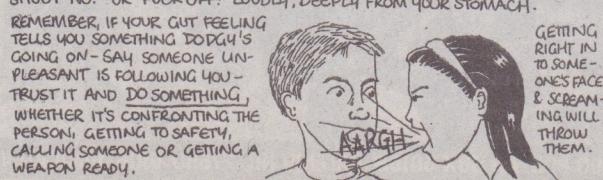
- ① NAME THE BEHAVIOUR
- ② CRITICISE IT
- ③ TELL THEM WHAT YOU WANT THEM TO DO

"YOU'RE CONSTANTLY TOUCHING ME. I DON'T LIKE IT. STOP IT." REPEAT IF NEEDED!

THIS IS A DIRECT, NON-ENGAGING WAY OF ESTABLISHING WHAT YOU WANT. AVOID SAYING "PLEASE" ETC WHEN ASSERTING YOURSELF.

IF SOMEONE IS BOTHERING YOU IN A PUBLIC PLACE, MAKE A SCENE! IT WILL BE MUCH MORE EMBARRASSING FOR THAT PERSON THAN FOR YOU! OUR VOICE IS A WEAPON, TOO! YELLING ALERTS OTHER PEOPLE & CAN FREAK AN ATTACKER OUT. IT CAN ALSO HELP CHANNEL YOUR FEAR INTO AGGRESSION. SHOUT "NO!" OR "FUCK OFF!" LOUDLY, DEEPLY FROM YOUR STOMACH.

REMEMBER, IF YOUR GUT FEELING TELLS YOU SOMETHING DODGY'S GOING ON—SAV SOMEONE UNPLEASANT IS FOLLOWING YOU—TRUST IT AND DO SOMETHING, WHETHER IT'S CONFRONTING THE PERSON, GETTING TO SAFETY, CALLING SOMEONE OR GETTING A WEAPON READY.



or clearer for us cyclists?

Yes, wearing a helmet may mess up your hair or keep you from attaining your full, macho, Easy Rider appeal, but it saves your life, too. Acting within a system of laws got you down? Try learning what few reasonable and life-saving guidelines are in place for vehicle operators and chart the record drop in honks, screeches, and middle fingers you see in a week. All rules are not out to get you and stifle your freedom, you complete rebel, you. Some are, in fact, in existence to keep your hide unscathed, and are still around because they work (that is, when they are heeded). Do we need laws for this to happen? Can we ride, drive, and act like we give two cents about lives other than our own? You tell me, because, from what I see, it looks as if most of us justify existing authoritarian structure at its most basic level, and, frankly, I'm getting tired of the wrecks.

Please send any constructive criticism to bradjaynes@hotmail.com or to Brad Jaynes/1602 W. Wappo Rd./Charleston, SC 29407. Three books that have opened my mind further: *Skeptical Environmentalist* (B. Lomborg), *No Turning Back; Dismantling the Fantasies of Environmental Thinking* (Wallace Kauffman), and *Effective Cycling* (John Forrester).

Dear HAC,

As I write this, I'm thinking of how consumerist our own scene is, and hypocritical (myself included) we are in regards to this. When I go to shows I see kids with hundreds of metal studs on their vests, dozens of patches, and stickers on their guitars. Do we really need this?

Self Defence for Women & Girls

I thought we were supposed to be treading lightly on the earth, and contributing to ecocide as little as possible.

I'm just as guilty as anyone else is, as I buy things I have absolutely no need or use for, and we all need to cease. Every stud had to be mined (or made from recycled metal that could reduce the need for newly mined metal), every patch or band shirt from a cotton field (Was it organic cotton? Probably not.), and every vinyl sticker supported the oil industry. John Zerzan's book I saw even had a plastic wrapper on it.

We talk shit on the rest of society for consuming, but we're just as bad. Let's each one of us begin to remember the first two words of "Reduce, Reuse, Recycle." I'm not saying we should stop consuming 100%, just each of us a little bit, and live a bit more simply, and put more thought into our habits.

And as for credit cards, which I've noticed a few anti-capitalist distros accepting, note that credit card companies are parasites that feed off of people's inability to live within their means. Just something to think about.

—Lucas Szabo/PO Box 618/Donald, OR 97020

P.S. I realized halfway through this letter I had a bag full of scrap paper I could have written this on, and that just goes to show how we need to start thinking about this stuff!

heartattack

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MOVES

THERE ARE SOME TWISTS & TRICKS TO GET OUT OF CERTAIN GRABS. I'LL SHOW YOU SOME BASIC, SIMPLE ONES—I THINK ALL SELF DEFENCE SHOULD BE KEPT AS SIMPLE AS POSSIBLE. YOU CAN PRACTISE THESE MOVES WITH A FRIEND. WITH SOME PRACTISE THEY BECOME AN AUTOMATIC REACTION. THEY DON'T DEPEND ON STRENGTH, JUST QUICK REACTION & SWIFT MOVEMENT. AND DON'T WORRY IF YOU CAN'T REMEMBER THEM/ THEY DON'T MAKE ANY SENSE TO YOU. YOU CAN ALSO TRY & GET OUT OF A GRAB IN OTHER WAYS, E.G. BY STRIKING A PRIMARY TARGET (SEE NEXT PAGE).

WRIST GRAB

IF SOMEONE GRABS YOUR WRIST, GET OUT BY DOING A QUICK TWIST AGAINST THE THUMB (THE WEAKEST PART OF THE GRAB), UP & OVER THE ARM. YOU CAN DO THIS WITH BOTH WRISTS AT THE SAME TIME, TOO.

CLOTHES GRAB

THIS ONE IS FOR IF SOMEONE GRABS YOUR SHIRT OR THROAT WITH BOTH HANDS. PUSH ONE HAND THROUGH THEIR ARMS; HOLD YOUR OTHER HAND, AND PUSH QUICKLY FROM ONE SIDE TO THE OTHER. TWIST YOUR HIPS & SHOULDERS TOO TO ADD POWER.



HALF-NELSON

THIS ONE IS FOR WHEN SOMEONE GETS YOU INTO A HALF NELSON. GET YOUR HAND UP INTO THEIR FACE FROM BEHIND THEIR SHOULDER, THEN JERK THEIR HEAD BACK WHILE COMING UP.

GRABBED WITH TWO HANDS

MAKE A FIST, THEN PULL IT UP WITH YOUR FREE HAND, TOWARDS YOUR FACE.



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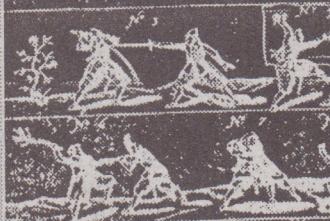


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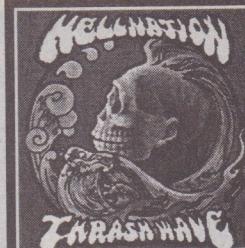
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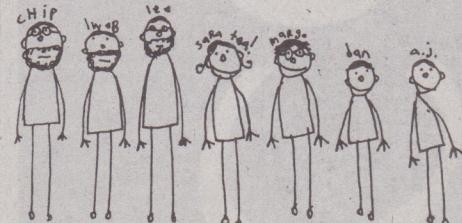
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TRANSITION



Bryan Alft

Last issue I wrote about Hollywood's latest hit war movie, Black Hawk Down, and its portrayal of the Somali people. This is a topic of particular relevance to those of us living in the Twin Cities because it is home to one of the largest Somali immigrant populations in the United States. Some estimates are that the Somali population in Minnesota could be as high as 20,000 making the Somali community an established part of inner-city Minneapolis.

On March 10, a mentally ill Somali man was shot to death by six Minneapolis cops. He was walking the streets holding a crowbar and a machete, wandering about a mile from where police first spotted him, before officers resorted to the use of tasers to subdue him. They shot the taser weapon at him twice, but when he rose to his feet and reportedly struck a police car with his machete, he was shot more than a dozen times.

When Bush's "war on terrorism" began, the Somali community was one of the first government targets. Raids on Somali money transfer offices in Minneapolis were national news and a number of Somali immigrants have since been deported to Somalia. The U.S. government charges that some of the money being transferred was being funneled to terrorists and those individuals who were deported were here illegally or had broken U.S. laws. These government actions are especially disturbing because Somalia is a country ruled by warlords and without a government. Most funds sent through the Twin Cities money transfer systems kept their families in Africa alive and fed. Those dumped off in Somalia are cast into the same chaotic and dangerous environment they had fled in the first place. One wonders if such deportations are even legal given that Somalia is without a government.

Government attacks and public fear have only served to fuel prejudice and distrust of the Somali community. Last week I arrived at work to find the radio tuned to a popular morning radio show on which the host and his buddies were railing against multiculturalism and demanding that immigrants "keep their cultures at home" and act like "Americans" if they want to stay here. Shortly after I was broad-sided by this load of crap, a delivery guy came in the door and happily exclaimed that he had been to five print shops so far that morning and everyone had been listening to this same station. I nodded and signed his invoice, a pit growing in my stomach.

Public scapegoating and politically motivated attacks on immigrants is nothing new in this country. During World Wars I and II, the patriotism and loyalty of recent immigrants was questioned and immigrants were harassed and abused by the government and the public—the worst of which being the internment of thousands of Japanese Americans during World War II. As recent events have shown, many Americans have learned little from history. If Bush's arrogant, chest-thumping State of the Union address is any indication, the Bush administration is equally

lacking in historical perspective. Both domestically and internationally, the Bush administration is staking out an aggressive war posture not only on terrorists, but on any country who does not follow the U.S. government's agenda—even U.S. citizens.

Here at home, the Bush administration has worked tirelessly to wage their "war on terrorism," and in the process has bred increased distrust and prejudice towards immigrants. The government still holds in detention an unknown number of individuals who were detained in the sweeps of "suspects" immediately following September 11th. These immigrants have been held without the usual guarantees of a proper defense or the right to notify anyone of their detention. They are held in secret as if they were not real people with feelings and families. Government agencies have gone so far as to mention their desire to have some of these detainees moved to other countries where they could be tortured for information. These actions convey an attitude that immigrants are not equal to us—undeserving of the basic rights that we as Americans demand for ourselves. In effect, the government succeeds in dehumanizing, and breeding distrust of, those who do not "act like Americans"—whatever that means.

Internationally, Bush's proclamation in the State of the Union that there is an "Axis of Evil" consisting of Iran, Iraq, and North Korea will only lead to more worldwide tensions and may even lead us into further conflict and prolonged war. Deeming these nations "evil" only works to undermine efforts by reformers within these countries and erode attempts at peaceful contact by our allies. Such simplistic language about other peoples emboldens the conservative, anti-American forces of these nations and serves to further dehumanize non-Americans to an already wary U.S. population.

Bush has found it easier to play the tough guy and to talk in sweeping generalities than to delve into the complex realities of international relations or the diverse character of the American population. In the end, his shallow pool of knowledge, and incredibly broad lack of foresight is driving us all closer to war and conflict at home and abroad.

Of course, the death of Abu Jeilani, a 27-year-old Somali man with a wife and two children, at the hands of Minneapolis police could have happened prior to September 11th, but the callous and narrow focus of our "leaders" helps breed attitudes which make such tragedies more certain.

Bryan Alft/Contrascience/PO Box 8344/Minneapolis, MN 55408; balft@isd.net

Tara MacDonald

Punk.

I like the word punk. It rolls off the tongue as harsh as any other one-syllable word ending in "K."

Punk is tough as nails. Punk is strong. Punk is unique and brash.

Punk is a state of mind and not a dress code, fad or fashion.

But alas, if that were only the case!

I recently ventured out to Vancouver's only hardcore bar called the Cobalt on a mild March evening. It was a Saturday in fact—not a normal Cobalt day for myself and company. Truthfully, I rarely ever go out on nights where I'm not responsible for the show. My off nights seem to come few and far between and the luxury of my living room couch mixed with '70s style flicks is more than this slacker can ignore!

Anyway, we head on down to the seedy end of Main St. to check out a couple of local punk rock bands at the Cobalt.

So as to set the scene a little bit, I'll explain a few significant dimples between the Cobalt and let's say, any other average bar in town.

The Cobalt is an ex-strip bar. There are poles and weird side stages and stuff that are now used as improved leveraging for band watchers. Upstairs is a motor hotel. I'm not too sure what the difference is between a regular and motor hotel, although I'll assure you that the latter is poorly kept.

As you walk in the door, you may notice a few burley middle aged men, in strangely familiar dime store suits, standing with pint in hand. They immediately approach you and ask or motion for a bummed cigarette or two. On the walls are posters from the past, all in black and white and designed in the messy, tagger style that is popular for this racket. There doesn't seem to be one 11x17 space left on the entire length of glassy wall. There's a traditional purple glow to the room—black lights from back in the stripper days litter the ceiling clung to by fluttering moths and other large, flying insects.

It's always a good idea to avoid looking up at the Cobalt.

Battered, ex-office stools and seats are scattered around the floor. Some are lopsided and flip up if you sit down too fast, so watch your butt.

The last time we haunted the Cobalt, my party of people and I sat at the back wall directly behind the girls washroom. Throwing our bags and hoodies on the floor, not thinking of possible casualties, some headed for the bar while others sparked up smokes. Three hours later, items all soaked in what seemed to be girl's bathroom sludge, we checked it out the door and onto the dank street.

Just another adventure to tell the kids some day. (Yikes!)

Wendy Thirteen and Jason run, book and set the tone at the Cobalt. Punks for life, I personally think these two are amazing. I mainly enjoy the Cobalt for its good vibe and community feel. I believe that Wendy and Jay have set and maintain this standard of punking on. Wendy doesn't say no to any band who wants to play the venue—schedule permitting, of course. I have seen some crazy bands in that room. Anything from Nickelback-driven radio rock to crazy hippie jamborees. No one dices Wendy up for her choice in bookings partly because I think everyone knows where her loyalties lie.

If only everything in life panned out that smooth.

So I was in the Cobalt on Saturday with a group of good friends who happen not to sport black leather, ripped jeans and blue mohawks. In fact, my brother wore a white shirt specifically so he would glow under the dirty black lights of

the club.

No one ever wears white to the Cobalt. It's like that lamb to the slaughter metaphor.

Anyway, we looked odd in that crowd of, technically, odd people, and this caused us more problems than we needed that evening.

First let me state that I have been particularly aggressive lately and kind of bitter. I'm not an angry person at all and have always been sort of a born pacifist (except during rugby games). But I have fallen into this state of "life shock" where things are shitty and life's bigger questions have been getting me down. I think a lot of it has to do with work. My office has been working towards a larger music festival and the agro involved is immense. I try to stay chipper but it's hard. There's no way I could have prepared myself for this amount of work crap.

Anyway, my tension played a certain role in the events to follow.

A gang of about 10 people sat next to my own gang and began their night similar to ours. Lots of laughter, holiganerie and drinks ensued. It wasn't until about half way through the event that the shit began to pile. For whatever reason, the boys and girls in black decided to start slamming my friends and I for looking too "Weezer-ish." I admit, the peach button up blouse I was wearing was a little too indie for such an environment, but really people, we're all here for the same reason! Plus, I had my black shiny army boots on! Wouldn't that alone make up for everything else?

I guess not. I'm not going to whine about someone calling me a bad name. I've gotten called bad names before and I'm sure I'll get called more. But man was I ever in a weird mood—like I was ready to jump over the chair and slam dance on a couple of their faces! Me! The keeper of the peace! The hider of all bad things!

I felt possessed by the rage like a puppet on strings.

My rage has been growing.

My new life in Vancouver has been a slap in the face of a dreamer. That happy-go-lucky Apples in Stereo style licks that used to travel around with me have faded in Cryptopsy and Candiria (not that that's bad).

I'm just saying I've changed at the hands of unhappy people and it's dragging me down.

Take my tattooist for example.

I've been going to this guy for close to 8 months, every two weeks, to work on a Japanese style sleeve up my left arm. I can't really remember how it started—the idea and plunge I mean—but I can tell you that the concept left me blinded roughly three months ago. That's when my tattoo dude started slacking and talking on the phone and visiting with friends during my visits to his place of work. Two hour tattoo sessions turned into 7 and 8 hour long, drawn out soap operas where buddy would be fighting with his ex-girlfriend one minute and smoking a grande-sized cigarette the next.

The whole thing drove me insane.

But I'm too nice and I never got mad at him until I got home. Somehow, stamping around my apartment complaining to four, white walls just doesn't cut the ice the same as yelling in someone's face.

I'll tell you this though, I won't go back to him for another tattoo nor will I recommend his work to anyone. I'm not an exhibitionist when it comes to my arm art anyway.

Of course, it's much easier to dwell on the madness of the world than on the good. There are amazingly great people in this city and the strength of talent amongst bands in Vancouver is crazy. I've never been so elated as at shows in this town. I figure I've got to be like the narc on the inside for a lot of these musicians—helping out wherever I can while I'm inhabiting such a juicy role in the scene. It's kind of silly but has worked out well for a number of people.

What the hell am I trying to say (she asks herself)?

Basically, punk is everything and everyone. Don't judge or belittle because some of us don't have scrappy black hair and a neglected tribute to Joey Ramone T-shirt. There are as many off-shoots to punk nowadays as there are different people.

It's all good.

I got three e-mails from punks around the world! Thanks so much for writing me and I look forward to more letters. arat60@hotmail.com. bye bye.

Tara MacDonald/Music Industry Multi-tasker/#1-2544 W. 3rd Ave./Vancouver, BC/V6K 1M1/Canada

Mike McKee

"Goodbye to you, my friend..."

Increasingly following form with mainstream entertainment culture, punk seems to come across as a paid-for spectator transaction rather than a tangible event or the signifier of an open-ended lifestyle. Enter—and exit—Zegota. Despite a limited following outside of the extreme DIY underground, North Carolina's Zegota(e) is as precious a band American punk has known for some time. A 2000 video documentary from Lost Film Festival organizer/Great Clearing Off guitarist Jon Foy attempted to capture the band's sense of self with only partial success. Simply put, Zegota is very much something that needs to be experienced rather than watched second-hand. On Saturday, Jan. 26, the band played its final announced show in the United States. Throughout the next few months, the members will be collectively moving to Stockholm, Sweden. The fact that the band was not actually breaking up, but rather following its perceived next level posed a unique challenge to everyone in the crowd—not the fatal notion of a funeral as much as the "What If?" of a choice.

In an emotional performance following the first day of this year's National Conference on Organized Resistance in Washington DC, Zegota smashed much of the illusion clouding modern punk for me. As heckles, peripheral conversations and giggles droned on in the back of the room, singer Moe spoke bitterly about the recent suicide of a friend, suggesting that despite all our inside jokes and silly distractions, maybe everything wasn't going to be all right. In a world of very real misery, how much of our reality (as

punks, as artists, as lovers, dreamers and humans) is a euphemism? Zegota's attitude is never one of condemnation or judgment though. Their smiles aren't the result of ignorance or denial, but the will to keep on keeping on (to quote the popular truck-stop saying) in spite of all the things meant to grind us down.

Their final song in the United States was a cover of Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young's "Ohio," a fitting analogy to this commitment. And while the switching from "Nixon" to "Bush" in the song's chorus might have represented nothing more than a clever updating for some of the crowd, the song's message hardly needs a more timely translation—in days like these it isn't always safe to stand up for things you believe.

Our irony and our comfort will not save us. Whether any of our other wild schemes will (be they art, community, sex, drugs, rock'n'roll, trainhopping, employment or activism) are ultimately up to us.

I've never heard such silence at the end of a punk band's set as there was when Zegota finished playing that night. It's fitting, I guess, because I don't think I've ever seen a band like Zegota. I found myself crying on two separate occasions during their set. When they were done, I—like most of the crowd—was silent. The silence stuck for several minutes, as I walked to the back of the room to de-pressurize. It was time to say goodbye. Goodbye to four individuals who, for me, have always been real examples of kindness, hospitality and passion. Goodbye to one of the most sincere and consistently intense punk bands today. And, in the spirit of the challenge I tend to think they wanted to extend with so powerful a set, goodbye to the passive approach to life that tells us we can get by on "tomorrows," "maybe laters," and "this is good enough for now."

You remind me what it's like to be amazed. Thank you and good luck abroad.

Mike McKee/Kill, the Man Who
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Clare Catalyst

Burning Skies (Tones on Tail)

"Like ice about to melt / you empty yourself of everything"

For some reason Solstice and I talk about chem trails all the way down from the Badlands thru the res. NPR stutters in and out of range, talking crazy about bioterrorism, which reminds Sols of a conspiracy theorist who diagnosed him often with anthrax on days when the sky was streaked thick with trails. We try to tithe up our apples and carrots to an outstandingly shiny herd of mustangs close to the road, mostly pale shades of dun and light chestnut, but they'll have nothing to do with us or our fruits and skedaddle off across the plains with their bodies in flight gleaming in the sun. They look terribly clean and fat for wild 'uns, but act wholly and appropriately disdainful of humans.

Pine Ridge is long from north to south, and the roads are much better maintained than I

expected. This is not where we want to get pulled over, so we do the speed limit and reach Wounded Knee just a couple of hours before dark. It's almost anticlimactic to suddenly come upon a large marker almost in the middle of the road; in this girl's dramatic mind, having pictured this site for fifteen years, I think I expected an enormous ditch like a canyon, a stark and rocky hill that mounted the Howitzers, and a ring of ancient pines around the whole thing. In reality of course there's cardboard and scraps of flattened aluminum by the road that cuts between a small hill and a T-intersection of gentle ditches. The large marker tells a summarized story that barely begins to convey the outrage. Wandering into the nearby ditch, my mind unravels at the edges as the damp ground sends tremors up my legs.

A blue pickup truck pulls up, and someone about our age gets out and begins talking with Solstice. I zip up my hoodie as some kind of psychological hug and walk over. His name is Jeremy, and he and his father make and sell dream catchers, medicine wheels, and other "crafts" to supplement his bimonthly income from picking up trash around the rez.

Some kind of bus is atop the hill and Solstice and I wait til they leave before climbing up. A cemetery surrounds the mass grave, fenced with chainlink around the long granite streaks that mark off the edges of what might have been the pit that frozen bodies were placed in days later, after the inconvenient blizzard subsided. I remember the story I first read about Wounded Knee, in the Richard Erdoes-collected book of myths and legends, the legend of the baby in a beaded cap with a tiny American flag on it, frozen to his mother's breast. Thinking about "legends" and who makes history, how events are translated, who takes responsibility and how this massacre is only one of so many. Buddy LaMonte's grave is across the fence from the obelisk marked with names aside the long grave. Buddy's death, and Frank Clearwater, as well as Pedro Bissonette and the many assassinated in the years after the siege is equally real as the people who were raked down from the hill and dumped in this mass grave, and I'm trying to reach across space to mourn also for those who are unmarked. I think of baby Pedro born here in 1973, between tracer rounds, birthplace so besieged that the tipi he should have been delivered in was too endangered by FBI fire. I try to think of living resistance, but the sound of spitting bullets burns out everything else in my head.

The tall stone marker is an altar, ringed by offerings of beads, cigarettes, styrofoam cups of stew, prayer bundles, flowers, sage, letters. Sols and I sit on opposite sides of the marker so we cannot see each other, supporting each other through invisible presence. I don't want him to watch me cut my arms. I knew long ago that I would want to make an offering here, that it's not my culture or heritage to make a flesh offering alone, but that I personally owe much to the refugees who were murdered here in 1890, to the resisters here just a few years before my birth, to all the indigenous people who have died on this continent.

Since I was about seven or eight, when I first read of the Ghost Dancers, the legends of Wounded Knee have informed my seeing, have moved and supported me on this path to working

for social justice. And being here today I want to pray for the people, not martyr-heroes, not my own culturally biased translation of who they were and what their lives meant, but the real individuals, adults and children who were killed here.

* For years after an adolescent depression, I couldn't see pictures of scars on wrists or arms without feeling nauseous. Slowly I learned to forgive myself for being stupid, hopeless at fifteen; being young and feeling very alone, and not knowing what other channels I could open to release pain that threatened to drown me. I did what I could, I thought that balance could be approximated by equalizing internal and external pain, and I don't fear any longer that I'll ever regress into feeling that powerless again. Then, I was responding to violence around me; now, I'm doing the same, but this is different. This is the wood between the worlds where the close connection of all our intertwined lives across this world is too visible to ignore, too visceral to absorb in a quick second. I think I may spend the rest of my life trying to understand how it feels being at this place, and what to do with that information. All I can do is offer that

How hard it is to draw up my sleeves and make this dull Leatherman part my skin. It's a relief to feel that it's difficult, but some inappropriate confused ego starts taunting me that if I can't do it I must not be really mourning, my weak soul must not be as aligned in solidarity as I thought or want, it's easy for the white kid to duck pain at any turn. And this makes me want to put down the knife, because I'm not going to cut myself to talk down a weird voice of my ego. In front of my face hangs the hide string, tied with twenty or thirty bundles draped across several feet of the monument's chainlink fence. I look at the cups of beans and watersoaked bent cigarettes laid on concrete. Still I feel the earth vibrating underneath me with screams of a century ago. No, it's easy to pull the knife across my arm, to breathe through sting, to offer blood to the four directions, and finally, finally to forget what this means in the outside world, the real world—just to touch my forehead briefly to dirt over the channel they were laid in, and to walk down into the ditch where no one ever found refuge and cry unseen into the earth. In the Moon of Drying Grass, just before the snow blanketed out everything, people running panicked for no shelter, and confused panicked soldiers firing on everything moving. I look up to the hill where the guns stood, to the grave I don't want to walk over, me the descendant of settlers with my numb arms and spinning head, wanting to make so many promises I have no words for. Standing in the brittle autumn grass among dead sunflowers, I squeeze some blood on a limb of sage growing in the wash. I don't need to have a wound streaming from my bicep to prove anything here as the October sun sets fierce red; nothing short of a lifetime dedication to justice is enough to honor these dead.

Takeahnase (Neurosis)

"You'll drown for our mother's disgrace / we tried to tell you, now let us show you / You'll know the way, like spiny fingers you'll separate"

It's a long drive from the Pine Ridge reservation to Cheyenne, and I think we're going to miss Shannon there cause we can't phone her,

so she'll probably head to Boulder for the night—another 2 hours of driving. We had intended to try to get food somewhere on the res but the only visible place was Pizza Hut. Oh my. We don't see hot food until Rushville, Nebraska, but the two-block main street dead-ending in railroad depot is so typically my stereotype of tiny Western town—building facades like a less bustling and ornate Rockridge in *Blazing Saddles*—that it's totally worth it. The one open place in town is a restaurant, and we get hooked up with all sorts of good fried things—cauliflower, broccoli, mushroom, onion—by a supersweet waitress. Apparently we're stareworthy, though relatively clean, and I'd like to attribute it to the bright yellow shirt I've been wearing since leaving D.C.—a "globalize liberation, puppets are stronger than guns" shirt that Kate screened. I'm still adjusting to wearing bright colors. I have a strange vision of this white-floored, cheap stools and inflatable beer bottle decor place as it will look abandoned in fifty years with dust thick on the pool tables and neon Coors sign dead on the wall. Still can't get in touch with Shannon, and I'm realizing how much I really want to see her. Currently we're missing the big night's events in Denver, as the grand weekend organized by the Transform Columbus Day coalition kicks off.

Rivers and traintracks running alongside each other; long, low mesas pale to lavender in post-dusk. I keep racing trains. Sometimes one headed east silhouettes rushing behind the one keeping pace with me, going west, forming an undulating length of blur in the deepening night. The darkness intensifies so much that despite the stars and three-quarters moon in my rearview (and a shooting star), my eyes keep trying to fill it in with texture, keep seeing us driving into a giant forest instead of dark prairie. We pass several towns with population signs in the single digits; Lost City, Nebraska pop. 4.

I'm still loopy with scarlet anger sliding across my chest, thinking hard, trying to integrate the experience of Wounded Knee. Simply: it leaves me wanting vengeance. But the killers are long dead, and those who gave the orders are long dead, and what does revenge mean in this context? Turn south to Cheyenne, halfway to Colorado I realize why the plains look pale at sand dunes—it's snow, stupid, it's October heading towards the mountains. I'm still defeated, still hearing the guns explode, bursting Howitzer shells. No release, no reparations. Thinking of the ghosts in the Black Hills, the rivers that ran red with blood and gold not so long ago in California, thinking of genocide and sacred lands. Sols will be heading back to Big Mountain soon, to visit the Dineh family he and Madeline lived with last year, and they will meet up there and help herd sheep again. What will I do to live my commitments? What's the difference between punk patch politics and someone who cries liberal white tears at massacre sites but does no solidarity work or support for Native American resistance in the present? But aren't immigrants in San Francisco, especially the waves of economic refugees from Central America whose ally I am working hard to better be through the Food not Bombs solidarity work, struggling against the flip side of American colonial violence? And then, kid, how do you think you can live sustainably and be involved

with every single thing that needs to change, when the world is such a mess? As if you were the self-appointed Savior of the World, and every struggle needs you to succeed... but then how to form the question of what it means to be needed, what it means to be committed and why should that matter? Wasn't I supposed to gain a little more insight on this trip? Or have the questions just become more clear and numerous. Remember Alice Walker's poem "Resistance:" I must love the questions / themselves / as Rilke said / like locked rooms / full of treasure / to which my blind / and groping key / does not yet fit.

These chunks are excerpts from a longer piece following a journey I made last fall: beginning in August, at the Borderhack border camp outside Tijuana, through September in Washington D.C. for the anti-World Bank/IMF organizing, and back to San Francisco. Hopefully the rest will be available somewhere soon, probably at www.serve.com/firebrat/punkandpalmettos.

—Clare Catalyst;
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What the hell am I supposed to write about? Inspiring things like the stars, the beach, and unicorns? I am stuck in a pants-wetting existential freakout. What inspired me to participate in hardcore? Was I just a freak that didn't fit in? Yeah, but I just found a smaller world where I could bully people with more shortcomings than myself. What motivates me to buy records? Duh, potential eBay resale value (so I buy two copies of each just in case!). What motivates me to get out of bed in the morning? I honestly don't know, because I don't get out of bed until one in the afternoon. The more I think about it, the more I realize that I have absolutely no ambition. I mean, who needs goals anyway?

There is a really run down video store two blocks away from me with a clerk named Jason. He is usually seen ignoring customers by dancing around to The Fall. He hates his name because all the jocks from his rural Ohio wasteland were also named Jason. When asked how he is doing, he replies in deadpanned sarcasm, "It's getting better. Every day." Knowing that this guy is content with doling out copies of *Pootie Tang* (amazing movie, by the way) and listening to The Fall all day makes me realize that I am chasing the wrong dreams.

It came down to one easy question: what motivates me to write for *HeartattaCk*, especially when the last record I bought was a Robbie Williams import CD?

I had an insecure hardcore boy candidly admit to me that they equate the position of a *HeartattaCk* columnist with that of a Scene Stud*. Knowing full well that *HeartattaCk* willfully prints most contributions, I know the motivation is definitely not sex appeal.

Imagine me walking into a hip bar one night and smoothly saying to a woman at the corner of the dimly-lit (to hide all facial embellishments) room with the turkey haircut (not an embellishment, but a tragic flaw), "Hey baby,

I'm Vincent Chung! Famous for such quality writing in *HeartattaCk* and my self-help 'zine, *The Sensitive Male Approach to The Cro-mags*. Wanna play hide the salami?"

She could conclude a number of things from this statement: (1) I am a smelly hardcore punk rocker who is probably wound tightly in terms of leftist politics and prefers Struggle over The Locust (which does not appeal to the fashionably conscious hipsters with the big hair), (2) I try to justify my existence in a generally male-dominated subculture by saying "I'm different than most guys! I'm actually quite sensitive" which really means "I'm a dude with small balls and therefore I suck in the sack. Dashboard Confessional," and (3) I like to play with my deli-meats like a four year old. No dice.

Now that I have addressed the absurdity of this often overlooked truth (*HeartattaCk* column = scene credibility = good lay with bragging rights = WRONG), let us explore the thing that makes John Reis come up with all those riffs for all his bands.

When it comes down to an instant, inspiration boils down to what drives one out of bed in the morning. Jumpstarting my already sugar-fueled existence is an easy task. Before I pour that bowl of Peanut Butter Bumpers or pressure wash my mouth to rid the morning breath, I throw on a record. The choice of record is important as an introduction to the day. Think of the music as a theme song, or your personal anthem. What pokes my hole are semi-current (90s-ish) well-written non-generic pop-punk with a lot of oomph. The morning music at the moment includes: (1) Lifetime, (2) Avail, (3) Dillinger 4, (4) American Steel, (5) Fuel. (**Hey! One of you 10,000+ readers out there really ought to make me a rad mixtape of this sort of stuff***)

As you can see, I usually hit the ground running. For a while, I thought it would be a bright idea to take it slow and listen to Catpower or The Black Heart Procession upon rolling out of bed. Low key music played so I can ease my way into life like a really massive bowel movement. These records only resulted in plenty of days where I let the eye boogers encrust, hid under the covers, and



Vincent and Justin Jarboe outside of a Black Hand show at the Crispus Attucks house in DC. Jarboe is sportin' the underage drinking while sticking it to the man. I have no idea what is in my mouth.

Photo by Erik Morgan.

read Chris Ware comics while feeling sorry for myself, Jimmy Corrigan, and Dean from COC—only because he now plays in a band that sounds like Creed.

In order to tackle the daily grind of everyday life, an inspirational muse requires much more stamina than a flat platter of wax or plastic. Day by day antics will succumb to the harsh reality that, yes, today I need to take a step towards my lofty life goals. That Noxema (the generic store brand version) facial scrub is not going to speed up that world domination plan at all. Here, I tend to take it back to home plate.

I know you might think otherwise, but my parents are better than yours. While my parents never read any of my 'zine ramblings, they are supportive of such fringe activity. In fact, they wholeheartedly encourage it. Plus, they're the coolest people in the world.

Mom grew up in the rural outskirts of Hong Kong, but moved before she entered double digits. At the time she was working in a factory painting figurines and making money for the family (she is very anti-United Students Against Sweatshops because she thinks they are all dumb white people who are ignorant about the plight of supporting your seven siblings). The family relocated to a one bedroom apartment in Boston and opened up a restaurant. As a pre-teen, my Mom dropped out to help out at the restaurant, which did really well on the docks of Boston harbor. When she turned 18, she had saved up enough money to buy a used car, packed it, and headed west.

In Hollywood, she opened up her own hair salon and made hairpieces on the side. Her clients consisted of such personalities as George Burns. The business also landed her a gig making ape costumes for the original Planet of the Apes movies.

She met my Dad at the grocery store he worked at (all that college education to be a produce boy!) and they courted. After Mom got knocked up, she closed up shop and moved with my Dad to North Carolina where he got a job teaching math at a university most known for its agriculture program. In Raleigh, they had me. My parents then (in my Dad's words) "celebrated too early" and ten months later, my brother was born.

When picking our names, Dad went through the baby book and picked out the most unusual names he could find. He figured there were too many Davids, Peters, and Jonathans in the world, so he settled on Vincent and Payton. Dad's opinion was that middle names existed to make one's boring first names some character. So my brother and I are middle nameless because our first ones were unique enough. Mom does not like this story, so she tends to say that our names together mean "Victory of Peace."

If we were to refer back to the last issue of *HeartattaCk*, it would be an obvious claim to say that my own Mom has way more Punk Points than me. Right now, she is the source for vegetarian and vegan mock-meat in the Carolinas, providing natural food grocery stores and various restaurants with the tastiest wheat gluten and TVP products one can find on this coast. She even made and marketed her own line of vegan burgers. Mom just moved her distribution to a warehouse and has an industrial sized kitchen where she

comes up with recipes and hashes them out to the kids. Ask anyone in the scene in the late 1990s and they're bound to know about Mrs. Chung's Chicken Nuggets & Steaks (I was known to peddle these fine products at many Greensboro and Chapel Hill basement shows).

Right now, her big project is introducing the soybean into North Carolina's agriculture as the new cash crop. With tobacco as a profitable crop going down the shitter, farmers are desperate for a new alternative. With help from the USDA, Mom is setting up the foundations for edamame to be produced and manufactured in North Carolina and then distributed all over the country via the big natural foods store chain conglomerate.

Dad also grew up in the rural outskirts of Hong Kong, undergoing vigorous training in kung fu. You know those old martial arts movies where they would go off into the woods, live in thatched huts, and then train on various parts of trees? I am serious when I say that's the kind of thing my Dad did.

He got bored of being nature boy, so he flew to North America to get an education. He eventually found himself in graduate school in Los Angeles. He went for a doctorate in Philosophy. Unfortunately, his mentor was murdered in a gay bar, so everyone had to transfer out of the department to avoid a tainted reputation (mind you, back in the day, this sort of incident proved to be quite a tarnish). He started over and got his doctorate in Mathematics. He also continued his martial arts training (with Chuck Norris among his peers) and lived in the same dorm as Kareem Abdul-Jabbar.

Dad is your typical college professor now. He's got eccentric tastes in clothes (Mom buys his clothes now), walks around like he is completely lost all of the time, and has a cowlick that rivals Alfalfa's. All of my college friends spotted him daily at the bagel shop across from campus reading a book, drinking coffee, and eating a cookie.

He holds a reputation as being one of the more easy-going and fun teachers to take. I never had a chance to enroll in any of his courses because I was a bad Asian with pretty crippling math marks. My friend Alex took MA 711, which my Dad calls "The Coffee and Donuts" class because all you have to do is show up and pay attention and then eat good 'ol Folgers and Krispy Kreme from the 7-11. The course was working on a yet unsolved math problem that involved calculus with only imaginary numbers. If you solve the problem and publish the results, you could be world famous and maybe Russell "Rompin Stompin" Crowe would win an Oscar on your behalf. So all semester Alex worked on this problem and for the final, all they had to do was take out a sheet of paper and write about what they liked about the class. "You could write a poem if you'd like," were the parting words before the pens hit the paper.

Dad has been working on a specific problem for the past 25 years. ONE fucking problem. It is the crossword puzzle that will never end. Sometime last year, he finally solved it. Now he has to write the solution down and publish the results. Since the better part of his days are spent solving equations in his head, he often spaces out at random times. Once, when we were all home

for dinner:

[Dad, staring at the wall]

Mom: Dad, what are you thinking?

Dad: [snaps back to reality] "Huh? Oh, I'm not thinking..."

Mom: Well, then what are you doing?

Dad: Um, I'm not doing.

Mom: Okay. Eat your dinner then.

Before I heard Minor Threat, I listened to a great deal of hiphop and played a lot of basketball. The year was 1991 and the entire rap genre was under heavy media fire as a negative influence because all of a sudden, suburban white teenagers were listening to urban black music. Public Enemy were perforating our virgin ears with music based on a harsh reality and the Bush/Quayle dynamic was waging war on Ice-T. My Dad, being an information sponge, would collect various articles from everyone from *Newsweek* to *Vibe* and he'd give them to me to read. Instead of, "These articles are really informative, so I'm going to have confiscate your KRS-ONE records," he would say, "Look what that bozo we have in office is saying about your music!"

When punk rock reared its ugly head, my Dad was forever fascinated with the idea of subculture as a community. He liked the idea of kids our age becoming pro-active and confronting the institutions that surrounded us. Dad didn't even mind that much when I was questioning his own authority, except he just thought I was wrong. In fact, Dad was so curious, he wanted to come with me to a Suppression and Esso Asso show. Although me saying, "Dad, they call this music 'power violence'" sort of changed his mind. Every day, he goes to the campus library to peruse the new books. He would check out books and journals about punk rock and send them my way. Once, Dad even called me at my dorm to tell me about the punk rocker in Houston who was murdered.

Seriously, I have to live up to that level of awesomeness. The two packed so much life into their being and are still going at full throttle (well, Dad has always kind of meandered, but he is putting at least 110% effort into it). My parents are elusive with their secret, despite my constant prying, "Yo, how do I meet people like Jack Lemmon? Can I grow up to be as content as you are? How come you don't smell like other old people?" and they only reply, "We don't know. That's your life. Let stuff happen the way it does." My Dad is real big on quoting the old Chinese philosophers and I really hope that wisdom did not come from old scriptures.

I think about the above a lot, especially after leaving the nesty den of which I once called "home." As much as I sometimes let the teen angst get the best of me, I always thought my parents did a fine job leaving me to discover my own identity instead of forcing me into a mold that a lot of their peers were did. At Chinese gatherings, my brother and I are the oddballs in a mass of repressed youth waiting to snap in medical school or already have in prison. Mom was always proud to admit that she never stopped me from doing anything, trusting my own judgement to learn from my own mistakes. Individuality is important in our family, which is unorthodox in a traditional Asian environment.

With individuality, our parents were really open to expression. When my brother came

out, they never flinched and instead replied, "Okay, cool. Just watch out for those people out there that hate gay people. They're not so posi." Mom and Dad really pushed to have our voices heard, encouraging us to write to our politicians, to the area newspapers, and even verbally abuse our neighbors for throwing their yard waste on our side of the fence. The column here is just a small part of all the writing that farts out of my brain. I never claim to be a gifted writer of impeccable quality or even claim that I have top secret information (catering to your interests) to distribute to the masses. I am not a storyteller, or a spoken word artist, nor can I hold a preachy speech in between songs. I only write because it is the most accessible and personal form of expression for me. If not, all the XthoughtstreamsX** cross and I become a total mess. I know "That writing bullshit" is bland compared to the performance art you kids delve in these days, but it works for me. All I know is that I have a space I can defile and you get to read it!

Notations denoted.

* The Justin Timberlake of hardcore punk. Has the power and will to dish out "scene points." He is probably in a band and only dates girls who only date guys in bands. Probably has a giant cock. Maybe two.

** "My name is Forbes Graham, and I'm going to have sex with you!" —Forbes Graham, in a song he sings when he is trying to keep himself awake while driving.

Other shit.

+ Some people took my Punk Points chart in the last issue a little too literally and went straight to the Internet to whine all about it. Minus 2325 for all of you!

Cool shit.

+ In the last issue, "Shittalking with OB" discussed the prospects of buying a home. A couple of rad kids in Carrboro, North Carolina have started a housing collective. Sponsored by the local independent co-op grocery store, Weaver Street Market, the project is to purchase a number of houses along with property and develop it for low-income community housing. The idea sprang from realizing that after years of renting the Mallette St. house, the money could have been wisely spent on actually purchasing a house. So far, they have purchased two houses and have filled both with tenants. One is split between a living area and a space for a gallery and shows. I would rather not post their personal information here, but some of the board of directors are involved with The Internationalist Bookstore, an amazing independent bookstore/space in Chapel Hill and you can probably find them there. ibooks@mindspring.com or www.internationalistbooks.org.

+ Attention Chicago folks! More of you should come out to Club Foot on Wednesday nights. Jay and Norah play really good punk rock (and then some) records all night long while the patrons bask and mingle amongst the early 80s punk rock paraphernalia on the walls.

+ Bifocal Media, the kids who brought you The Actuality of Thought, The Whistle of the Missile, and the Braid videos have started a new video magazine. It's called Automatic Magnetic and the maiden issue includes: The Faint, Party of Helicopters, Superchunk, Convocation of...,

and Kerbloki. You can find more info at www.bifocalmedia.com or Bifocal Media/PO Box 50106/Raleigh, NC 27650-0106.

+ The fifth issue of MediaReader is out. The new 164 page issue features the photo documentary work of Michael Rhoades, who has been documenting a healthy part of current activism through his lens. The magazine features four different struggles across the globe: East Timor, Mexico City, post-September 11th DC, and Chicago. You can get this book for \$5 from Stickfigure Distro; www.stickfiguredistro.com, PO Box 55462/Atlanta, GA 30308. 404-752-7399. For more information, check www.mediareader.org or info@mediareader.org.

+ Holy shit, The Osbournes! MTV has something worth watching now!

Supporting my fellow Yellows.

In the days following the deadline for this column, the Chicago Asian American Film Showcase will be going on. Here are some post-festival news to look out for: Justin Lin's Better Luck Tomorrow just stirred up a great deal of controversy at the 2001 Sundance Festival. A fight broke out between audience members after the third screening when a white critic slammed the movie for providing a negative portrayal of Asian Americans. He accused Lin for not doing his duty for his people by promoting a positive image of Asian Americans in his film. "Don't you have a responsibility to paint a more positive and helpful portrait of your community?" As the debate escalated, none other than Roger Ebert stood up and scolded the critic for being condescending and ignorant by telling Lin how he should portray his own characters because the critic would never say such a comment to a white filmmaker. The film recently landed a big distribution deal with a giant media conglomerate, so it should probably hit theatres soon. www.betterlucktomorrow.com

Speaking of the film, eE have been playing shows around the San Francisco area and will probably have just finished their tour by the time this issue comes out. The band features Tobin Mori from Korea Girl and Sooyoung Park from Seam. They are releasing a new single on Asian Man Records soon. www.eetheband.com.

Daniel Littleton from Ida will be releasing his solo record this spring on Last Affair Records.

There is a documentary film out of UCLA called Our Nation: A Punk Rock Community by Stephen Epstein and Tim Tangherlini. It documents the Chosun punk rock movement that broke out of Club Drug in Korea during the late '90s. Keep an eye out for it, for it is sporadically touring.

Contact.

Send edible goodies to:
vincent@pacihl.com

Casey Boland

Sometimes I find myself listening to...

Angry men pounding helpless musical instruments roared forth from the car. The sound was shrill, disjointed, desperate, cruel. I

envisioned longhairs in Viking garb trouncing the innocent, raping and pillaging all caught in their bloodthirsty charge. "Dude, you like it?" he asked. "It's so tech. Anyone into metal's gotta like this jawn." I could muster only one appropriate reply: "Hell yeah! This rocks." Such were the exchanges between us on that drive amid the motor vehicle mayhem that is the I-95 outside NYC on a Friday evening. True, most sane individuals and sage motorists avoid the city Rush Hour like it was the daily reenactment of 9-11. Only the devious and crude unsavory stock of Homo sapiens opt to brave the viscous roadways clogged like the arteries of so many fellow drivers, all impatient and seething with grisly thoughts of enacting grievous bodily harm to those fellow drivers.

We found ourselves stuck in this menacing scene like gnats on a flytrap for one reason: the Rock. Indeed, impressionable young persons such as us are regularly seduced into sacrificing all for that glorious word, that hallowed ideology, the glowing avatar of all that is right and true in our heritage and genetic makeup. Few are called and less are chosen. Yet here we were, beckoned forth by a force beyond description, nay, beyond the criminally narrow bounds of language.

We were on our way to play a hardcore show.

"Oh shit kid, listen to that squeal! WEEEEEEWWW!" he yelled. "Oh no! Check out this breakdown. They're bringin' the crucial mosh!" I felt the jolt kicking in, as if the sounds switched on the adrenaline. Some would opine that I should be too mature and enlightened to revel in the brutal, dumb, animal thunder of metal core and heavy metal (two very disparate genres, by the way). Somehow, the atavistic caveman within me clamored for the carnivorous sounds of testosterone-soaked white guys banging and hollering and making an awful calamity and calling it music. Or maybe the traffic, the sitting idle in a car for too many hours, the omnipresent pangs of a full bladder dulled the senses and demanded the visceral release of unbridled musical madness.

We neared the George Washington Bridge. The directions rested soundly on the dashboard, yet they weren't dependable. They never were. Think about it, we're mostly dealing with school children. These are not a sedulous, working class, red-blooded bunch. A good portion of their kind don't even drive. Hence, directions to hardcore shows are as a general rule about as reliable as a compass in the hands of a blind man. I compared the road signs to information provided by the hardcore kid (or Map Quest) with the map, and things didn't add up. "What the fuck," I spat, "The directions don't say what to do here. They don't make any sense. When we get to the show, we're gonna string that hooligan up like the filthy cur he is." Such comments occur with a most intense frequency within the supposedly private confines of cars and vans transporting the band. In our case, we'd have to improvise. Fortunately, my partner in this expedition had the foresight to purchase a weighty road atlas. "I always buy them," he proclaimed. "I'm a dork. I always gotta have the newest edition." Such a trait is no character flaw; indeed, if all hardcore show-goers and players possessed this degree of acumen and adroitness, there'd be less confusion and more

bands and folks showing up to shows. And I boasted one man to my left at the wheel in possession of just this brand of cagey mind.

A thick throng of automobiles decided to stop and impede our progress. My cohort rolled down the window. He began hollering and gesticulating wildly at the vehicle behind us. Our friend cruised solo in it like a lone wolf. The trip demanded two cars to transport the Band's gear. While the rest of said band was off somewhere sucking down croissants and cappuccinos, we lugged and loaded the equipment. We joked, "Those fuckfaces are carrying all this inside when we get there." I felt for the lone wolf. His only crime was being a friend. Little did he suspect (like them all) that this quality would lead to a brutish life hauling around some dumb band's stuff from locale to locale for no other reason but Rock.

Soon we were moving again. Cars passed, with drivers staring at us, unsure what to make of the previous outbursts of my road companion. They probably accepted them as just another scene of some poor, defeated fool blowing off steam. They can make all the car zap games and tension-relieving natural sounds cassettes they want: nothing brings temporarily relief like a healthy howled obscenity or a hearty obscene gesture. But we were in good spirits.

After a series of tentative turns and no small amount of trepidation, we finally reached our destination. Though the handy road atlas indicated this as the northern corner of the NYC metropolitan area, it looked more like the ecosystem of some Ivy Leaguer university like Princeton or Yale. A stone wall encircled the college we were scheduled to perform at. It appeared colonial, medieval even.

We drove through the narrow entrance. I half expected to see a mote, maybe men in chain mail jousting. Instead, a tiny box with a window and light post stood to the left. A man in uniform marched out, eyeing us suspiciously. We pulled up and stopped next to him. My friend asked pleasantly, "Excuse me. Can you tell us how to get to the pub?" The officer responded curtly, "Why are you going to the pub?" His face was grim like a Poe story, his scowl blood curdling. "We're here for the show," my driver answered. "Are you a band?" "Yeah, we're up here from Jersey." There followed an ugly pause. The man seemed unconvinced. "Let's see some I.D.," he barked. My friend handed his over. The Man inspected it meticulously. He then pointed at me, and coldly demanded, "Let's see his I.D." What, were we about to board a plane? Why the interrogation, I wondered. I pulled out my wallet, extracting the only contemporary photo I.D. from an old job. He was unsatisfied. "Ya gotta license?" "Um, yeah, but it doesn't have a photo." I fished around some more through the worn cards polluting my wallet. Finally he reeneged, "No, no, don't worry about it, just go on through." He slipped a pass onto the dashboard and directed us to the pub. Afterwards we learned that our friend suffered similar harassment. He told us, "That dick asked me if I was in a band. I said 'Take a look at all these drums. What do you think?' And he let me through." One can conjecture as to what the Man would have done if our friend said he was not an esteemed member of the musical illuminati of bandom.

This episode was disconcerting on several levels. Most ominous of all was the apparent lack of ease gaining access to the night's festivities. Never mind that the college existed in some godforsaken woodsy region in the land time forgot. Could your average punk kid get past the crazed neo-Nazi guarding the compound like a rabid Doberman pinscher? I was doubtful.

We drove through the parking lot and parked. Many standard issue college specimens meandered about. It reminded me of that scene in the cinematic classic "Eddie and the Cruisers." Eddie and his Cruisers roll up to a posh Jersey college to play a sold out gig to frenzied Ivy League fans. Before the triumphant performance, our protagonist expressed extreme doubt over the band's presence in such a square institution and wonders if they will find acceptance for their loud rock 'n roll music and their brash noir early '60s rocker fashion. I intended to comment on this during our performance and introduce our drummer as Toby Tyler, though I doubted anyone there (or anyone reading this) would/will have any inkling as to what the fuck I am talking about.

As any person in a band surely knows, the primary indication of how the show will evolve is the presence of the Kids in the parking lot. If we were to use this as a barometer for the night to come, we were in for a slim turnout. I saw a conspicuously punk couple, the female sporting loud pink spiked hair. A car of four potential youth crewsters pulled up. But they easily could have been rugby players or football fans. Such is the quandary in latter day hardcore culture: the Enemy has infiltrated our once freakish ranks. Our haute couture has been sullied and debased. No longer are our totems and artifacts sacrosanct. Even heathen fraternity brothers know our bands, wear their shirts, play their songs at their parties. Sorority sisters don spike belts, hum "emo" lullabies and hang posters of Saves the Day on their walls. We are doomed.

The three of us entered the belly of the beast. Once inside, each one of us knew all was not well. It was a spacious room. A store sat to the left, a small stage area sat straight ahead, while the rest of the room featured tables and couches. It looked like the student center at my alma mater, where I'd languish many a tortured night plotting the death of the civilization of vacuous fucks surrounding me. The thing just seemed somehow wrong. Maybe we would be the emissaries of hardcore. Perhaps we could convert these savages to our ways, our culture, our civilized way of life...whatever that was.

We met up with our band mates and friends. "Did you all get the raw dog treatment from that mad man at the front gate?" I asked. They answered, "No way, what are you talking about? We had no trouble at all." I assumed something in our dedication and resoluteness had frightened the Man, the eternal negation of Youth and Angst. He must have realized he was in the presence of a pair of loose cannons who could go off with the slightest provocation. That, or we looked too young to be hitting up the campus pub.

I surveyed the scene. A few kids milled about who showed some potential for punkness. Two tables already displayed the wares of bands in attendance. Before the first band commenced rocking, we went out to drag in the equipment. Soon the show was underway.

As I grooved and bobbed my head to the disconsolate and strident sounds of the young rockers, I noticed that not many people rose from the comfy chairs. In fact, it appeared only fellow band members sacrificed the cozy state of remaining inert and sitting to actually go vertical and approach the stage area. And it wasn't a stage. Some architects of sound design chose to section off a 25-ft. area of this room for the "performance" pavilion. This consisted of various monitors, speakers, microphones, all connected to a dizzying highway of cables and cords. A curtain of lights hung above, raining down a creamy array of pinks, reds, yellows, and greens: all the trappings of the Rock Experience.

Soon enough, more bands went on, the routine ensued. I retreated to the "band room" periodically. This was a conference room, whose previous occupants appeared to discuss the merits of Chomsky's *Manufacturing Consent*, as evidenced by this title and its main themes being scrawled all over a large chalk board. Various band personnel flipped the board over to discover a clean slate on the other side. It would be foolish to assume a group of hormonally impaired young men could resist the temptation to utilize this blank canvas. They covered it in typically crude and tasteless artwork: roving phalluses, female sexual organs on wheels, syringes, sundry narcotic paraphernalia. Very punk, very now. I imagined the class entering the room Monday morning and witnessing the visual carnage decaying on their defenseless black board, deflowered by filthy-minded rogues and itchy fingered hoodlums from the city. I wanted to erase the graffiti before we departed, to prevent the authorities from using this as a pretext for preempting all future punk functions. But I forgot as the night unfolded and left the chalk board brouhaha festering forgotten.

Another band played on. Like most rock acts, nothing about them evoked negative feelings in me, yet nothing really inspired me to get down or raise my fists in exultant praise. They finished and another band got on. It occurred to me that perhaps more bands were on the bill than previously announced. I double-checked this evident contradiction with a band mate. "Dude," he said, a look of despair on his face. "There were five bands written on the list. Three more showed up and asked to play. They're playing." This troubled me deeply. Being a member of a rather non-confrontational band, I knew we'd be pushed to the coveted headlining spot. Yet none of us wanted it. Unless you're The Locust or Snapcase or Andrew W.K. or something, you usually have no interest in playing last since who wants to stick around to watch your lame band? Yet band after band of scruffy, indie-looking dudes rolled in their combo amps and crusty guitar cases with Polvo stickers on them. I stated dejectedly, "This is not right. We're getting manhandled. Molested. People are taking undue liberties with us and we're taking it unquestioned." But I had no right to complain. Hey, we got asked to play this damn show. What an ungrateful bastard I was to complain.

Yet we were troopers, stoics, dukes. We persisted. When the time came for us to perform, five or six people at best stood, looking weary and aching for sleep. Yet we play we did. Three songs into the set, the drummer, with feet like a European soccer pro, kicked a vicious hole into

the bass drum head. That move effectively ended our performance. Despite the low morale, the paucity of audience, the damaged equipment, I still preferred it all over anything else. Inspiration via noise, tinnitus, friendship, new faces, the potential for adventure.

Sometimes in such an environment I find myself thinking about...

Preaching to the converted. This insult seems to get thrown at any self-proclaimed punk rocker who dares to introduce a topic with political overtones in any punk medium, be it show or 'zine or record. Yet when I attend the routine punk festivity or peruse the punk message boards, I can't help but think that any progressive thought which once inhabited the "scene" has vanished. With this notion in mind, I offer a brief analysis of the vision on war of our beloved President, our venerable Leader, George "Pretzels" Bush.

No sooner had the rubble begun to cool in Afghanistan before Bush began raving about his "War on Terrorism." Combine this with his "Axis of Evil" and you find strong reaction around the world against what some foreign dignitaries claim is an American government gone "crazy." Of course what Pretzels and Co. are up to is not new or unprecedented. It's just that the Cold War and the War on Drugs did not achieve the scope or the global potential of the War on Terrorism. Pretzels and Co. state that this new war, one they say will not end in our lifetime, could be exported to up to 80 nations. Already U.S. forces are mobilizing in Yemen, Chechnya, Somalia, Colombia, the Philippines, Georgia and others. Iraq is also again within the crosshairs of trigger-happy U.S. warmongers.

But ladies and gentlemen, this is only the beginning of a fascist trend with ominous and dire overtones for the world. Look at the U.S. The PATRIOT Act passed overwhelmingly by Congress and with virtually no protest from the alleged "watchdogs" in the mainstream media. It allows unlimited wiretaps, no need for warrants to bust down doors or search homes, a total reversal of civil rights and liberties. The truly shocking thing about this savage law is that many citizens welcome it. Many are happy to sacrifice freedom for a false sense of security. Isn't this eerily similar to what happened in Germany in the '30s?

Then there is the establishment of a secret government, with the ostensible purpose of using secret military tribunals to try suspected terrorists among other nefarious tasks. Already over 1,000 people have been arrested and denied due process of law. This doesn't include the Guantanamo Bay prison camp in Cuba, where human rights violations have been reported. Indeed, land of the free.

Unless you drive an SUV soaked in American flags, or any automobile that looks like Uncle Sam threw up all over it, you should be alarmed by the current state of affairs. Because of the current climate of intolerance and fanatic patriotism, anyone who chooses to question or criticize U.S. policy is "giving ammunition to the terrorists," so says Ashcroft. *New York Newsday* opined in the wake of the WTC attack: anti-globalization protesters and left-wing radicals are as bad as the terrorists. "You're with us or against us," Pretzels warns. These are fighting words. And they are meant to crush all dissent.

The War on Terrorism is the perfect sequel to the Cold War. Back in the day, anyone who challenged the status quo was called a Communist. Now they will be called a Terrorist. Anytime a U.S. government wanted to impose its will upon a smaller country, they said we needed to root out Communists. Now they will say we need to root out terrorists. This morning I watched the ticker-tape news slide by on CNN. It included a sentence-fragment blurb about the Shining Path, a Marxist rebel group in Peru. Peru's president claimed the Shining Path surely had ties to al-Qaeda. The fun has only just begun.

Most politically adroit readers of this fine magaZine certainly chuckled at Bush declaring a War on Terrorism. It is no secret that the U.S. has routinely supported, funded, trained and armed terrorists around the globe. Osama, Hussein and a host of other characters on the U.S. hit list were our best buddies at one time or another. By Bush's definition of Terrorism, the U.S. both harbors terrorists and practices terrorism because it willfully has targeted civilian populations. Afghanistan is an obvious example: nearly 4,000 civilians have been murdered. The U.S. weapon of choice is the cluster bomb, whose bomblets are nearly the same size and color as the food packets it dropped last fall. Up to 20% of these bomblets do not detonate when they hit the ground. Or look at Iraq. The U.S. has dropped bombs there almost weekly since the Gulf War. The UN sanctions and effects of the Gulf War have killed as many as a million, according to aid agencies. And let's not even get into Nicaragua, the School of the Americans, Indonesia, etc.

"What we say goes," were the immortal words of Pretzel's dad. Wanna know why most people outside the U.S. sphere of influence hate the U.S.? Just look at the arrogance, the temerity, the total disregard for the rest of the world. The Arab world demanded the U.S. present evidence that bin Laden was responsible for the September 11 attacks. They refused. The U.S. claimed the disarmament of Iraq was part of a regional disarmament plan, yet Israel was allowed to maintain over 200 nuclear weapons. The dictators responsible for the grossest violations of human rights, in the Middle East and elsewhere, have received the generous support of the U.S.

Some people, like my parents, claim that we couldn't let the terrorist attacks go without a response, "that we have to do something." This is the talk of our President and his mouthpiece the media. As history has adequately demonstrated, war engenders more war. A war on terrorism is an incubator for more terror. Just look at Israel and Palestine. Sharon stepped up the oppression of Palestinians. And daily now there are reports of suicide bombers. It was the past injustices at the hands of Western powers that led to the crashing of jets into the Pentagon and Twin Towers. One can only imagine what attacks on Afghanistan, Iraq and other targets will incite in the days to come. As is common practice for the U.S. government, any diplomatic resolution was ignored and denied in favor of violence (the Taliban did offer to turn over bin Laden if the U.S. presented evidence of his guilt).

Indeed, these are sobering and disturbing things to consider. But for many they are a source of inspiration: to not acquiesce to a guy who said he almost choked on a pretzel and

knew he wasn't unconscious long because his trusty canines were in the same position as when he conked out. Inspiration to strive for something better beyond gun-crazed politicians and rabid, bloodthirsty nationalists.

I'm hoping to keep this column going to offer more detailed and well-documented analysis of our government and its War on Terror. This is the Pretzel Monitor. We'll look at what's really going on: an unquenchable thirst for oil and an insatiable appetite for power via strategic placement of military bases across the world. Maybe I can graduate from my perennial Guest Column status and actually earn a columnist icon!

One last tidbit for y'all to consider as you're bombarded with more patriotism and flag-waving and our beloved president on TV imploring us to get back to our way of life by shopping. The web site of *Clamor Magazine* (www.clamormagazine.org) features an astonishing news piece, which shockingly enough came from ABC News. It commented on a book, which exposed Operation Northwoods. This was a U.S. military proposal to "kill innocent people and commit acts of terrorism in U.S. cities to create public support for a war against Cuba." The article goes on to state: "The plans were developed as ways to trick the American public and international community into supporting a war to oust Cuba's then new leader, communist Fidel Castro." It then says, "America's top military brass even contemplated causing U.S. military casualties, writing: 'We could blow up a U.S. ship in Guantanamo Bay and blame Cuba,' and, 'casualty lists in U.S. newspapers would cause a helpful wave of national indignation.'" Just as unbelievable was a plan to use the possible death of astronaut John Glenn during the first attempt to shoot an American into space as a pretext to wage war on Cuba. "Should the rocket explode and kill Glenn" they wrote, "the objective is to provide irrevocable proof . . . that the fault lies with the communists." The author of *Body of Secrets*, James Bamford, said, "The scary thing is none of this stuff comes out until 40 years after." Scary indeed.

Who cares what band I'm in or what 'zine I do. Shameless plugs are for shameless people. If you're interested, get in touch: Casey Boland/614 South 48th St. Apt. 1/Philadelphia, PA 19143; rscb@earthlink.net



I'm hoping that I'll be one of the first to die of old age so that I don't have to go through the inevitable filling up of my calendar with funerals to attend, feeling left behind as everyone passes me up in line, as per usual, on the race to the finish. Then again, is there free food at funerals? I hate to miss even a tiny morsel of free food. I can well imagine that it will be promises of buffets, be they art openings, lectures, deaths, or just the rumor of some parade float later this afternoon handing out complimentary donuts,

which will keep my heart beating its steady resolve, the will to live and live, if only to get my best value for the dollar on the hospital costs of being born.

I'm experiencing a sort of funeral foreshadowing in the current crop of marriages inundating my peer group these days. The inevitable march of time lays claim to another generation, and we see sociological trends repeated in the new batch of kids, inevitable as seasons, scientifically predictable as clock-work. In Chicago, marriage has replaced vests as the new trend amongst the late-twenty-somethings. I couldn't get into vests either: after seeing Don Caballero play, I jumped on the bandwagon and procured one of these puffy, sleeveless garments, complete with garish color-scheme and racing stripe motif, presumably color-coordinated so as to camouflage me if standing against the Scooby Doo mystery van. But I found I couldn't hang; perhaps the paradoxical nature of a sleeveless winter garment was too much for my mind to bear, or perhaps the forward-thinking fashion sense of Andrew Dickson, who was rocking vests unapologetically while the other fashion plates scoffed and scoured the thrift-stores for gas-station jackets adorned with monogrammed monikers of all-American gas-pumpers like "Ed" or "Al" (*quel irony* to think of yourselves working at a gas station, fashion plates), which produced in me the uneasy feeling of biting his style.

My peers, essentially a pretty square bunch despite their exotic piercings and skateboard company logo tattoos, will, of course, follow the latest trend, and thus will probably all be married by the time they reach their early thirties. Most of them already schedule a sit-com or two in for the evening—the conceptual leap to watching the same sit-com while breast-feeding or engaging in some obligatory conjugal duties is, really, not so great. Get married, I don't mind; live and let live, I always say! But I know these people will not show the same level of toleration for my free-wheeling ways. I have a recurring fantasy of being that last unmarried guy in the extended social sphere of my acquaintances, and it is pretty grim, the thought of being forty and being invited over to some old friends' house for dinner, to sit at a long table, among rows of couples; I imagine myself seated at the head of the table, and the eager sets of four eyes turn to leer at me and someone goes, "So, how's the bachelor life?" and I begin to explain how nice it is to have free time and how my model railroad is really coming along, but then I stop short because I notice, seated at the other end of the table, the only remaining unmarried woman, shifting and squirming in her seat just as uncomfortably as I will be, and everyone nudging us and poking our ribs and rolling their eyes in the direction of the other end of the table.

People! Let me explain to you, yet again, the difference between a model railroad and an actual, living human. Should the various socialization errors incurred in childhood via parents, educational institutions, and the taunts of my fellow humans cause me to feel the need to tie a model conductor to the tracks and allow him to be beheaded by a speeding train every once in a blue moon, that is all right. It's not hurting anybody. This friend of yours, this only remaining unmarried woman, Irma or whatever you said her

name was, she seems a fine, decent woman; it's not her fault that she isn't married. Don't punish her further by setting her up with me.

I don't imagine that I will ever get married. What's the point? Fifty percent of marriages end in divorce. Why should I be so optimistic as to think I can beat the odds? Even amongst the happily married, you find that a good percentage of those people are miserable, too. The rarest of couplings may produce a union of blissful matrimony; even my short-term relations tend to end in head-wounds. The bachelor life seems my inevitable lot. Still, I'm happy to attend: weddings, in involving extensive catering and usually no corpse, are a more upbeat circuit for getting snacks than funerals.

My step-sister Sarah has recently decided to marry for the second time, presumably calculating that at 50% divorce rates, her second marriage is statistically guaranteed to work out. I make some calculations of my own, and procure the next available plane ticket to North Carolina to attend the occasion. Surprisingly, my showing up for the wedding seems to be interpreted as a touching gesture; various family members make a point of expressing to me how nice it is of me to make the time, expend the effort, how much it means to my sister, and so on. This all makes me feel a little guilty, of course; my maturity and adult propriety are being praised, and I find myself being treated as an exemplary family member—meanwhile, I have the whole thing mathed out in my head, an undeniable equation: the plane ticket is \$100, but between the wedding and associated family dinners, I can easily consume \$300 of food, equaling \$200 profit I stand to gain by going to this wedding. All these years and the family still has not accepted my fundamental living orientation, and now my scavenging is even reinterpreted as sentimentality. Colin, the biological father of Sarah (the "baby-daddy" in contemporary rap parlance), asks whether it was difficult for me to get the time off work. "Um, no, not particularly difficult," I admit.

Each time Sarah enters a new phase of her life I realize how much I'll miss the old Sarah: I missed the collegiate partyer of her early twenties when she got married for the first time, I missed her persona as the black sheep of family drama (and how she made me look innocuous and stable, contextually) when her marriage settled into normalcy and routine after getting off to a great start as a scandalous affair involving breaches of international law, extensive bribes to South American government officials, visas and green cards, as well as my step-sister's brief tenure as an employee of Pizza Hut. And now, I realize, I'll miss her newest incarnation, the twenty-four year old divorcé, who lamented to me about the tribulations of post-marital living, the difficulty of getting back into the singles scene, the complex legal wranglings of separation, all making me feel like I was talking to someone much older than me, and I'll miss the pleasant temporal dislocation I'd feel when it would suddenly occur to me that this person, with their strange adult concerns, was actually several years younger than me. One day, perhaps she'll have children, and I'll attend birthday parties, seated at the children's table, a forty year old man with frosting on my face. In Chicago it's easy to pull off this look; I can hide in the eternal wayward youth of being a new face

among a bunch of essentially interchangeable snap-shot faces, ahistorical and identifiable only by my allegiances of the moment, a 90 Day Men pin on my jacket, a photo-mat strip of myself with some people whose names I won't know in a week in my pocket. In Carborro, time moves differently, it's all continuum and continuity. I come back here to find my friends are married, own houses, have children. The children are entirely different beings from visit to visit; they go from embryonic to speaking to having fashion sense and taste in music. It's shocking at first, and then it becomes placating, almost comforting in an odd way. I have to admit that there is a certain sense of relief in seeing this all happen, in watching my generation step up to bat. It's nice to realize that we are not that much sketchier than our parents. We are not the dismal failures I thought we'd be at twenty; we are as capable as any generation before us of reproducing the social institutions that keep our civilization intact.

At the PTA thrift store I buy a suit. "Family function," I tell the lady behind the counter. "A happy one, I hope," she replies. "It all depends on how you look at it," I say. *Family function* is actually a good phrase for it, since it sounds sort of vaguely gastro-intestinal, or like a euphemism for purely procreational sex. I imagine the first wedding is where you pull out all the stops, romance-euphemism-wise. Your first wedding is probably more easily interpreted as an event outside of the contexts of personal history or temporality, beautiful in and of itself, the proverbial fairy tale "happily ever after" which you accept as a small child and find yourself questioning when you begin to understand the mechanics of time and entropy. By the second wedding the fairy tale factor has diminished considerably, and the whole thing becomes way more family functional. Sarah tells me that her fiancé proposed to her in the car on the way to Home Depot. "The ring's in the glove box," he had said, pointing. Not exactly Prince Charming behavior, but on the plus side, no hostage airlifts or international diplomacy involved, and I guess that's what she's going for this time around.

It's hard not to extrapolate funeral from wedding, somehow, and, like some form of unintentional free-association, we keep referencing them inadvertently. We get caught in traffic on the way to the wedding, and my brother comments that our caravan of cars should have gotten funeral tags so that we could avoid the traffic. I decide to reveal to my parents my wishes for my own burial. "I want to be lowered into the ground while a huge PA blasts 'Another One Bites The Dust,' by Queen," I say. Her mind currently preoccupied with the finances of family functions, my step-mom's immediate response to this request is, "Well, casket burials are pretty expensive. Could we just scatter your ashes to 'Another One Bites The Dust?' Cremation is much more economical."

The wedding takes place in a small rented hall in Greensboro, NC. I have never met the groom, and it's a shock to all of a sudden be in a room full of his extended relatives, and realize that they are about to become my extended relatives. I am introduced to one garishly tuxedoed Uncle Wilbur after another, a seemingly endless cavalcade of tuxedoed cousins and old

football buddies, and worse, the unmarried daughters, buffed, polished and painted up like over-ripe fruit priced to sell. "Isn't it romantic?" says one young lady in recycled prom-dress, pointing across the room to where Sarah stands in full bridal get-up, meeting and greeting with the glazed perma-grin you only see on brides and people who are on court-mandated tranquilizers.

"Sarah looks pretty killer," I say. "That's a nice dress. I personally think she should have gone a little more goth with it. A little black lipstick, some of those Marilyn Manson contact lenses that give you goat pupils—now, that would be a bride!"

Looking around the room, I feel bad for the new in-laws. Here we are, in full force, the Burian-Highs: in our PTA suits and fruity European demeanor we're like the cast of *Fawlty Towers* crossed with the staff of a crystal-meth lab, if I were them I wouldn't want to marry us. But it's too late now, the ritual has begun; "This marriage joins together these two families, and creates a new one," says the minister, gesturing around the roomful of people squirming uncomfortably at precisely that prospect. Familial union, the joining together of tribes, a corporate merger of conglomerates dedicated to no more lofty goal than the reproduction of ourselves, more of us, crowding the world with our pointless puttering. The rivers of our lives flow together, creating a new river, and between the assembled Burians, the Highs, and now these new people whose name I didn't catch, that's a pretty sketchy damn river.

Rings fetched from glove compartments and exchanged, permission given to kiss the bride, bride kissed, the marriage is consummated and it's finally time for the main event: the food and beverages are served. My elbowing and pushing at the buffet table causes the eager unmarried belles to quickly erase me as a prospect. Frances, my younger step-sister, is sidled up along next to me in the trough-line, and I ask her opinion on the grand union. "What do you think of our family versus their family?" I ask. She looks across the room, assesses the other side. "Well, there's more of us," she notes, matter-of-factly, as if implying that if it ends up coming down to hand to hand combat, we could overpower them.

Champagne is served. The father of the groom stands up to make a toast. He is an imposing figure, a giant man with a scraggly grey beard, his bulky frame stuffed awkwardly into a suit which probably cost him more than my salvation army standard issue, but which he will probably wear just as infrequently. The room goes silent, and I register an air of trepidation on the other side of the room, as if it is commonly understood within the family rank and file that big poppa is not a man to mince words, that he is the kind of guy who might actually stand up and object at a wedding, or blurt out, "I never liked that god damn sum'bitch anyway!" at a funeral.

Tension fills the air as he collects his thoughts. "Well, I'm the *father* of the groom," he growls sternly, "and this ain't the first time I've seen him married." Low groans emanate from the corners of the room, silenced as his steely gaze sweeps the hall, daring someone to step up to him, challenging someone to tell the father of the groom to hush, that this is a sacred moment, a

fairy tale moment. Then his eyes go soft, and he looks back at his son. "This ain't the first time I've seen him married," he repeats, and smiles. "But this is the first time I ever seen him happy." *Aaawws* fill the room. "And if they're happy, well," he looks over at our side of the room, "I reckon that's all that really matters."

If they're happy that's all that matters. I suppose that is true. But will they live happily ever after? Will we all become a prosperous clangomerate together? At that moment I see that it doesn't really matter. No one is asking for that. No one is expecting it. The ring is in the glove box and the wedding has the funeral implicit in it—"till death do us part" is the best-case scenario. This family function is a happy one, and happy occasions are few and far between, and they are never the last stop, they are just one more rung on the ladder down into the earth as "another one bites the dust" cranks in the background. The father of the groom is right on, I think. It's too easy to be cynical, it seems OK to accept this as a meaningful moment, to accept the inevitable passage of time, to come to grips with it, to embrace the present and go back to the buffet table for more tortellini. I think I understand, now, in some way, what draws people into marriage. It's not about permanence at all; it's about seizing a moment. Maybe it's a wish: a way of saying, publicly, "look at this, we're happy, this is a rare thing, We wish that it would go on forever." Who knows? Maybe it will. I give them 50/50 odds. Still, here, suspended in the moment, with her wedding dress from Burlington Bridal Outlet on, and the assemblage of fruits, freaks and new in-laws surrounding her, I think to myself, Sarah looks like a million bucks today; she looks happy, and that's nice, that's makes me happy.

Shittalking with OB

As Morton Downey, Jr. knows, there ain't nothing like Nazis to stir some shit up. And in this latest case the Nazis didn't even have to show up. Here is the background—some semi-infamous Nazis; neo-nazis, white separatists, fools, and other buttheads held a rally in York, Pennsylvania a few weeks ago. York has been in the news quite a bit lately, seeing how the mayor was indicted for a racially motivated killing that occurred during the riots of 1969. I'm assuming the climate in York is hyper sensitive to any issues of race due to this highly publicized trial, and here come the Nazis to cash in on the bonanza of publicity. And of course the appearance of the Nazis is sure to bring out their arch nemesis—the black clad anarchist street fighters, under the banner of Anti-Racist Action (ARA). Oh yeah, and tons and tons of cops, too. From most accounts (*The Philadelphia Daily News*, some people that were there, and the always objective—and typo free—*Philadelphia Defenstrator*) the rally/lecture was a bust, with the Nazis outnumbered 5-1 by protesters. There were some mild confrontations and fighting, the most serious of which was some protesters being hit by a speeding Nazi truck. It should be noted

that there was another rally that day, a unity type of thing, far away from the library where the Nazis were congregating. I believe the Anti-Defamation League was one of the sponsors of this event. This got a little publicity in the *Daily News*, which knows that violence (along with sex and sports) sells.

With the Nazis successfully vanquished back to the new Aryan Nation compound in central Pennsylvania or the internet or where ever, ARA decided to hold a benefit show in Philadelphia to raise money for their cause. Rumors began to spread that the Eastern Hammer Skins were coming to town to battle it out with the ARA in the middle of Lancaster Avenue. Now it is documented (by the *Philadelphia City Paper*), that the ADL, angered by what it perceives as the ARA's pro-violence stance, called the cops and told them to stop the show. The venue (an unlicensed show space called the Killtime) was contacted by (according to different stories) the following: The cops, the FBI, the ADL, and License and Inspections, all of whom said to stop the show. The show ended up being moved, and surprise, surprise, as is often the case in events with a big build up, no Nazis showed. However the Killtime has yet to resume hosting shows or events, and apparently will not anytime in the near future, if ever. Effectively, the ADL has shut it down.

Certainly this drama managed to enliven the month of February, but it also underscored the idea of violence as a solution. The ADL holds an anti-violence and anti-confrontation stance, believing that confrontations only enhance the racist group's publicity. In particular, the head of the Philadelphia ADL, Barry Morrison, believes that the ARA street fighter tactics only furthers the neo-nazis agenda, as the allure of duking it out attracts more to the racist cause. Leaving Matt Hale and his 50 or so white boys alone, while sponsoring a pro-unity rally a few miles away, is a much better course of action then attacking the racists and creating even more of a media event. For its part, the ARA believes in "self defense", which means confronting hate groups, often times with violence.

While the ARA and ADL's diametric views are a cut and dried example, violence as a solution, or the solution, or no solution, has always been of great debate in the punk scene. From something as innocuous as slam dancing, to rioting against the WTO, Hardline's eye for an eye attitude, or peace punk pacifism, the debate rages on, and it is especially pertinent during today's "war on terrorism." Normally, now would be the time to wrap this all up with a cliché or platitude. No such luck here, instead it's time to go all grandpa, and regal the *HeartattaCk* reader with a tale of my misbegotten youth.

Let's talk about Bobby Smith (not his real name, but you don't know the difference so it might as well be). Smith was a real asshole who attended my high school, and, yes, I swear this is true, was the quarterback of the football team. He also had a habit of picking on me from time to time. So over the 4 years of high school my animosity for this idiot grew, until one spring night in 1988 I found my self matched up against him in a street hockey game. Smith, who was about three inches taller and 40 pounds heavier

than me, really began to push me around during the game, crossing the line of legitimate body checking with his slashes and elbows. After one such elbow, I stood up and assumed the body language that screamed, "You wanna go." Smith laughed and remarked, "You don't want to mess with me." I walked away. Later as I sat out a shift, my teammate remarked—"If a guy tells you, 'You don't want to mess with me,' he is really trying to avoid fighting you." Like a fool, I believed this guy.

On the next shift, Smith and I were rushing towards the puck (okay, ball, but puck sounds much, much cooler). Smith jerked his elbow back and clocked me square in the face. This time I didn't bother assuming a square off position. I dropped my stick and began to pound Smith upside his head. Smith seemed shocked as I rocked him with punch after punch, the years of pent up hate fueling my pugilistic attack. My teammate was correct, I thought, this dork didn't want to fight me. I figured Smith would soon beg off and I would be vindicated. Except that didn't happen. Instead Smith collected himself, stepped forward, and began to rain down punches. Honestly from that point on, most of the fight is a blur. I only really remember tucking my chin and throwing as many punches as I possibly could, all the while taking round after round of Smith's fists upon my forehead. After a while Smith tied up my arms and I begged off, which, to my surprise, Smith agreed to, and we separated without intervention. I retreated to the car to check out the damage. As my adrenaline receded, I could start to feel my head ache. I looked into the rear view mirror and it appeared that the Rocky Mountains, all purple and black, had sprouted above my eyebrows.

After sleeping it off in four hour, in case of concussion, shifts, I spent the rest of the weekend preparing for school on Monday. There, undoubtedly, I would have to confront Smith. So Monday comes, and I return to school. I scanned the hall before homeroom for Smith but he is nowhere to be seen. This is pretty weird, I am thinking, where is the fuck is Smith? I have been totally stressing all weekend about this shit, playing out multiple scenarios in my mind, and this guy is nowhere to be found. Finally in gym, one of Smith's football teammates, Jones, comes up to me. "I hear you and Smith fought on Friday." Yeah, I say, and told him we battled, being sure to mention that Smith, indeed, had won the fight. Jones was bigger and tougher than Smith, and I was more than a bit nervous. This guy had never said two words to me before; was he going to kick my ass for fighting his boy, was he just checking out what happened, making sure I wasn't talking shit, was he going to shake my hand? Jones looked around. "You fucked up his eye pretty good," he said, and then walked away.

I guess that is why Smith didn't show up at school that day: the stigma of an OB induced shiner was a bit too much for the football quarterback's ego. A few days later the confrontation I was dreading did occur, as I found Smith macking on a girl whose locker was nearly next to mine. As I opened my locker Smith tried to play off his black eye for sympathy, "See what he did to my eye," he said, pointing to me and then his welt. I grunted and shut my locker, and then walked away. Smith never said another thing

to me, and all the teasing and other bullshit stopped. No matter of ignoring, witty counter comments, or playing along had done this before, only the violence got results. My only regret was that I hadn't done it four years earlier.

So what's the point? That violence works, that it is the best solution to life's many conflicts? Sometimes. But sometimes it is no solution at all, like when it gets Nazis in the papers and clubs shut down and groups with the same goals fighting each other instead of their common enemy. I don't pretend to have any answers, or any sort of guide as to when violence is justified or when it is not, or when it will work and when it won't. It's been nearly 15 years since me and Smith threw down, and in that time I have never participated in another fist fight. However I have been prepared to fight on numerous occasions, shit, I even had my fist cocked once or twice. But perhaps that is all you need sometimes, that threat of violence. I don't know.

Going to Gigs is Fun

I do know that going to punk rock shows is fun. Though I missed The Break at the Pre-Super Bowl Jam at the Owl's Nest because I had the flu, I did make an Owl's Nest show the next week. Pretty good turnout considering that it was Temple on a Saturday night, though predictably, the North of Girard location kept the wing nuts and hipsters home. I missed the first two bands, both of which were ex Kid Dynamite, one featured the bassist (Crucial Defect), the other the roadie (The Curse). I did arrive in time to see the ex-I Hate You band, Knives Out. Early buzz had them sounding like 108, but I only heard the similarity on a couple of songs. The band was pretty tight and most importantly played the proper amount of time for an opening band: six songs. Trial by Fire played next. Time to retire this group, yet another graduate of the HWM school of punk rock. I don't see the hype, but they were clearly the biggest draw of the evening. The Arsons capped off the night. Ernie of Token Entry/BTJ/Grey Area was on the guitar, and the band sounds a bit like Pegboy. Got to give it up for the Temple crew as the show ran on time and they got a pretty good crowd out to a non-Center

City/West Philadelphia locale. On the 17th I was at the Church for the debut of yet another ex-KD band, Paint it Black. This one has Wagunshutz, roadie Hass, and Yemin (on the mic!), plus former Catharsis axeman, Matt, and noted thrash promoter, Andy. Hass rocked the Tupac look. The set started out with mad microphone problems, but when they were corrected the band turned in a good show, even if Yemin did wear shoes. Next up was some band that jumped on the bill, so I will call them the Add-ons. A drummer and guitarist, minimalist crap that only flies in two places—Olympia and Brooklyn. Speaking of Brooklyn next up was Yeah Yeah Yeah- and I was suddenly transported back to CBGB's circa 1978. Damn it where is my heroin? Soon I was saying no, no, no to this show, and took off, missing the headliners. On the 2nd it was ABC for one of the last Kill the Man Who Questions gigs. The Wolves sounded good, but I couldn't hear the singer. Apparently there is some Orchid or Williamsburg hipster (or is that the same thing) connection to the band? KTMWQ were good, even thought the mic "broke" during the "Injustice System" cover. Obviously, it was Sabotage By The Man. It was locals night at the Owl cove on the 10th. Caught the Curse this time, lots of bass problems. Record release for Go! For the Throat, who feature the Ghostbuster (yet another ex KD roadie). With such Philadelphia pride, and a T-shirt that exclaims, "it's working time" how can any member of the proletariat resist their charm. Paint it Black was tighter this evening, though an inter band squabble did arise over Hass' doo-rag. More of a fashion shocker were Matt's blue jeans, which he obviously borrowed, because they just don't allow non-black clothing on his side of the Schuylkill. Saw Lucero at 9C. Heartache, heartbreak, bad tats, cheap beer, and cigarette smoke—what more could you ask for? Apparently lots more beer and quite a few shots, and hell, some moonshine too, which the band and crowd of Memphis ex-pats downed at Hanks Saloon the next weekend. By the end of the set it was a sloppy mess, but it started out pretty good. Finally saw The Break at their record release jam at Hamilton Street Café. It was sort of a Central



Jersey reunion, as I received no fewer than 6 double pat bro hugs from various punters. In a perfect world The Break would have played your prom. The band also threw out embroidered sweat bands, but I had to refuse since the 19124 is an irony free zone. Joey Teabags did snatch one up, and was heard to exclaim, "Now I'll have to take up tennis". And what is a prom without some beef—as rival promoters squared off at the end of the night, in a battle one could best described as ridiculous.

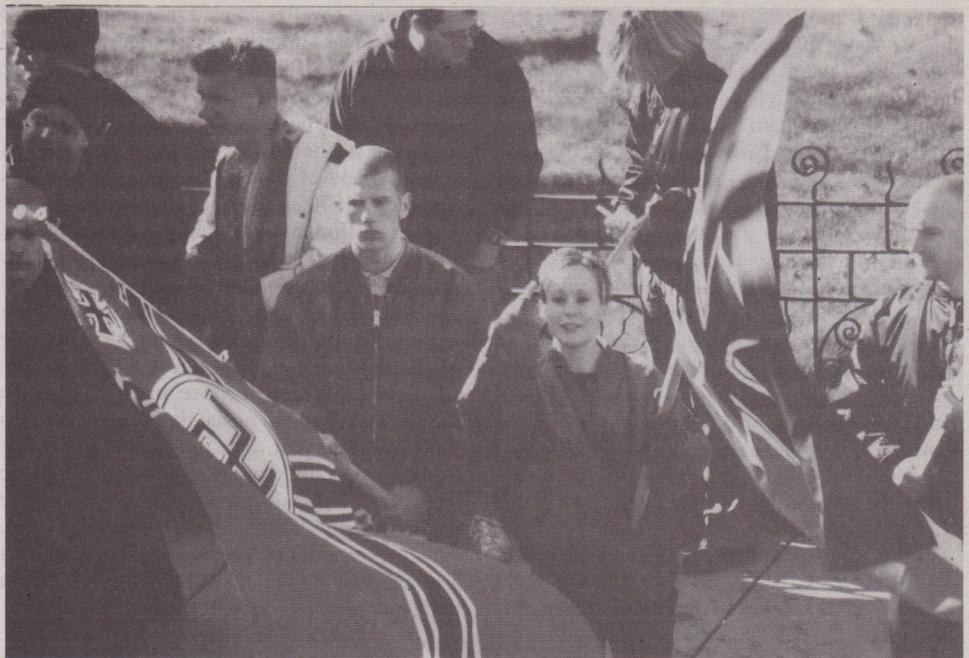
Looking for a House is Fun

This month we will continue to outline the house buying process, by concentrating on the home search. Last issue I covered how to financially prepare for buying a home, so if you missed it hit up McClard for a back issue. (He's got plenty and they're taking up valuable space in the warehouse, and space is at a premium, what with all those Manumission records collecting dust.) I am pretty much sure this column is on most *HeartattaCk* fans "must read" list, right after Criss Crass' endless pages on organizing, so I will just pick up where I left off.

The first step in finding a property is to determine where you would like to live. The second step is to determine where you can afford to live. If, like most punks, you reside in a gentrifying portion of town (gentrification I must add which you are in no way responsible for) you might have to look outside of your existing hip, hood for affordable housing. Take a walk (or drive) through the areas of town that are both desirable and affordable. Look for "for sale" signs, and see what realty office has the most listings. Generally speaking this realtor will know the neighborhood best. Because of something called "the multiple listings", potential homebuyers are not limited to what any one office has listed. (The realtor definitely will push the buyer towards his or her houses—as to earn a larger commission). Also if the neighborhood has a small weekly newspaper, check out the realty listings. This will reveal who the players are in the neighborhood, and give an idea what price homes are going for. Finally if someone who has recently bought a house in the neighborhood in which the buyer will be looking, see if that person has any recommendations. The new homeowner will have worked with an agent and can empart valuable information.

The next step is to come up with a rough idea of what the buyer wants in a house. Some common questions to ask are: Should the home be in move in condition or a handyman special? How many bedrooms are desired? How many bathrooms? How much square footage? The buyer should come up with a rough estimate (as in three bedrooms, move-in condition, around \$50,000), and go into the Real Estate office and ask to speak to an agent. Don't forget to bring the mortgage pre-approval certification. Relay your desires to the agent, and mention that you are a first time homebuyer.

Real Estate is an interesting job, because it is difficult to tell for whom the Realtor is working—the seller or the buyer. For sure they are working for the sale of the home, because until that point they do not get paid. Note that it is bad form to use more than one agent. Do not do this. If shit isn't working out with the original agent, let the agent know, and then move on. Real Estate



seems to be a pretty tight clique, and if word gets around a buyer is using more than one agent, he will end up playing himself (or her, herself).

Now comes the fun part, the agent should set up a date to go see some properties. I would not recommend seeing more than 4 at a time, because the homes (particularly Philadelphia row homes) tend to start to blend together. The agent should provide the buyer with a one-sheet which lists a lot of information about the house, albeit in real estate lingo. But it is not too difficult to decipher. It is a good idea to use the one-sheet to take notes on your impressions of the house. Generally speaking there are three types of homes—owner occupied, tenant occupied, and vacant. As far as useful information goes, tenants will tell you everything that is wrong with the house. I had tenants point out leaky roofs and cracks in walls, and they will gladly reveal what maintenance the owner has neglected. Conversely the owners tend to only focus on the positive. They will show off the upgrades they have put in. But sometimes an owner will be up front and tell you potential problems. Like the guy who said this home has termites, or the gentleman who bluntly stated the place next door was a drug house (as if the gun prominently displayed on his kitchen table wasn't enough of a tip off to a high crime area). Vacant houses provide no one to talk to, but here defects tend to be unhidden by furniture or carpet.

There are certain things that should be determined about each property shown. First of all in what condition and how old is the roof? Check the ceiling for water spots. Go into the attic and look around. I would recommend buying a home with a working roof (in fact the FHA will not give you a mortgage unless you have a roofing), because, besides being expensive to repair, a leaky roof is most likely just the tip of the iceberg as far as problems go. Next check out the furnace. What type (gas, oil, etc) and how old is it? I saw some old ass furnaces in some of the places I looked at—I mean shit that had been converted from coal fired. Determine if there is a heat source in every room, and if there isn't, ask why. If buying in a climate where air

conditioning is a must, check out the AC unit. If the utilities are on when going through the property, note if it is particularly cold or hot in the house (depending on season). Also check out the electrical supply. What voltage service is it? What kind of wiring does the house have—knob and tube, copper, a mixture? Does it have circuit breakers or fuses? How many outlets are in each room? Of course examine the plumbing—is it copper, PVC, galvanized, cast iron, or some combination there of. Pay attention to the condition of sinks, toilets, and baths. Make sure to examine the kitchen, particularly the major appliances, like the stove, dishwasher (if there is one), and refrigerator (if it is staying). Also check the condition of the floors, carpet, and tiling. Examine all the windows and attempt to determine how old they are. In the basement, check for any signs of water infiltration (generally you can smell it as well). Outside, look at the condition of the brick, siding, or paint. Yeah this checklist is long as hell. But by examining these so called major systems, the buyer can tell a lot about the age of a home, the upkeep that went into it, and its actual value. Try not to worry about people's ugly ass furniture or what color the walls are painted, these cosmetic problems are relatively easy to change.

I used a two-tier system to look at properties. I went into a place and got an initial impression. Many times that was enough to eliminate the property from consideration. If I liked the place initially, I asked to go back and see it again. I would recommend bringing a friend or relative along for the second visit as another pair of eyes can often see things that were overlooked before. It is best not to be rushed when looking for a property, but of course in certain situations (like a job transfer) it is unavoidable. I looked off and on for about a year before I found a place, and I think my patience paid off.

After narrowing down the choices to a single property, visit the property without the Realtor. Of course the buyer cannot go inside the home, but he or she can examine the neighborhood in more detail. Check out a wide area around the property. Look for potential problems like vacant

properties and lots, or nuisances like heavy industry. Also note how far it is to a supermarket and public transportation, or other things that are important in the buyer's life (like, say, the liquor store). It is important that you go different days of the week and different times of the day, including late at night. In an urban environment, things can change after dark, becoming more quiet or louder (if there are bars in the area), or "unsafe"—prone to random crime, drug dealing, and/or prostitution. It is essential that buyer feel comfortable in the neighborhood. If it is of concern, look into the area schools. Finally try to determine if property values in the neighborhood are rising, falling, or holding steady, as this will help in determining your bid. Sooner or later a home will be found that meets nearly all of the buyer's criteria. At that point it is time to place a bid on the home, a process that I will cover in this column next issue.

Thanks to Hans Bennet for photos of the rally in York (if they run).

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For more info on the events in York and Philadelphia: <http://citypaper.net/articles/020702/news.racism.shtml>; "de-thread" <http://www.phillyimc.org/article.pl?sid=02/02/01/2025206&mode=thread>; <http://www.post-gazette.com/region/state/20020113yorkriot0113p5.asp>

Scene Report: (International) Noise Conspiracy MTV Video Shoot

Respectfully submitted to *HeartattaCk*
by freelance gossip columnist B. Dee

It's a scene out of a Fellini movie. Three and a half years after I first saw Refused reinvent punk rock as a pop culture molotov cocktail that left me sobbing and soaring with new, unrealized dreams of revolution, I am pursuing a budding and already doomed bohemian love affair at the insular, insulated artist's collective where their former drummer lives—and I tag along with their former roadie to see their former singer's new band, who are shooting their latest video for MTV.

Dennis, said singer, insists that this new band is an equally subversive project, intended to create and encourage revolutionary desires in the masses. Perhaps inconveniently, I take him at his word about their intentions, though many of our mutual comrades now assume their politics to be a purely aesthetic aspect of a pop music career. Now I show up to be the token hardliner at the "radical" band's video shoot, sullenly taking notes in the corner as my "less committed" contemporaries are primped and preened by cosmetics girls for the harsh light of the cameras. ("You should write to *HeartattaCk* about this," jokes Dennis, and I laugh). It's a familiar dynamic—I refuse to get my hands dirty by participating in the day's events, but as a friend from way-back-when I still expect to be fed, in exchange for parading my intransigence on the sidelines. I'm the "street cred" flown in from the U.S.A., the ghost of punk rock past lingering in the MTV studio, here to spread revolutionary guilt and cash in on a free meal in return; I'm the anarchist on the guest list: everything is free for

me because—well, just read my manifesto. I'll spend the breaks in shooting critiquing my friends' tactics and credibility, and assume I'm doing everyone a favor.

Well, be that as it may. We arrive at the location, a shell of a house in the richest neighborhood of Stockholm, and the inside is done up in 1970's retro décor, including vintage typewriters and musical equipment, a couple old demonstration posters, and a hammer-n-sickle or two. The director, in his casual denim suit and professional-free-spirited-artist's curls, is bustling about with the film crew, scorching lights are being adjusted, and the youth in attendance are all picture perfect in those nauseating retro fashions that express nostalgia for the television shows of yesteryear. The rouged and mascara'd women especially provide quite a contrast to the unshaven, Rubenesque feminist I spent the previous night with. If I didn't "know the band, dude," it seems a boy like me would only be here if he sneaked in to raid the buffet—which I can't find anywhere, incidentally.

Dennis explains the plotline to me: they've bought the rights to some kitsch 1970's action movie in which police surround a house of outlaws. Thanks to splicing, the police will be outside, while inside the music fans and radical band are partying in defiance of them. Quite a fine fee—upwards of ten thousand dollars—has been paid to use the film and techniques of that bygone day, so the video will actually appear to have been shot back then. Let's waste no time here, gentle reader, considering what social tendencies are expressed by retro chic and what role they play in the "society of the spectacle" Dennis has read so much about. The point is—well, we're here to smash capitalism by having a good time, aren't we? That's what the video is about, anyway.

There will be subtitles in the finished version—the police lamenting that the kids are having that fun "outside the structures of commodity relations" and must therefore be stopped. I joke that the chief pig should instruct his henchmen, "If you can't arrest them, at least put them on MTV!", and Dennis likes the idea—maybe they'll use it. I resist encouragement to get powdered up and appear in the video myself, clinging to the antiquated notion that when none of us are on television, it will cease to exist. Dennis, for his part, politely declines to wear my KROSSA USA! ("Crush the U.S.A.") shirt, since the bandmates are all dressed in matching uniforms (my shirt is black, though, just like the one he's wearing), and emphasizes the "fun" aspects of the video; he doesn't want to undermine these by specifically mentioning the police shootings in Gothenburg, showing people actually fighting the pigs, or otherwise stepping over the line.

The director assembles the band and their friends before the cameras, and in the moments prior to shooting, Dennis warms up a little, prancing like a Swedish Mick Jagger—it's something he does well, though it's still ambiguous whether he has learned the pop language of his enemies in order to subvert their hegemony over culture production, or just been colonized, bodily, by their standards of hipness, their fashion "consciousness," their images of youth and style. The director yells the Swedish

equivalent of "action!", and everyone is dancing about, trying hard to look like they're having the "good time" Dennis spoke of.

At this moment, looking on, I profoundly miss the environment of a good basement punk show, when this good time is real and not representation. If nothing else, if it does no more to liberate the masses, at least there one aspect of the equation is decidedly real and unambiguous. Here, watching my comrades acting out that "good time outside the commodity system" to make an advertisement for a commodity, it's difficult to tell where—or if—the pose ends and reality begins. And I can't stop wondering—when do we eat? Is there a buffet anywhere in this building?

Admittedly, it's early (it turns out work starts at 8 a.m. in the rock-n-roll world, too), and the film crew can only add to the overdeveloped self-consciousness of Swedish middle class youth, but I expected to see a little more enthusiasm. The DIY punks of D.S. 13 seem to struggling as hard to enjoy the one-liner irony of their participation as everyone else is to enjoy sincerely modeling for the cameras. I can't shake the feeling that no one here, not the DIY punks nor the pop radicals nor their various hangers-on, harbors any real conviction that Things Can Change, that this or anything will jerk the capitalist world out of orbit. "We are up for sale, everything that we know is up for sale," keens Dennis' voice over the stereo, and it sounds, here, like a statement of fact, not the bitter, furious challenge it should be.

At least as people wake up, I start to see some smiles. Many takes later, the joker from D.S. 13 begins throwing cushions off the couch, and everyone loosens up a bit. I'm quite worn out myself: I slept only one hour the night before, having spent the first part of the evening engaged in my own brand of archetypically useless activity, composing a stinging rejoinder to a hostile review in an obscure and self-referential anarchist periodical, and the latter part somewhat more sensibly making love and conversation with my new crush and—let's not portray me in an unnecessarily flattering light—meal ticket. But a less weary, less cynical observer could almost imagine that these young people are engaged in something idealistic and exciting, playing with the social forms of expression (music videos, left wing politics, youth culture) offered them rather than letting themselves be played with by them. . . . as the kids on the *other sides* of the television screens will inevitably be. Too bad that in this passive spectator society, anyone who stops watching for a minute and does something ends up becoming a spectacle for everyone else to watch—at least, that is, if you do it in front of the cameras. But *everyone* is glued to those screens, so if your good ideas aren't on them, no one will ever find out about them—right?

Lunch finally comes, and a Stockholm punk with amazingly long dreadlocks who has nonetheless been dutifully shaking his booty in the crowd shots comes up to compliment me on my own DIY band's latest recording (so you see: we are all involved in some kind of commodity production). Thankfully, the conversation soon passes on to the merits of various squats in Milan, and then to his two friends who are facing prison terms, one from the demonstrations in Gothenburg, the other from streetfighting with Stockholm

fascists. At least something's going on out there. Dennis comes back over and speaks to me about books he plans to write—I hope he does.

Now let's stop beating around the bush—are the (I.)N.C. the long-awaited heirs of Guy Debord and Che Guevara come to rescue us all from our neoliberal oppressors, or not? Does it do any good to make fucking music videos for the revolution, or DIY punk records for that matter? What am I getting at here?

One thing is certain—the snide criticism groups like the 'Noise Conspiracy' receive from our side of the DIY-or-don't-DIY debate doesn't help them to focus any more on getting things done. Alienated by the self-righteousness of their former comrades, they have less and less reason to take the idea of revolution seriously—and surely it becomes correspondingly easier for them to let it become a publicity gimmick, even when they started out believing in it. No wonder Dennis has started to talk nonsense, like "if nothing else, I think it's good at least to help people have a good time"—that makes sense when you're playing for striking miners, but comfortable middle class rock fans? They need provoking, not positive reinforcement. And yet, who better to provide that challenge than bands like Dennis's, especially since we DIY punks are busy elsewhere?

As I stated above, I take my friends who proclaim themselves revolutionaries at their word that they mean it whether their actions are intelligible to me or not. Even if in the most secret chambers of their hearts they do want nothing but fame and fortune, I still know from seeing those things destroy other friends that I wouldn't be doing them any favors to leave them to that pursuit. So the question is what it would take for their lunatic scheme of undermining the "society of the spectacle" by creating a spectacle to work; since they seem committed to trying this path, it won't do them or anyone else any good for me just to criticize and feel superior. I have to do my part to figure out what, if anything, they could do in this medium to actually challenge the system we all hate. Sitting upstairs in the empty cosmeticians' room, I wrack my blank brain, as I have been for months and years, for what the missing piece could be that I or anyone could provide to make what my friends are doing as effective, as dangerous as they say they want it to be.

As it stands, the police, who will look so cute and retro in the video, are outside this and every building, surrounding us, and we're all in here, trying to have a good time or at least look like we are, trying not to look out the windows, out of fear or anger or frustrated longing for the world they hold against us. We all find ways to survive inside with our consciences intact, some of us sooner, others later and only by reinventing ourselves as "professional revolutionaries" who nonetheless need to eat somehow. It takes courage to discard fear and pride alike, to remember all the things that never happened and still might never happen, all the dreams that don't come any more true for being listened to or sung about on records. That courage comes in short supply when we congratulate ourselves too much for the little things we do to feel we are still fighting, whether they be MTV videos or DIY magazines. We need to be a little more desperate to risk what we need

to risk to see that Things Can Change. Perhaps despair is our only hope.

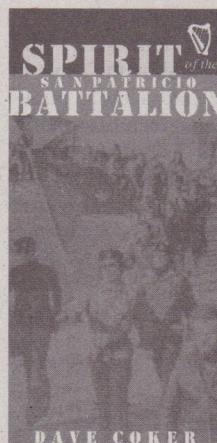
Discussion Questions for Advanced Readers of HeartattaCk:

1. *Why does the writer go to such lengths to portray himself in as ironic a light as he does the band? Does he actually succeed in doing this? To what extent does this approach—and these discussion questions themselves—function as a defensive measure to stave off criticism?*

2. *In the third paragraph, does the author's contrast of the women at the video shoot to the woman he is sleeping with imply that a woman who wears make-up or shaves is less feminist than one who does not? Even if it doesn't, is it acceptable for a male author to make implications of any kind as to whether a given woman is a feminist or not? For that matter—what are the implications of using a term ("Rubenesque") derived from a male painter's portrayals of women's bodies to describe a feminist? And where does he get off writing about their sex life for a widely circulated magazine?*

3. *Is it any coincidence that the piece does exactly what it counsels against (snidely criticizing the tactics of mass media bands from a DIY standpoint), and does not do what it specifically demands (presenting practical solutions to the problem of how to make their approach effective)? Is any amount of irony enough to excuse this inconsistency? Or is this piece perhaps intended to work on an entirely different level than the one it appears to?*

Address charges of defamation of character, bring suits for libel and slander, or mail tipoffs for future gossip columns to CrimethInc./2695 Rangewood Drive/Atlanta, GA 30345



"My Daddy was a miner, he's now in the wind and sun, he'll be with you fellow workers until every battle is won." — Florence Reese

In the mid 1930's, during a bitter struggle in the coal fields of Kentucky, the police raided the modest home of the Reese family. All they found was a determined and angry woman by the name of Florence Reese who, by the standards of most people was a hick, a country bumpkin, an uneducated redneck, only a miner's wife. The cops and gun thugs were looking for her husband in connection with union activity with the United Mine Workers of America (UMWA). After the police left her home, Reese ripped a calendar off the wall and penned a poem on its backside. This poem would later be put to music and become one of labor's most poignant hymns. This song, performed, covered and interpreted countless times over the last seventy odd years is "Which Side Are You On?" The lyrics are in what I've heard called "worker's shorthand," they're simple, honest, to the point and unapologetic. Nothing is left to the imagination in terms of which side Reese was actually on.

When I talk politics with my family

they almost never fail to disappoint me and I'm sure they're thinking the same thing. They seem to have an uncanny talent at drawing the lines then firmly planting themselves on the opposite side of where I find myself. It's not a new phenomenon between us either. As I learn more and more about my family's history, I realize being on the wrong side is practically central to our traditions. My grandad was fond of bragging about his Irish Protestant and Loyalist background (even though he himself was raised Catholic) to my Grandmother whose family was Irish Catholic. "You were nothing but a bunch of poor dirt farmers from the south," he would say, "Our side won anyway." Of course, it was all in fun to both of them but when I came to have an understanding of the political implications of that side of the family's history it only underscored something I had already known. We end fighting, and sometimes even dying, for the wrong shit. It is no source of guilt though. I find it more tragically funny than anything else. At this point, it really has become comical. I figure given half a chance people will generally choose what is right and fair over what is fucked up and wrong. Were people, even people in this phase of US history, given a realistic education and proper access to information they would demand a much more egalitarian way of life on all fronts.

I chalk up the backwards and reactionary ideas that my family members hold and have held as the system doing what it's built to do; lie, cheat and steal about anything and everything in order to maintain firm control of the world's resources. Of course, that is putting it in very basic terms but I think it holds up throughout the history and various cultures of the world. One example of this at work is my Momma's political development over the last few years. She is a woman who has little better than a high school education, due to her very early pregnancy with yours truly, and has worked primarily service sector jobs her entire life. When I first began to talk shop with Momma she would fly off the handle at the idea that maybe employers didn't give benefits and a decent wage out of the goodness of their hardened little hearts or that employment and labor laws were written to benefit the bosses. Now, seven or eight years after the fact, we've moved on to discussing global trade issues and the inherent unfairness of capitalism. Of course, I didn't just pour the knowledge into Momma's ever-waiting head. She is a smart woman who has had a lifetime of experience in the workplace. All I did was raise issues that the majority of working and poor people in this country never hear mentioned even while they have a certain instinct that tells them shit is just not fair. She put two and two together and taught me a few things in the process.

Another example of education and information being key in the furthering of progressive ideas is the work our local union engaged in to support the Charleston Five. I work for the regional phone company here in the Southeast. The make-up of my department, construction, is predominately male and white from rural North Carolina. These men are what most people would call rednecks. These guys vote straight Republican tickets, hunt on the weekends, drive pick-up trucks, and all the other stereotypical ideas that are pumped up and embellished about

white, rural, working class people. By and large they generally hold reactionary ideals. At the same time though, they have a sense of what is fair, predominately, I think, through the education of trade-unionism. Even the most backwards and racist elements in my workplace understand the simple premise of fairness translated into union terms. A contemporary example of this is our union's unwavering support of the Charleston dockworkers last year. Here you have a union, the International Longshoreman's Association (ILA) Local 1422, which is around 98% African-American who, through the course of defending their right to picket; were attacked by a force of 600 State Troopers in riot gear. If there is absolutely anything the guys I work with support consistently it is law enforcement. Despite this, and despite the fact that the media portrayed the police attack on a legally protected peaceful picket line as (African-American) union thugs fighting the cops, our local union, a local of "rednecks," sent a \$500 donation to the legal defense fund and helped organize a bus to go to Columbia last June for a demonstration in support of five dockworkers facing felony riot charges. When my co-workers supported the Charleston Five they were one step closer, for instance, to supporting Mumia. They were one step closer to having an understanding of the fight against globalization through the terms of an attack on an organized sector of workers in industry key to global trade. They were one step closer to understanding police brutality in minority communities. Did our local seize upon these opportunities as they were practically laid at our feet? Yes and no. We certainly could have done a better job, but with our limited resources and activist oriented people power, I think we did pretty well, all things considered.

What I'm saying here, that education and information combat backwards and reactionary political ideas, is a no-brainer. The larger point I'm doing the Texas Two-Step around deals with drawing lines in the sand based on who are friends and who are enemies. I raised the example of Florence Reese for a reason. Like countless people the world over she was forced into political life staring down the barrel of gun. She wasn't college-educated, a punk rocker, vegan, or even an anarchist. By today's left wing standards she'd be an anomaly to thrust under the political microscope and dissect. Her, her family, and her community were rural working class people, formally uneducated, miners, probably even Christians. But when it came down to it they all knew what direction to point their shotguns in. I look at the left today with its Critical Mass bike rides (through working class areas of town during rush hour), its Reclaim the Streets actions (where the punks get together to paint their faces and wear tv's on their heads and afterwards make claims of the destruction of 2,000 years of culture over some miso soup), and its touchy-feely, belly-button centered guilt-trip groups and I'm not so sure we would know where to point the guns when it comes down to it. In fact, we probably wouldn't know how to work the fucking things. This really hit home when I attended a Labor Left conference a few months ago. Even at an event where the class struggle was supposed to be the point of unity a million other lifestyle issues eclipsed the discussion around what role

we should play among our co-workers and communities during this post-9/11 period of reaction. It was almost as if the majority of the folks in attendance were actually repulsed at the idea of going into the rank-and-file and talking to working and poor people. Most of this sentiment was generated by the youth in attendance.

When it comes right down to it, there is a greater material basis for the so-called rednecks and hicks of the world to unite with the oppressed and marginalized the globe over. The term redneck, with its negative connotations directed at working class people, can be said to be nothing but straight-up classist in nature. I recognize there is an objective political role the white working class plays in this country that is, by and large, reactionary. At the same time though I see the potential for a change in their collective hearts and minds. I see it everyday at my workplace. It will be a great day when we are able to say that we've put the red back in redneck.

Suggested reading this time around; While I'm done with it, *Loyalist*, by Peter Taylor is a brutally frank book based on a series of interviews with paramilitaries and spokesmen of the Loyalist/Protestant movement in Northern Ireland. Even if you don't have a handle on politics in the region I imagine it would still be a interesting read. *Labor Notes* is a monthly publication that covers the burning topics of the day from a left, labor, rank-n-file standpoint. If you're already in the labor movement this is a good resource to have. If you're new to the movement or want to learn more about what is going on then this would be a good place to start as well. Subscriptions are \$20 a year to 7435 Michigan Ave./Detroit, MI 48210. You can check 'em out online at www.labornotes.org.

Mandatory listening; Holy shit, y'all I totally have a new favorite band by the name of Flogging Molly. They're like a more punk-influenced Pogues and they put on an absolutely amazing live show. What can I say, I'm a sucker for a tin whistle and accordion fueled by Guinness. After a night of dancing (and drinking) myself silly, I awoke the next morning with a new found sense of optimism. Things just might be okay, y'know?

If you want to write and tell me I'm wrong you can do so at PO Box 10093/ Greensboro, NC 27404; xdave_cokerx@hotmail.com

Nathan Gove

Historic Moments

I almost sat next to Noam Chomsky on the BART train last week. I saw him when I came in and I angled for the seat next to him, but a young woman got there before I did. I sat across the aisle looking at him, wondering if it indeed was Chomsky and not some other mad intellectual. I almost convinced myself that it wasn't him, but the clues were there. Expensive but geeky bifocal glasses. On his pad of paper full of scribbled notes, each paragraph was boxed

in by lines drawn close to the text, so that more room remained to pack in thoughts. He sat looked at his notes and fumbling with a rolled up piece of the same yellow paper, mouthing it occasionally. He had a metal pen, nicer than bic, but not a Cross. The hint of a suit sleeve under his trench coat. His hair was thin, white, and longer than it was in *Manufacturing Consent*, giving him a hint of Ben Franklin's elderly genius. The clincher was that I knew that he was visiting the Bay Area. He'd given a talk at my university. I hadn't gone because it was about linguistics instead of politics, but I had seen an article in the paper, accompanied with a photo of the same longer hair that I saw across the aisle.

I finally screwed up the courage to go talk to him, to just say something. Sure, I was being a complete dork, but I guess I just wanted to make it tangible. I wanted to be sure it was him. So I stood up and leaned it, "Excuse me, are you Noam Chomsky?"

"Yes, I am."

The woman next to him cried, "Oh my god, I was sitting next to Noam Chomsky and I didn't even notice!"

I sort of stammered and said, "I know it's ridiculous, but... could I get your autograph?"

I shook his hand, got his autograph, and sat back down. He chatted with the woman next to him and then went back to his work. I would have liked to have been able to actually sit down next to him and start a real conversation. Even if it would have been as obnoxious as asking for his autograph, I wanted to ask him a stupidly simplistic question: "How do you write? Do you have any advice for a person wanting to be a writer like you?" Anything he could say in such a short conference would be something that I already knew. But there was still the hope that he could give me some small piece of wisdom. Or, in a more spiritual sense, that he could bless me.

The thought of being a writer makes me shake my head. I've got a fistful of doubts. I imagine you reading my prose with a critical eye, saying, "This guy wants to be a writer? That's a laugh." I have no experience. Or hardly any and it's mixed, to say the least. Take my freshman writing class: I was plagued for the entire semester with bouts of procrastination. This led to conferences with the professor, whose patience wore thin. But my final project on the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge caused her to gush with effusiveness; she told me that I should be a nature writer.

When I think of being a writer, I feel like a starry eyed teenager from Nebraska who moves to Los Angeles with a dream of being in the movies. How realistic is it? I'm normally impervious to such flights of fancy because, when it comes to my own life, I'm too conservative. I want to have security. I want a decent income, a child or two, a house, and a car. (I feel almost treasonous for admitting these wants in this forum.) But the desire to write is real, and maybe I have finally awoken to find that my long awaited passion was sitting there all along, inside my chest, slowly growing. This nascent passion, mixed with a festering quarter-life crisis ready to pop, may just be enough to make me take the plunge.

I'm simplifying things. What I have is more of a passion about the subject matter rather

than an infatuation with the craft of writing per se. To say that I know now that I want to be a "writer" (as my main profession) is putting cart before horse; I am untried and I don't know if it suits me. But I am moved by the things that I see in the world, and I feel a drive to articulate what I see. I feel I could serve a function shedding light on what is happening globally, that I could clarify more specific and local situations (the more mundane tasks of a lesser superhero who can't save the world in one swoop), and that I could draw important connections between the local and the global...they are all a part of the same system.

People are out of touch. I don't mean to be bragging when I say that I feel like I am an exception. I listen to the radio a lot. I am blessed to be in Berkeley where we have KPFA (the flagship station of the Pacifica network), two NPR stations, college radio, and pirate radio. A lot of alternative news sources are readily available. If you're lucky, you can find *HeartattaCk* in a local coffee shop, along with many other newspapers and bulletins. The Bay Area is something of a rarity in having so much media, and even so, most people don't avail themselves to it. Bell hooks was on *Talk of the Nation* on February 28, one of several guests discussing Black History Month. Introductory questions thrown out to get conversation going were along the lines of "Why do we have Black History Month? Do we need Black History Month? Is it to teach people who aren't black about black culture or is it to make blacks feel better?" Bell hooks said (from my memory), "We are an a-historical society. We will need Black History Month as long as the rest of history that is taught in this culture is biased and shallow and black history is not incorporated." Another fellow whose name I didn't catch was on NPR discussing his book about a year travelling down the Mekong River. He also said that America is very provincial and that even in our big cities there is little interest in what is going on outside of our borders.

One task is just getting people interested in history at all. To make them think it is important. It's almost a marginalized subject in schools and universities. What is it? Just a chronology? A bunch of dates. Circa 5000 BC. 1492. 1812. 1865. 1945. 1965. 1969. So what? Science gets precedence over social science in terms of funding and prestige. Within the social sciences and humanities, economics gets kudos for being the most "scientific" of the bunch. History? How old school!

We had people (at least before Sept. 11) who were trumpeting that the end of history has been reached. Capitalism has won, capitalism has proven itself to be the best system. We are going to homogenize ourselves, our culture. MacDonald's on every block. The same television shows, the same way of thinking. Progress. Natural resources don't matter because Adam Smith's invisible hand and innovation will provide. And that just seems so wrongheaded, and incredibly ironic. We are embarking on the a most historical moment and we just don't know where it is going to go.

I currently have two guideposts for understanding the direction of the world right now. One is an article by Bill McKibben from the *Harvard Design* journal entitled "Humans Supplant God: Everything Changes." He writes

about how newspaper reporters fear "burying the lead," or putting the most important part of a story several paragraphs down because something more flashy catches the eye. He identifies three ways in which humans are affecting systems that used to be the province of nature or God, three stories which aren't being given the weight they deserve: 1. land use (we are using a high percentage of both land and the incoming energy from the sun for our purposes); 2. climate change—with the advent of global warming we are for the first time affecting every cubic meter of our earth and the surrounding atmosphere, and 3. biotechnology and genetic engineering.

The combined effects on the planet are at least as dramatic as an ice age if not as big as the last great meteor strike 65 million years ago. With the issue of climate change (did anyone see the satellite imagery of the Larsen B ice shelf which broke off the Antarctic Peninsula a few weeks ago and is floating away?) there is a danger that effects will not be linear, but that feedback loops can take hold in either direction. Atlantic Ocean circulation could be shut down as ice melts in the north, making Europe ironically a lot colder. Ice melting off of Antarctica would mean that the sun would be reflected less and things would get even warmer. I could go on at length.

McKibben makes two additional comments, one of which I agree with and another with which I take issue. First is that apologists often make the changes which are happening now are just extensions of what has been happening for a time now. The tinkering with genes today just builds on the great changes we've made in crops and animals over the years with breeding. These arguments have a basis in truth, but that doesn't mean that something qualitatively different isn't happening.

The second point McKibben makes is similar to one I've heard Paul Ehrlich make: that the ecological problems we face are on such a short time scale that they require more immediate attention even than the social problems we face in the world. This is where I disagree. It shows a lack of understanding about the root cause of some problems and the means for finding a social solution. This brings me to my second intellectual guidepost: *Empire* by Michael Hardt and Antonio Negri. They seem to be putting together the other side of the equation, the social revolution we are facing in the world right now. They put a different spin on globalization, saying it is not just about imperialism between nations but about processes which are happening within nations, too. They note that "we continually find the First World in the Third, the Third in the First, and the Second almost nowhere at all." Plenty of people have written about the ugly underbelly of our global economic system. The thing is that the things which are affecting the environment often have the same root cause as those which negatively affect people. I went to a presentation about the Landless Worker's Movement (MST) of Brazil recently. There, land ownership is greatly skewed. What that means is that a lot of people are poor and marginalized, and some have emigrated to marginal lands in the Amazon, a cause of deforestation. Frequently, human rights groups and environmentalists find themselves at odds with one another; in developing countries this often comes out as "Parks versus people" debates.

But within the broader view, there is a common enemy, a common problem, and cooperation is in order. If both sides pursued land reform in other areas of the country, both problems would be addressed. And how can the problem of genetically engineered crops be understood without understanding corporate culture and our political system?

I feel like there's a level of analysis about our current place in the world that we are missing, or at least could use a lot more of. Journalists can do it, but they are largely plagued by the need to produce quick stories. The increased business ethic in journalism means that stories target the wealthy and must come cheap (re-writing press releases rather than conducting cogent analysis). Consolidation of the media means decreased diversity and less editorial control. Academia is the other place for this, but there are problems there, too. Publishing in specialized journals is much more important for professional advancement than is doing anything that actually makes it into popular dialogue. I do want to say that there are some wonderful people in both academia and in journalism, but not enough.

I go back and forth on how I might apply myself to such problems. I have an incredibly broad education, from biology and ecology to economics, sociology, and political economy. This, combined with a mild addiction to reading newspapers and plus international travel, makes me feel like I've got a pretty good understanding of the world. When I read newspaper articles, I do so critically, always noticing what is left out as much as what is put in. Most importantly, I am self-questioning. I try not to succumb to my own dogma (or anyone else's).

I second guess myself. I find myself doubting that I can offer much that is worthwhile. I'm sure that all of this has been said before and I am just don't read enough. But when I move from myself to thinking about our situation, I find that the world surely could use more of what I am proposing. A sense of our times better placed in a historical moment. A consolidation of the many important issues that people wave flags about so that we can try to understand things as a whole, and so that we can try to better unify the movement by pursuing common goals, even as we respect diversity within the movement. I am convinced that there is a need here. I don't really feel like I'm the best person for the job. I'm a nervous bundle of quirks and insecurities. Furthermore, stepping outside of society's defined roles to lead a more examined life has already brought me no little amount of havoc, as others in this 'zine have mentioned (e.g. Brian Lombardozzi in issue #32 about how punk rock thankfully "ruined" his life). But as they say, you only live once. When I think about the services that my parents and grandparents have done for their communities, and when I think about how much others have helped me and my family, it makes me want to step up and try to be a do-gooder, even if it is a little old-fashioned. And I harbor a fluttering, conceited belief that some of what I have to say is worth sharing.

Coda: So, after working on stuff at my girlfriend's office in San Francisco for a while

(she works on pesticide reform), we were coming back across the Bay and happened to sit right in front of the woman who had been sitting right next to Noam Chomsky earlier! It turns out that she was a total radical, that she works with the Ruckus Society climbing things, hanging signs, and teaching people to do the same. She said that she was so self-conscious sitting next to N.C. that she didn't want to waste his time talking to him, even though he was asking her questions. She then went to a bar where her friends made fun of her for not recognizing him. ("I've only watched Manufacturing Consent like seven times," she said.) It was a fun connection which rounded out the story for me. It was a little blessing.

I guess I'll leave with my horoscope from *Brezeny's Real Astrology* a while back. I think it was by Van Gogh. "You may hear voices inside your head which say 'You are not a painter.' Well, then, by all means paint! And the voices will go away."

Send a shout out:

gove@nature.berkeley.edu



ravilution

out the following websites, enter your contact information, and send an email, letter, or fax to someone in a position of power. For those without access to the internet I've tried to include mailing addresses where I could. I will try and include these more often in future columns.

I. Donate Enron money

a. Tell President Bush to donate his \$550,000 share of Enron's gains to funds that help out laid off Enron employees and low income energy consumers in California: President George W. Bush/The White House/1600 Pennsylvania Ave., NW/Washington, DC 20500; president@whitehouse.gov

b. Demand that ex-CEO Kenneth Lay donate his millions he made selling Enron stock: Mr. Kenneth Lay c/o Enron Corporation/1400 Smith St./Houston, TX 77002

c. Or do both over the internet: www.workingforchange.com click on Activism in the top menu and then under the left menu titled Activism Categories click on US Politics. The Enron action alerts will be listed here

d. Enron has filed for bankruptcy and is asking its creditors to give \$130 million to those at the very top of Enron's corporate ladder. Send a fax to Enron's creditors JP Morgan Chase, Citigroup, Wells Fargo, and Bank of New York demanding they give severance packages to Enron's laid off employees who are struggling to get by: www.unionvoice.org/campaign/enronreed

II. Support legislation to end Racial Profiling

- a. Bill to end racial profiling: www.aclu.org/action/dwb107.htm
- b. End racial profiling at airports: www.aclu.org/action/airprofile107.htm

III. Urge UN to support Afghan Ministry of Women's Affairs

Send an email to UN Secretary General Representative to Afghanistan Lakhdar Brahimi calling for funding of the Women's Ministry office; the Ministry will work towards fixing damages inflicted on Afghan women caused by the Taliban regime: capwiz.com/fmf1/issues/alert/?alertid=73973

IV. Support Cleaner Energy

This website contains several action alerts supporting renewable energy. People residing in the state of California especially need to check this site out: www.cleanenergynow.org/bin/actioncenter.pl

V. Tell the Nobel Peace Prize Committee to reject the nominations of Pres. George W. Bush and UK Prime Minister Tony Blair

Both George Bush and Tony Blair have been nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize by a Norwegian Parliament member for their actions against terrorism. War, massacre of innocent civilians, and expansion of military and weapons production is completely contradictory to the idea of peace! Ask that this nomination be immediately thrown out:

The Norwegian Nobel Institute/Drammensveien 19/NO-0255 OSLO/Norway; www.eskimo.com/~cwj2/actions/bushblairnobel.htm1; postmaster@nobel.no

Send all correspondence to: Ravi Grover/PO Box 802103/Chicago, IL. 60680-2103; sanyasi@juno.com

Educate yourself:

i. This year is the 60th anniversary of President Roosevelt's signing of Executive Order 9022. The order forcibly relocated 120,000 Japanese Americans into concentration camps during World War II. The US also pressured Latin American nations to deport 2000+ Japanese residents to the US to live in these camps. After the war many of these Latin Japanese were left with no land or money, virtually destroying their entire livelihood, and some were deported to Japan. *The Nikkei for Civil Rights and Redress* is demanding that the US government pay reparations to Japanese Latin Americans forcibly relocated to the US. Learn more at this link: www.ncrr-la.org

ii. This year is also the 30th anniversary of the Native American occupation of Alcatraz Island. Read *The Alcatraz Proclamation*: www.nps.gov/alcatraz/

iii. If you're like me and you're tired of listening to white people talk about how they are being discriminated against or white male punks talk rhetoric about how they are being "attacked" and conspired against by mainstream society spread the word about the following short essay. It's called *White privilege: Unpacking the Invisible Knapsack*, written by a Caucasian college professor named Peggy McIntosh. She lists 26 ways how white people have privilege over others: modelminority.com/society/whiteprivilege.htm

iv. Check out an excellent article by *Z* magazine writer Tim Wise (also Caucasian) titled

Breaking the Cycle of White Dependence. The article examines how it's whites who have historically been dependent on so-called "inferior" people of color, not the other way around: www.raceandhistory.com/historicalviews/timwise3.htm

v. For those without access to the internet send me an SASE and I'll gladly mail you a printed copy of both articles



My life has become work. I traded in most of my life for three jobs that will hopefully not only pull me out of debt but also make a little extra money so I can stop working all the time again and just enjoy playing music and getting things of importance done. Below is some information I meant to add to my column a few issues ago but lost the file and only recently retyped it. The Patriot Act is old news now but it might not be something everyone has heard about so I think it's rather important I print this pamphlet I made here.

The Patriot Act (What We've All Lost)

+ permits the Attorney General to incarcerate or detain non citizens based on mere suspicion and to deny re-admission to US of non citizens (including lawful permanent residents) for engaging in speech protected by the First Amendment;

+ minimizes judicial supervision of telephone and internet surveillance by law enforcement authorities in anti terrorism investigations and in routine criminal investigations unrelated to terrorism;

+ expands the ability of the government to conduct secret searches, again in both anti terrorism and routine criminal investigations. This means that law enforcement authorities can enter an individual's home without presenting a warrant or in any way informing the subject of the search;

+ gives the Attorney General and the Secretary of State the power to designate domestic groups as terrorist organizations and to block any non citizen who belongs to them from entering the country. These groups can be both/either common political groups or religious groups;

+ makes payment of membership to some political organizations a deportable offense;

+ grants the FBI broad access to sensitive medical, financial, mental health, and educational records about individuals without evidence of crime or court order;

+ will lead to large scale investigations of American citizens for "intelligence" purposes and use of intelligence authorities to bypass probable cause requirements in criminal cases;

+ puts the CIA and other agencies back

in the business of spying on Americans by allowing them to identify priority targets;

+ allows searches of all highly protected materials, be it personal or business oriented;

+ creates a broad new definition of "domestic terrorism" that could target people who engage in acts of political or social protest and subject them to wiretapping and enhanced penalties;

+ permits law enforcement officials access to e-mails, voice message services, net servers, and other online information without any notification;

+ restricts access to biological agents or toxins that are not "reasonably justified by a peaceful purpose" which would impact important medical and scientific research by non citizens working in universities, hospitals, and research labs;

+ new money laundering provisions allow the Secretary of the Treasury to require special record keeping and reporting measures from all banks. The effort could be to exclude foreign banks from the US financial system;

+ expansion of internet eavesdropping technology once known as Carnivore and expands a "pen register" statute to include electronic communications and internet usage. In addition all internet service providers must make their services more wiretap friendly so they can capture pen register info or allow the installation of Carnivore.

On Friday October 26th 2001, President Bush signed into law the USA Patriot Act. Lobbied heavily by Attorney General John Ashcroft, the bill provides additional power for both foreign and domestic intelligence. Bush insists the bill protects, not erodes, our civil liberties saying, "Today we take an essential step in defeating terrorism, while protecting the constitutional rights of all Americans." By looking at the list of new powers, many Americans find that is far from the truth.

The ACLU says they will work with the Bush Administration and watch to ensure the act doesn't erode civil liberties by having meetings with FBI director Robert Mueller and eventually Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld. But with most of the actions under the new act to be kept in secret, will this protect us and our rights?

Gregory T. Nojeim, Assistant Director of ACLU Washington, says, "These new and unchecked powers could be used against American citizens who are not under criminal investigation, immigrants who are here within our borders legally, and also against those whose First Amendment activities are deemed to be threats to national security by the Attorney General."

Many wonder, is this America's next civil rights war? "The front line is our front yard," says Rumsfeld, and we can expect that to be the truth. Not only will the government be fighting foreign terror but they will also use the act to suppress any dissent in America, expand their "right" to put anyone under surveillance, and make it easier to trample the rights of immigrants.

This act was opposed in the Senate only by Russ Feingold (D-WI) who recalled the alien and sedition acts, suspension of habeas corpus during the Civil War, the internment of Japanese, German, and Italian Americans during World War Two, blacklisting "commie sympathizers" during

McCarthy's era, and surveying and harassing anti war and civil rights protesters including Martin Luther King, Jr. But no one would stand with him and his concerns so the act was passed 98 to 1. In fact, other than the emergency banking bill Franklin Roosevelt got passed in 38 minutes, the Patriot Act, passed in 2 hours and 15 minutes, is our country's quickest bill ever put into law.

Immediately Ashcroft pushed for wiretaps, monitors of internet traffic, and apprehension of any possible suspects. Ashcroft himself has several times cited similar tactics used by Attorney General Robert Kennedy in the early 1960s in the fight against organized crime during which officials would arrest mobsters or family members for "spitting on the sidewalk" if it helped the battle. Do we want these kinds of tactics, which Ashcroft has openly vowed to use, used against us?

The Patriot Act can and will erode all our civil liberties, no matter what class or creed, thus all Americans are at risk. Speak out and let not only your representatives know but also your community. It's up to us to protect our rights!!!

Boycott Taco Bell:

Recently there was a march in Memphis organized by the Voices for Peace team (wonderful job as always, guys and girls!) that went from a rally outside of the spot Martin Luther King, Jr. was assassinated to a protest at Taco Bell on Union Ave. in Midtown. Everything was very well planned and well done—lots of people with lots of energy, pamphlets to pass out, costumes and puppets, signs—the works! I was really impressed and happy such a thing happened in Memphis. The march was in support of the Coalition of Immokalee Workers who were travelling from city to city doing similar actions. Below is some information and a website you can look at. You shouldn't buy fast food anywhere in the first place, but here is just another reason not to...

The Coalition of Immokalee Workers (CIW), a farmworker organization based in Immokalee, Florida, has asked to meet with Taco Bell representatives to discuss the working and living conditions of the farmworkers who pick Taco Bell's tomatoes. Agricultural workers picking tomatoes used in Taco Bell products receive 40 cents per 32 pound bucket. At that rate they need to pick 2 tons of tomatoes to make \$50 dollars in one day. That is the same per bucket rate, or piece rate, paid in 1978. Thus, when adjusted for inflation, the real wages of tomato pickers has dropped 40 percent since 1978. The vast majority of farmworkers have no right to overtime pay, sick leave, health insurance, holiday or vacation pay, pension, or to organize without fear of retaliation or termination. According to the US Department of Labor, the median annual income of farmworkers today is \$7,500.

Yet, interested only in profits, Taco Bell has refused to discuss these conditions with the CIW.

In order to improve their quality of life, the CIW has asked students, workers, and people across the nation to organize a boycott of Taco Bell. Because 50 percent of Taco Bell products are consumed by individuals between 18 and 26, college students are as a group in a good position to execute an effective boycott. Already, thousands of students across the nation have

declared their support for farmworkers' struggle for dialogue and a living wage.

Interested in helping?

- 1) Don't eat at Taco Bell!!!
- 2) Encourage your friends and family to boycott the Bell!!!
- 3) Participate or organize local protests!!!

Need more info? The web address is: <http://www.ciw-online.org/>

For more on the Memphis action (including a funny picture of this HaC columnist): <http://www.ciw-online.org/toursite/html/day17.html>

"It's time to apply our 'rock n roll' politics to make a difference" —True North

Love: Jonathan Lee/PO Box 11552/ Memphis, TN 38111; DiyMemphis@aol.com; (901) 726 0069

Matt Average

Life is what inspires me. Life can not be contained in one thing. Life is larger than punk, larger than straight-edge, larger than all-ages shows, or being true to hardcore 'til your last breath. Life is wonderful. Life is shit. Life is exciting. It's mundane. It's discovery. It's boring. It's awe inspiring. It's what you make of it. I'm always on the search for new ideas, new ways of looking at the world. I find inspiration talking with friends late into the night. Sometimes the conversations have my mind racing until the sun comes up. Sometimes I'll go through the library and randomly pick up a book off a shelf to see what the subject is about. Not everything is interesting to me, but I have developed an interest in architecture the past couple years. Did you know there's a psychology to the way your town is laid out? To how your house is designed? To how buildings are colored? That many buildings are art pieces?

When time allows I like to take long walks. When I lived in Oklahoma I sometimes would walk around town until the sun would come up. I knew people in San Francisco who would go for night walks through the city. Ray Bradbury works on his writing by taking long walks through LA. Although it isn't walking, but similar in spirit, a friend and I used to go on night rides, and those are some of the most fulfilling and inspiring moments in my life.

I'm not completely satisfied with what is out there. It's that dissatisfaction that gets me out of bed in the morning. We don't have to settle for the options on offer. We can come up with our own choices and solutions. We don't have to dumb down and play their game. I'm looking for a way to make life what I want it to be. Your life should be lived like it's being written out as a wonderful adventure novel, or even better, a science fiction novel that brings all elements of life in; political, adventure, emotion, and endless possibilities.

So Nate Wilson and a few other people have this whole East Coast pride/anti-West Coast thing going on. That's fine. I expect it from that

region of the country. The shadow of California looms large over the land of hardcore, and there's bound to be resentment. Sure, punk may have started in New York, but it took Los Angeles to perfect it. And it was here in the lovely LA area that hardcore was born. Also, keep in mind, best rhymes with west, least rhymes with east. In the latest issue of *Change* there's plenty of unjustified California bashing. There's even something about Eric Rumpshaker (who loves Slayer, a metal band from LA, who influenced a lot of the metallic hardcore bands) saying hardcore bands don't come from California. Whatever! I guess H2O is hardcore? Saves The Day, hardcore? If that's hardcore, then you guys can keep it. You can't pin emo on us either. That seems to have started around the time of a certain band from the DC area in the mid to late 80s. And for the truly hardcore bands from the East Coast, name me one that is not influenced by a California band musically, and/or fashion wise?

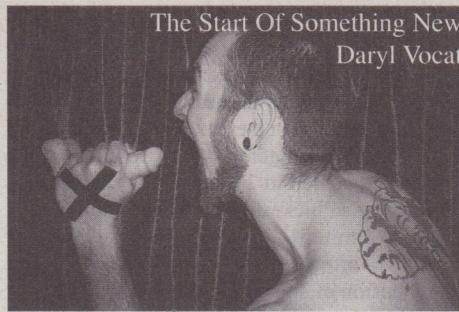
West Coast has given us: DIY • Black Flag (even their so-called bad albums are better than anything your bands have ever done) • Dead Kennedys (one of the best musically and lyrically. Not one bad record) • Germs (maybe the prototype of hardcore?) • Infest (launched a million bands that all wanted to sound like them) • Capitalist Casualties (still going and thrashing like there's no tomorrow) • The Feederz (originally from Arizona, but saw a good thing in the California scene—the punkest band ever) • power-violence (love it, or hate it, it took hardcore out of the "metal-core" and emo doldrums) • What Happens Next? (whether you like this band or not, they got people to get off their ass and pay attention to real hardcore again)

East Coast has given us: Bad Brains (some great records from a band who couldn't decide if they wanted to play hardcore or reggae. Too bad HR is a homophobe) • Warzone ("Where's the Warzone women?" and patriotism) • Agnostic Front (one good EP and one good LP, after that...) • Cro-Mags (one decent album which is really a metal record. And they were Krishna) • Youth Of Today (nothing but a cartoon band) • 25 Ta' Life (no comment) • kickboxing • NYHC (started off good, but that was a hundred years ago. Now? eccchhhh.) • Sick Of It All (no comment) • Earth Crisis (gave veganism a bad name, and are pro-life, among other things)

I will say, at this point in time, the East Coast has the better bands going on, but the majority are influenced by the Left Coast. Things come and go in waves. Our wave is just building, and the surf out here is always better. I think you know what I'm getting at. If you want to whine about the influence California has over the country today that's something you need to rectify within your scene. If either side wants to be honest, then let's admit, the best bands in the US today are coming from the Midwest and South.

Before you start writing your letters, I'm writing this all in fun. I have no allegiance to the West Coast, nor do I think one side is better than the other. I just don't like petty nationalism, on any scale. Be it your school is better than mine, or your scene is better. Rah rah rah... who fucking cares. Mentalities like that cause people to drive around with flags on their cars.

—Matt Average/PO Box 64666/Los Angeles, CA 90064; engine98@earthlink.net



It's funny how I have an expectation of stasis. I expect that my friends and lovers will always remain friends and lovers, I expect that I will always relate to people in the same way, that I'll always like the same food and so on. I'm not really sure where this comes from, because rarely do any of these things remain constant. On some level I know none of these things will stay constant, but I think a large part of me still clings to the idea of continuity because it feels so odd when things change.

Maybe the desire for things to stay the same gives us some sort of comfort. If we acknowledge that things are constantly in flux, that all of *this* is temporary we'll lose our minds. The relationships in our lives tell us that we really exist, give us proof that we are alive and acknowledge our presence in the greater world outside of our boxes. Recognition of our value from other people reminds us that we aren't totally insular, that there is a point to being here. When these things change it's hard to feel that point, that desire to wake up each day, to leave the house, to exist.

A few years ago, some friends and I would make food and bring it to shows to raise money for Food Not Bombs. People at the shows really appreciated having something to eat and even began to look forward to seeing what we would bring to the next show. Having food there seemed to reinforce some sense of community, giving people something to talk to each other about. You didn't have to worry about the food being vegan or not because it always was. In some ways this all seems so much more sensible and useful to me than selling piles of records.

A couple weeks ago I went to my first hardcore show in probably about a year and was delighted to see that some kids brought food. It was really great to see that people still care enough to contribute to the scene outside of the typical records and T-shirts.

Is anyone out there still vegan? Maybe I've been hanging out with the wrong people, but it seems like every time I talk to someone I hear that they aren't vegan anymore. It's getting lonely. I finally live in a city where people at restaurants don't look at you like you are insane when you ask if something is vegan, but I don't know any of them.

Granted, being vegan isn't really the easiest lifestyle choice one could make, but I keep wondering how come everyone is giving it up. How do things change so much that something that seemed so vital at a certain point no longer means anything?

Sometimes things are good, and life

feels short. Sometimes they aren't.

Daryl Vocat/241 Logan Ave./Toronto, ON/M4M 2N2/Canada

Scott Torguson

I. Hi. I'm not sure how many people reading this know me, so as a quick introduction. I used to run the Sunney Sindicut record label and was in the bands Amber Inn and Sinker, among others. A few years ago (1998) everything in my life came to a crashing halt all at once, including the band, and after a few months of thought I decided that my life needed something else. Everything I had at that point seemed to depend on other people, be it a band or something else. I felt like I didn't really have anything that could not be taken away from me by other people. To make a long story short, I decided not just to go back to school, but to go to law school.

So I decided to write this column for a couple different reasons. First, I feel it will help keep me in touch with the hardcore community that I love but that I am not as involved in as I once was. Second, I want to give an example of one of the many ways to infuse "hardcore ideals" into things other than bands and music related business. And third, I want this to be a roadmap for people interested in law school to use because I was driving blind and I wish there was someone there to give me advice as I went along.

So here it goes. At that point (1998) I had jerked around for a couple years in community college not really interested and not doing much work. My GPA had started out around 2.0, but I had managed to get it up to 3.0 or so by taking music and art classes. I went back to the lovely Sacramento City College a week after the fall semester started and asked what I needed to do to be able to transfer to a four year school. I added classes that semester and in the spring of 1999 I started at California State University at Sacramento.

My two choices for law schools in the Sacramento area were UC Davis and McGeorge. I had heard bad things about McGeorge, so I started looking at what I had to do to get into Davis. I quickly found out law school is very numbers driven. I don't know what other types of graduate schools are like, but most law school have a little grid in their admissions materials where you can look up the percentage of people with your numbers get in.

On one axis of the grid is of course, GPA. On the other axis is LSAT score. At this point I had no idea what the hell the LSAT was. I found out quickly. The concept is similar to the SAT. One four hour test. This, of course, counts as much as your entire college GPA. The test itself is much different than the SAT. It contains different sections, but they are all based on logic. One being the infamous "logic games" section. This section is literally games. When I was preparing for the test, I was so immersed in mastering these games that I don't think it quite hit me how asinine it was that getting into law school was based on little games. I took a commercial course to prepare. It cost me \$1000.

Looking back, it was the best \$1000 I ever spent. I raised my score 8 points (which is a lot for this test.) All of the sudden I wasn't worried about getting into Davis.

After taking the LSAT, schools start to send you a ton of shit trying to get you to apply. My favorite was the school (whose name I can't remember) that sent a brochure saying "you can integrate your Christian beliefs with the study of law;" then, a week later, they send a letter asking why they hadn't heard from me yet.

I decided to apply to seven schools: Stanford, Columbia, Cornell, Penn, Boalt (UC Berkeley), USC, and UC Davis. The key to admissions is to have something in your packet to make it stick out. I had a pretty good LSAT score and I wrote my essay on touring and running a record label, which I assume was something different. Then it is time to sit and wait. I ended up getting the shaft from Stanford, Boalt and Columbia (after an agonizing stint on the waitlist). After visiting a couple campuses, I decided on Penn.

All of this so far is written as a basic outline of what to do to get to law school. It is very basic. I encourage anyone considering law school to e-mail me for more details on the process. There are plenty of things to do to get ahead help you to get into the school you want.

II. So in August of 2001 I loaded everything I own in a U-Haul, attached it to my truck and headed out to Philly. Before school starts, there is a week of what they call "pre-orientation." This basically consists of going to bars and hanging out with future classmates. Let me tell you, these people are exactly what you would expect them to be. Lots of rich kids who have gone straight through from prep-school to ivy league undergrad to law school. No concept of the real world whatsoever. Of course, this is not everyone. I quickly found some pretty cool people who shared similar goals, although it is safe to say I think I am the only one who has ever heard of Current or Swiz. My favorite incidents from this week were the girl who told me two minutes after meeting me that she likes to snort coke, and the two guys who interrupted my conversation with her by stepping in between us and staring down her shirt while trying to pick up on her.

Then it was time for classes themselves to start. Everyone was very nervous and on edge. There are two things that make law school different from any other educational environment that I know of: (1) The "Socratic" Method; and (2) the exam structure.

I put quotes around the word "Socratic" because there is no evidence that this method actually came from Socrates. It is just a term lawyers came up with to make it sound more important. Basically, what happens is that you do the reading for class, which consists mostly of appellate court decisions and the professor calls on you and grills you about them. It is all a bit intimidating, which is how they like it. Let's face it, most law professors (although definitely not all) are not the most socially adept people in the world. This is their game; this is where they get to feel powerful.

The way the exams are set up is like this: There is one exam at the end of the semester. Your grade on that exam is your grade. Period.

Grading is anonymous, so kissing up the professor does you no good, although some people have yet to realize this. Grading is on a strict curve, which puts you in direct competition with your classmates.

All of this adds up to a very intimidating atmosphere. Classes the first semester are all assigned. No electives. First semester, I was assigned torts, criminal law, civil procedure and property. There is also a legal writing class that is taught by a 3L (third year student). The classes were varying degrees of insanity.

Torts was taught by the coolest professor of the bunch. Professor Austin is one of the few minority women at Penn. Her class was very "policy" oriented; a rarity for a first year class. What this means is that we actually discuss the intent behind the laws; why they were written. This also gave my classmates the best chance this semester to show their true colors. For instance, when discussing a case from the '60s where an African-American man in Texas for a conference had his tray ripped from his hands in a buffet line, one of my classmates said that doesn't mean the guy who grabbed the tray was a racist. Professor Austin's idea of the Socratic Method was to question one person for about 30-45 minutes straight. She would walk you through it if you didn't understand what she was getting at and was generally nice about it. I enjoyed the class, and found that I left the class enriched.

For crim, I had Professor Katz; a "superstar in his field" according to our Dean. Katz is a nutcase. The class was always interesting, but I don't think I actually learned much of anything. The first day of class, he asked a question that went something like this (I paraphrase): "Let's say you are stuck at the bottom of a well and someone accidentally drops a baby down the well. If the baby lands in you, it will kill you. You happen to have a spear lying next to you. The only way to save yourself is to stick the spear up and impale the baby, killing it. Is this self defense?" No matter what you answer, the hypothetical gets twisted to make your answer look asinine. The whole class was like this. One day we were talking about spring guns. Say you know someone has been breaking into your house and you set up a gun to fire at the door if someone breaks in. You post a sign outside that says there is a spring gun that will kill whoever breaks in. This is illegal and most people think it should be illegal. That position is a little less obvious in this hypothetical we got (again paraphrased): "Someone breaks into your house and asks for your wallet at gunpoint. Instead of giving it to him, you throw it into your shark tank that you have in your house. The thief jumps in after it and gets eaten." How is this different than the spring gun? How do you distinguish the two cases? Well, there is no answer of course. Ever. The class is just ridiculous hypothetical after ridiculous hypothetical. Always amusing, but I can't say I learned much.

Then there was civ pro. Civ pro is generally the most boring class because it is all about the rules. You learn the Erie Doctrine, Rule 61, etc. It took me part way through the semester to really get Professor Wax's sense of humor. She says things like, on Halloween, "Halloween is my least favorite holiday, but it has a lot of competition; I hate Christmas too" (again, not a

direct quote). Or when my friend Alex, when told to speak louder, talked really close to the microphone, she talked about how her six year old does that and she really hated that. And then that her kids were going to provide welfare for the middle class by keeping therapists in business. She also told us that none of us knew how to read. It was fun.

Property with Professor Mann was what I expected a law school class to be like. He would jump around the room asking one or two questions to each person. There were times when he would flip and yell and someone. If you showed up late he would yell and ask you a question when you were walking to your seat. Everyday, about two minutes into class, he would take off his coat and fold it exactly the same way and put it in exactly the same spot on his desk. The main thing is, his questions always made sense at the end of class. He led the discussion somewhere. I felt like I gained knowledge by going to class. I never thought property law could be so interesting.

I'm going to stop there for now. Next time I will talk about exams and what a nightmare they are, as well as the legal writing class and some other things I did first semester. If you are at all interested in law school I recommend reading two books: Planet Law School by Atticus Finch and One-L by Scott Turow. If you have any questions feel free to email me at storguso@law.upenn.edu.

Frank Stapelfeldt

Spring has come and I feel so strange. My life has changed so much in just one year's time. One year ago I was stationed by the Fire Department in the worst neighborhood in all of New York. One year later it's not so bad to me. I have become desensitized. I look past a lot of the horror that I see everyday. It is now six months since September 11th. Nothing seems to touch on what I have been through. I drove up to "ground-zero" today. The West Side Highway is open again. I remember standing on a rubble pile where the highway once was just a few short months ago. 1 Liberty Plaza where I slept is re-opened for business. The plaza was a makeshift hospital for rescue workers for the first week. The department store Century 21 is open again. I found a body inside the store on September 11th; I can still see the smoke rising from the corpse.

"Ground-zero" looks more like a somber construction site now. They started digging in a pile that was used as a ramp for so long. In that pile they found body after body. I worried that at any minute someone I knew would be pulled from that pile. Sometimes I don't sleep—sometimes I have nightmares. I have numerous symptoms of post-traumatic-stress-disorder. The F.D.N.Y. says we all have a form of it in one way or another. So I do my best to keep my spirits up and keep from feeling older faster. I have been going out with my friends as much as I can. It has worked wonders.

I get really wonderful letters from people. People just showing their support or concern with my well being. I don't think I look

for sympathy in these articles. I am just trying to put a more human face on the whole situation. The other day I received a letter that was just, in my opinion, horrible. I will not get into the who's-who of it, but it was more or less all conspiracy-theory-rhetoric. Claims that all of this didn't really happen. I also got another letter that was like 20 questions that I think was totally misguided and sent to the wrong person. I love getting letters from people and I really love writing and talking with people. But use some discretion people! If your mother died, I wouldn't send you a Happy Mother's Day card. I try to keep my writing to a personal level, so if you would like to write me, keep it on that level. To be honest with you, I really don't need people writing me telling me that my friends deserved to die due to our "monster" government. My friends died my family died—please understand and respect that.

Steve Aoki wrote in his column about how he talked to people about the backlash Arab-Americans have gone through since the attack. I have seen some very stupid people act in very stupid ways towards other people. I am so sick of hatred of others. I am mad as hell... I am so angry about what is going on! But as Steve knows and we have talked about before, I usually see the other side of what he sees: There is a neighborhood not far from where I work, right on the border of Queens NYC. The Arab community there celebrated the attack. I am talking partied hard, dancing in the streets. People were outraged. It happened citywide, in small pockets. New York City has small ethnic neighborhoods, and some people really rejoiced in the death of others. What I was glad to see was other Muslims from the neighborhood come out and condemn these actions. The Hindu and Seik religious leaders spoke out against it as well. It was nice to see people of all colors condemn hatred outright, and to try to make people understand that this wasn't an act of religion, but of violence. Anyway, I praise Steve for giving people an outlet to tell their story of backlash.

Out of all of this I almost feel petty talking about day to day dealings at my job. Sometimes I think people think that everyone in the Fire Department works at "ground-zero" everyday. I work in East New York/Brownsville Brooklyn, New York City. When I graduated the academy, they issued me a bulletproof vest and sent me out on my way. Within my first week out, I had racked up well over 20 shootings and delivered a baby, and done CPR more times than I could count—all within 40 hours of work. Since then, I have seen so much more. Every day I am faced with the last breath of someone shot or stabbed. It's another world. People call 911 and try to rob us. We get shot at. Some of us have been shot. They love to try to slice us with razors. I have fallen down stairwells with people trying to attack me. I got into this job to help people and the people I am there to help just don't care.

I became an EMT so I could become a Firefighter. The F.D.N.Y. requires that everyone be certified in First Responder First Aid. I took it one step further and became an EMT. I was then told I would become a Firefighter quicker if I joined the F.D.N.Y. as an EMT. So with my childhood dream in hand, I signed up. I didn't know what I was getting myself into—totally. I really do love what I do... but I want nothing more

then to finally reach my dream of being a Firefighter. October 26th, 2002 after many cancellations, I will finally get my chance. The promotion test has been cancelled 3 times in one year's time. The last time it was cancelled was due to the September 11th attacks and the fear that the promotion would reduce ranks already effected by the attacks. So we get held up for a year—no big deal. I don't know how many of you can relate to being within grasp of your dream.

People get gratification many ways. I am a trauma junkie. I thrive on stress and scene management. Knowing that you saved a life or helped bring a life into the world is a pretty damn good feeling. I really love being able to help people in that capacity. Becoming a Firefighter will just let me take it one step further. Once I become a Firefighter I have to bust my ass to make it to the elite of fire fighting and that is the rescue squads. I feel like an excited little kid talking about this all. There are five-rescue squads in NYC, Rescue 1 = Manhattan, Rescue 2 = Brooklyn, Rescue 3 = Bronx, Rescue 4 = Queens, Rescue 5 = Staten Island. These guys do it all. Their primary task is to enter the burning building and get anyone trapped out of the blaze. They are the rescuers of the rescuers. If firefighters become trapped, Rescue goes in and gets them out. They are trained in Hazardous Material emergencies, Scuba, high angle rescue... you name it, these guys do it. They are considered the best of the department and that's what I want to be. At anything in life I try to be the absolute best. This is my dream and I am happy to share it with you.

As you can imagine, this news of promotion has lifted my spirits rather high. Again, I am so thankful that I have been able to write my thoughts down about my experiences over the last few months. I have been doing my best to get past all the hurt and anger I have inside. I hope some of you had the chance to see the footage that two French filmmakers took of September 11th. I know it aired on March 10th, and I know it helped people close to me understand what I went through. Most of the people I know who saw it said it helped them come to terms with the horror of it all. They didn't show a lot of the footage. We got to see the UN-edited version of it at work. But I think you get the idea from the version they showed on television.

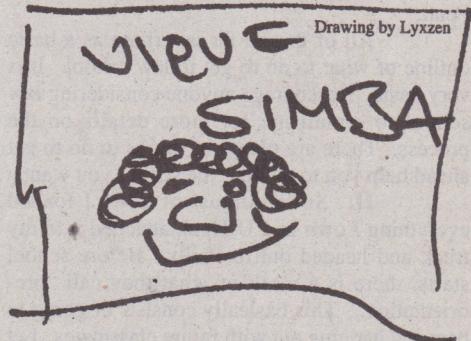
I sat down to write this and as usual, what I sat down to write didn't get typed out. I had some computer trouble and lost a lot of the notes I make to myself to write down. So this time I jumbled up my thoughts and feelings to get this done. I am already starting on my next column. I think it's going to be on the tourist attraction "ground-zero" has become and the commercialization of the attacks and the use of the WTC imagery to sell products. If anyone has any thoughts on this please write me. Street vendors are selling photos of people jumping from the towers to their death. DELIA'S clothing store is selling sparkling FDNY and NYPD T-shirts. Numerous companies are doing this without proceeds going to victim's families. "Ground-Zero" is a Tour bus stop now and it makes me sick.

Thank you for all the support as usual. Thank you Kent, Lisa, and Leslie for giving me the chance to contribute my thoughts. Frank

Stapelfeldt uses and endorses: Torches to Rome, Portraits of Past, Yaphet Kotto, American Nightmare, Born Against, Converge, Engine Down, Sleepytime Trio, and the Gorilla Biscuits. Music has been a saving grace for me. American Nightmare has made me want to get up and stage dive, sing along and finger point. Torches to Rome just inspires me everyday to try and keep struggling to do better. Gorilla Biscuits remind me to keep it fun. You are only as old as you feel and hardcore keeps me feeling like I am thirteen years old. Feel alive with high fives and stage dives. I am going to "stay young until I die."

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"LOVE IS STRONGER THEN DEATH... FOR THOSE I LOVE I WILL SACRIFICE" 09-11-01 BOX 55-8087 never forget our 343 brothers. We will not leave you behind.



When someone asks what happened with him I feel kind of pathetic saying "He never called me back," but it's the truth. It sounds like I was dumped, but it's so much more complex than that. His "I'll call you in two or three days to make a plan for you coming out to visit over Christmas or the New Year," was at the end of a phone call whereby I started to make demands. I insisted that time be put aside for me/us. I had forgotten the rule that floated above us that it was all on his terms. I'd had enough of that rule.

That he didn't call when he was supposed to wasn't a new thing. It was a pattern, that began with him not calling and ended with me calling him, and him apologizing and promising to do better. I broke that pattern when I refused to call to reprimand him. When I failed to call and say "Hey, you just earned some lame points," which would result in jokes and good humoured teasing, I killed that cycle. I took control. Which was exactly what I needed to do.

From day one he held more cards than me at first glance. I was crazy about him and voiced this loud and clear. I would have done anything for him. He held his cards close to his chest. It was a good thing too, as the four month relationship wouldn't have got as far as it did if I'd known his hand was so weak.

In my hand there is always strength, stability, experience, honesty, understanding of my own emotions and the ability to express them clearly. And of course, killer blow-jobs. In his there appeared charisma, intensity, beauty and depth. I had chosen to ignore the cards accompanying them of instability, unreliability, dishonesty and selfishness. Or perhaps it was the Vique Simba eternal optimism that thought she

would be the woman to fix all these things. That she would be the one he would be honest with. That she would be the one that he would make a priority. That she would be the one.

That's a ridiculous thing to think. Those who lie do so to everyone. And when he said to me "You're the closest anyone has been to me in at least six years" perhaps he was being honest. Either way it's really sad. Either to lie about that is sad in itself, or sadder still if it's true—for what now, when the person who's been closest to you is estranged in a self-caused manner? Lonelier than ever?

When he said he'd never connected with anyone the way he had with me. Or had conversations of the depth and intensity of ours, it made me feel sorry for him. He's such a wonderful person in so many ways. But his insecurities are so plentiful that he feels it necessary to surround himself with yes-men and puppy dogs.

I challenged him and demanded of him and that led him to walk away. But I have no regrets. I took a chance on him, hoping that he would turn out to be a good investment. Against the advice of many I poured love and understanding and care and time into that boy, with only one very large yellow duck on my bathroom floor and a scar on my heart to show for it.

But of course, the romantic fool in me hopes for reconciliation sometime in the future. Can't give up on the idea that he'll turn up on my doorstep one day with a bunch of yellow flowers, telling me that he loves me and he fucked up and he's sorry. I told him once that I loved him, and I meant it with every bone in my body. When I tell someone this I will undoubtedly love them for always. He will have a place in my heart for a long long time. It's up to him to reclaim it, to not fuck it up again and to treat me with the respect and care that I deserve.

Until this time comes I'll live my life to the fullest and there will be no holding of my breath. I do not need him to be happy. But I do miss him. I do not doubt our paths will cross and there will be tears. But I'm tough as nails and I'll deal with the shit when it happens. Regardless of where or when, I am safe in the knowledge that only he knows the intensity of the time we spent together. Of the 4am conversations whilst tightly entwined under the covers in the middle of the summer. Of the love that he basked in and the way I made him feel understood and safe. I am sure that not only must he miss us at least as much as I, he is far less adept at dealing with that, and also must cope with the guilt of letting me down. Poor thing. Silly thing. Boy that I'm still in love with and miss thing.

Christian Whittall

My Troubles With Women

My instincts tell me this column is going to require a large number of disclaimers. The whole "Straight White Men Writing About Women" scene is pretty hairy territory it would probably be wise for me to avoid in the first place.

To be sure, I really don't know where to start.

To tell you the truth, I have a pretty spotty history of public attempts to sound off on my feelings and beliefs concerning women and the "feminine" in general. Specifically I remember temporarily alienating myself from the entire student body of my high school due to a rather extended chain of faux pas during a debate I involved myself in with Irshad Manji, a feminist activist and host of local show "Queer TV." I personally don't relate well to women even on a one to one informal basis. I never had any friends in middle or high school that were female, and any relationship I did form quickly turned romantic with all the attendant hoopla. Despite all this, the female condition has been thematic in my thought life for a very long time and I have a substantial amount of emotional stake in it. So I would like to speak about it whatever the risks.

Why is this topic so hard to approach? For me, thinking, speaking and writing about topics pertaining to women feels like reading your older sister's diary. Women's issues just don't seem like men's business. Feminism is a discourse that has meaning only for women and men, regardless of their good intentions, simply don't have the capacity to truly understand where women are coming from. You'll have to forgive my if I plunge on ahead regardless, however I will give the following, possibly feeble, justifications. For one thing, this view seems to hold that the gender divide is the only locus of misunderstanding and difference between people. Men have no right to imagine what it might be like to be raped or give birth or be on one's period because for some conveniently unexplored reason, women are simply of a different substance than men. I certainly agree that empathy along such lines is difficult, but I see no reason to fully assign the reason for such difficulty to the difference between genders. Empathy between human beings is a difficult thing to begin with. Simply dismissing true empathy between genders as a lost cause means you are falsely silencing a voice that we should be devoting time to amplifying. The second thing is, the identity politics behind giving feminist property rights solely to women in a way colonised and restricts a language that can be perfectly useful in some cases when applied to men. I see no reason why men should not be permitted to speak of their "feminine side", wear women clothes (which can be a really cool thing to do, let me tell ya), and identify to some degree to media mainly directed to women. I will try to make this point more forcefully later on, but the other thing is, men suffer from the oppression of women *just as much* as women do. Sexism, to sound a little ad-copyish, hurts us all.

So here goes, for better or for worse: another white guy talking about women.

For me "feminism" is to politico-philosophical concepts what the Somme was to warfare. An extremely thorny, muddy, impenetrable area where ideas and political will are slaughtered wholesale. This, for some reason doesn't diminish the passion devoted to holding it. The feminine is hotly sought after political territory, and not just by punks and political activists. Next time you're in a book store, pass by the public relations aisle in the business section. If you look you will find quite a bit of literature devoted to the "feminine" and how specifically

to market to it. Then, go to the magazine racks to see what the readers of those marketing books produced. Or you can take my word for it that it dwarfs by several magnitudes the more academic works devoted specifically to the subject.

Given all this literature, be it academic, commercial or anywhere in between, one would think one would have an abundance of information whereby to draw a fairly detailed map of the "feminine." Well, that just isn't the case, now is it? It is a roiling cauldron full of self-contradiction, passion, ideology, exploitation, and identity that all seems somehow cohesive as a concept. Nobody seems to want to give it up. I think that's why I feel so intimidated tackling this subject as a whole. There seems to be no way to avoid stepping on someone's ideological toes, or marginalising someone's personal experience of feminism. This is the fallout from feminism's dual nature of claiming to be a personal subjective tool for maintaining a meaningful identity and the inescapable fact that it has political and economic currency that by necessity transcends the individual. The 1970s activist by-line was "the personal is the political" and this has cultivated for itself a meaning that entirely transcends and subverts its original intent. This means that no matter what take you have on feminism—and I absolutely want to make it clear that I am not trying to discount or denigrate anybody's personal relationship with feminism—you are in public territory, subject to the mysterious network of power and control exercised by both commercial and academic media. Therein lies its power and its desirability as cultural and political real estate.

It is perhaps easier to deal with feminism as a whole, not by somehow determining what it in fact is, but by what it isn't. As a culturo-political entity, feminism doesn't receive its meaning in dialectical opposition with the masculine. I think this should be fairly obvious. Actually, within my mind, the most palpable way for me to comprehend the true oppression of women is the fact that, being male, I don't have to think of myself and my activities as being either feminine or masculine. There's a book I think you should read called *Ways of Seeing* by John Berger. It's got a lot of pictures and is pretty short. One chapter is devoted to how women are seen in art. In his words, women are always having to be in the position of watching themselves being watched. All those books and magazine are women watching themselves and inescapable gaze. It's a prison network of constant self-surveillance. When a man throws a glass against the wall, it is because he is angry. If a woman does the same, that is how she wants to be SEEN as being angry. The personal is political. The horrific paradox of the situation is that the gaze is shared by everyone and it endows great power. I'll let Kafka finish off my point for me: "One is permitted to attain the Archimedean point from which the whole world can be moved. But only on the condition that one should use it against oneself." Women are given the dizzying power of the feminine gaze, only so long as it firmly fixed upon themselves.

Being male, however, is for the most part ideologically empty, although I think there are some small but growing exceptions to this rule. Beer and razor commercials are prime examples of a lame attempt to bestow men with the

chimerical power of the gaze and to latch on to some sort of a weak male identity. I wouldn't regard this as a cultural phenomenon of importance, but it is a testament to the great power feminism has accumulated. Feminism is hardly a political consolation prize if even the so-called patriarchy pines after its power. Imagine the money to be made if men were subject to the same fashion cycles as women. The difference is men may participate in such thing in and of their own volition. Women are born under its aegis and have limited options if they find (as I hope most of my audience does) it unsatisfactory.

Women are banned from society and "being" in general and are required to do "tricks" in order to "be" at all. The great struggle for women to be regarded as "persons" under the law hasn't translated to them being "people" in the larger scheme of things. Feminism "works" because it simultaneously problematises and solves the question of being. It is always asking itself "what is it to be a woman?" and then answering its own question in a myriad of ways, all of them just unsatisfactory enough to merit asking the question again. It is a never ending circular paradox, that allows feminism to be at once empowering and disempowering, bestowing identity and stealing it, simple but complex, objective yet subjective, personal though political.

And it was invented by men.

Now might be a good time to talk in more detail about my encounter with feminist activist Irshad Manji who had visited my school shortly after writing her book, Risking Utopia: On the Edge of a New Democracy. She was decrying the fact that most young women in the world today are disenfranchised with feminism and women's issues in general, her guess being that women find the classic, now somewhat clichéd political concepts of the feminine to be restricting and inapplicable to modern life. She encouraged the females in the audience to embrace the word "feminism" while not necessarily adopting the historical and cultural baggage that unfortunately weighs it down. Continue to do what you're doing, she said, there's no wrong way to be a woman. Just be who you are, but associate who you are with feminism. This way, women can take personal ownership of the feminine and wrest it from history by forcing it upon present circumstances. Whatever you do will be associated with feminism thus strengthening and expanding the concept. She claimed that of all the struggles in this century, women have made the most headway. Once women have done the work of further consolidating their position of power, they will be better able to clear a pathway for other marginalised peoples. Once she was done sharing her thoughts the floor was open and that was when I chimed in with few thoughts of my own. The very act of incorporating yourself by means of identity, furthers, rather than curtails the phenomenon of women watching themselves being watched by others. For whose benefit would the act of associating your actions and beliefs, whatever they may be, with "feminism," be? Irshad wanted women to be SEEN as feminists, but by whom? By making a distinction between the feminine and the not-feminine, you are really handing over power to the not-feminine. Feminism depends on its opposite to identify

itself, so by strengthening the feminine you strengthen and create the non-feminine. She encourages women to present themselves to those in power, presumably men, as an easily visible political unit with its own specific interests. An interest group. This way of seeing puts men in the position of bestowing or withholding power. Instead of redefining or deconstructing existing lines of power, Irshad assumes before hand that men have the power and if women advertise—make themselves SEEN in a positive enough light—men will hand it over. This puts men in the position of having to judge women as either being worthy or not of power even if said man did not regard himself as being in that position in the first place. Once again, women are given power so they can use it against themselves.

I mentioned at the beginning of this essay that I feel I have a fair bit of emotional stake in the condition of women. Women are not the only victims of patriarchy. Men are forced into the position as much as women of having to constantly evaluate and judge the endless bombardment of images depicting the feminine. The image now entirely mediates the encounter between the sexes. These images are constantly asking their viewer for evaluation. The idea that images of waif-like models, and submissive behaviour simply brainwash their consumers just by constant exposure seem to assume that women are mere passive beings waiting for ideas and values fill the empty receptacle of their minds. It also assumes that these images of women stand alone in isolation from each other as a direct denotation of a certain aspect of womanhood. In reality, all these images are incomplete without the complicity of their consumers. Whether we like them or not is not important. What is important is they stick with us and we form relationships with them. Relations of power. Relations of judgement and of evaluation. No matter what tack we take with these images, the feminist culture industry is large and complex enough to absorb whatever values we greet it with. It's got us coming and going. Just as long as we are evaluating rather than empathising, the structure fuels itself and consumes its own opposition. Feminist theory and feminist activism should really ask themselves whether or not they escape this dialectic. An image need not be a fashion photograph. In order to write about the "feminine", women must be frozen and cast into a conceptual "image" that very often is much more insidious and all-encompassing than actual television or magazine images.

This all weighs very heavily upon me. When I called this article "my troubles with women" I really meant to emphasise that they are MY troubles. I'm not trying to steal anybody's voice or to stamp out or deny anybody's personal experiences as women or people who relate to women. Far more than the over all "emancipation of women," a pretty indistinct goal to begin with, I think we, us punks right here should really be doing the work of simply relating to each other. We need to create a language of empathy that transcends identity for all of our sakes. Instead of watching each other, we need to do the work of just being able to be with each other. This *HeartattaCk* thing is cool, with everyone sharing their thoughts n' columns n' shit, but we still seem to occupy the roles of isolated producers of

thoughts, take 'em or leave 'em. There's not a lot of flow there, y'dig? As with all of my columns, I'm going to end this one with a genuine, heartfelt plea to communicate and come together over these issues even if you just want to make sure I know what a wiener I am. Maybe I should get my head out of my ass and share my thoughts on other people's columns. That would be cool.

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Bram Sherin

Sometimes you have to wonder, where did it start, where did it come from? Things evolve in changing cycles and you have a twisted, distorted self of different tastes, different ideals in life, contradictory values. Some beliefs change from experiences that leave you wondering, "Just how stupid and ignorant am I"? But there are always roots, they gotta start someplace. Yet roots don't just start growing outta nothing either.

I think it started for me someplace in the experiences of a newfound city of Seattle and the different people. Or maybe it started from a sense of not belonging anymore, reading stacks of *Thrasher* magazines and hating the world and a family that didn't care. A family that discarded me like a broken appliance beyond repair, no longer useful. Whatever it was, it didn't blossom like some pretty romance novel. It grew and grew causing things to distort and stretch until the chaos could no longer be contained. It grew scars of the world leaving a bitter taste for life and people and sooner or later you come to understand things and you grow to know the you of this world and a little about people, just a little though. But still you see no specific place that you fit in, unlike some long lost puzzle piece found in between the couch that you've been searching for.

The streets beckon lost youth and confused teenage angst like the needle does the junkie. Somewhere between punkrock, skatecore, hardcore, and metal lurks the me of years ago and the me of today. It doesn't add up to anything I can quite put my finger on.

Life on the streets has its ups and downs. Clashes with the police for looking a certain way, living a certain way. Late nights go from drunken fun to misfortunes of trusting the wrong people that you don't really know. And they smile at you as they rob you of your belongings. Or some girl you had a brief fling with steals all your clothes. That's when the bitterness starts to well up and fester and grow like a disease. But there's always the music, the chance to escape into another world. You don't always know what the fuck the songs really mean or what you are for that matter, so you try to put a label on both. You've been conditioned to think you gotta be punkrock, hardcore, straight edge or skatecore, you can't be all of them. Or can you?

Late nights squatting in abandoned houses, listening to Black Flag or Fugazi on a stolen radio with pirated electricity, drinking 40 ouncers and sniffing paint doesn't give you any sense of reality or answers, but damned if it

doesn't hide the pain for a while.

You start doing to others as they've done to you. Friends are something of the past. Women aren't trusted. Anything more than a one night stand only brings a chance to be hurt and excess baggage, or some chick figuring out you're homeless and empty inside. Why risk it. So you put on this mask and pretend, never letting anyone get close enough to see the real you. But they try from time to time so you push them aside. You deny help because you're trying to be proud, acting like things will change themselves for you, but they don't. Not towards anything good.

Sooner or later you get tired of the streets. All there is left is to get high and stay drunk. Life doesn't matter much, you take risks with no regard for what the end result will be. Tired of going to church shelters and missions, tired of pan handling, digging through a Domino's Pizza dumpster for leftovers to get the day's meal when you can't make it to the local "teen feed." Tired of sneaking into the U.W. campus dorms to take a shower. Tired of ripping off people and having no friends. Tired of lying to people's parents when you stay at their house. And you can't get a job because you're too young or because of the numerous tattoos on your hands and body. It breaks down to prison or the gutter, but you're not thinking that then. You're thinking of all the people around you, their 9-5 world, and you wonder why you can't have a life, a pad, material wants, and you realize how simple and sick life is. All life is money, food, a place to live, drugs and sex. And you think, damn, that's all it's ever been, probably since medieval times. And you tell yourself, "Fuck it, if I can't have it I'll take it." Like the punks that rolled you under some bridge while you were drunk because they wanted your Docs and your flight jacket. "Do unto others as they do unto you." So the Bible says, and now you sit in a prison cell for robbery and assault. And you turn 18 in there and you think to yourself, "So now I'm an adult, is this life or just a dream?" Fuck, I wish it was a dream.

Time in a prison cell can torture or nurture and it can do both. There's so much to say about the experience, but unless you've been through it words can't make you understand. And I don't mean spending a weekend in County Jail for drunk driving or even doing a year in the State Penitentiary. I mean more years than you can count on one hand. I mean 8 years of hell and 2 more to go.

You're already alone, no family, and the few people who do accept your calls or write soon alienate you and the woman you were with moves on with her life, gets married to some raver, laying back shooting crank, spitting out babies and collecting welfare after 2 years of an eroding relationship on paper and collect calls from some far away razorwire hotel. What the fuck can you do? (You built this life.) You don't even have any pieces to pick up and try to put back together. There wasn't much and there isn't anything now.

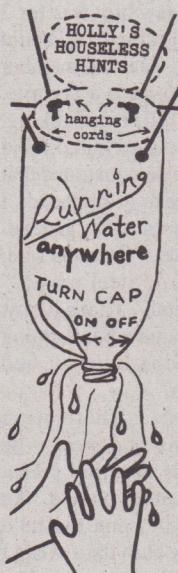
It's almost sickening how clearly you see things now in hindsight. You might "what if" yourself to death for a couple years, end up on some experimental medication they only use on prisoners—because the psychologist tells you you're suffering from manic depression. Finally you might shake your head out from the mist and wake the fuck up. Is this where I wanna spend

the rest of my life? So you pour yourself into books and take up drawing and tattooing and music when you get the chance. Totally taken off guard by your ability, you've finally found something you can call yours.

You study business out of library books. Take whatever limited education classes are available and start building plans to push through the sewer and crawl to the street again. Scared, lonely and hopeful. Deep inside you know it doesn't matter what or who you are. Because life doesn't care if you don't care.

And I smoke my cigarette and think "Damn, two more years, maybe a surprise letter from some girl of the past might be nice." But it doesn't come and I go to sleep. Tomorrow I wake up to a new day closer to hope, further from the hell. Just me, the true me crawling to my hope. Because hope is all I got these days.

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Walla Walla, WA 99362



(First a rant. Then a hint.)
YOU ARE NOT TO BLAME. Well, actually, you might be to blame for some things. But you are not to blame if you can't afford conventional housing or health care. The reason you can't is because of artificial scarcities and unnecessary requirements.

Some may say: Others can afford them. The reason I can't is because I have less money. Maybe I am to blame for that.

Well, if you got a second or third job, or spent all your "leisure" time learning a higher-paying trade, you might be able to afford them. But then, someone else couldn't—unless they slaved even harder to earn even more money so they could still outbid you.

The past 40 years have brought many discoveries and new materials and techniques that ought to have lowered prices (relative to wages). They DID lower prices of some things. But not of housing or health care. Your parents and grandparents got more for their money than you do.

High housing costs result primarily from alliances of government agencies, plumbing manufacturers, and land speculators (etc.) who lobby for laws and make rules that greatly increase site prices and construction costs. As for claims that all those regulations protect the environment: there is not much that HARMS the environment more than does pissing and shitting into water, especially drinking-quality (costly) water. But in most places, regulations force builders to provide flush toilets, at great expense to buyers.

High health care costs result primarily from alliances of unions (e.g., AMA), medical schools, and government agencies that jack-up costs of training and restrict the supply of providers. From elementary school through college pre-med, medical students are required

to take many courses that have little or nothing to do with health care. Furthermore, of students who pass the preparatory courses, many are refused admission to medical schools. Furthermore, the AMA has long tried to suppress competitors such as midwives, osteopaths, homeopaths, naturopaths. And it has made U.S. pharmacists (unlike Mexican pharmacists) little more than store clerks, and nurses little more than maids.

As for dentists, a book *Where There is No Dentist* (Dickson, Hesparian, 1983) says: "A study showed many of the basic treatments commonly given by (college-trained) dentists to be done just as well, and often better, by dental technicians with much shorter training . . . 2 to 3 months plus a period of apprenticeship . . . Villagers (in poor countries) with little formal education often can learn skills with their hands . . . much faster than university students who have never done much with their hands more than pushing pencils." But in most of the U.S., people who could easily learn to fill cavities and pull teeth, and could sell their services directly, are restricted to assisting dentists.

Both housing and health care costs are also greatly increased by other government regulations, by malpractice lawsuits and insurance, and by high taxes on upper-middle incomes. ("Soak-the-rich" taxes don't really. The very rich arrange legal tax shelters to intricate that the IRS seldom tries to bust them. [Doing so would cost the IRS more than it could collect.] Instead, the high tax rates bear mostly on builders, doctors, dentists [etc.] who are too busy with their trades to personally arrange good tax dodges, and are not rich enough to hire experts to do it for them.)

So, you aren't to blame if you can't afford conventional housing or health care. But you ARE to blame if you do nothing about it but get drunk—OR if you slave your only life away and undermine your health in an attempt to afford them.

Political reform? Well, if voting for Libertarian or other alternative-party candidates feels good, do it. But don't hold your breath waiting for changes. The system WILL change: maybe very sluggishly; maybe catastrophically. But no one can reliably forecast what or when. (Despite satellites and super-computers, the weather can be forecast only a few days ahead, and human society is more complex than the atmosphere.)

What you CAN do, is largely disentangle yourself from an exploitative System. Avoid pricey goods and services. Do much for yourself. Share/trade with friends when practical. That can not only help you but, as more people do so, will shrink the System because it will have less to feed on.

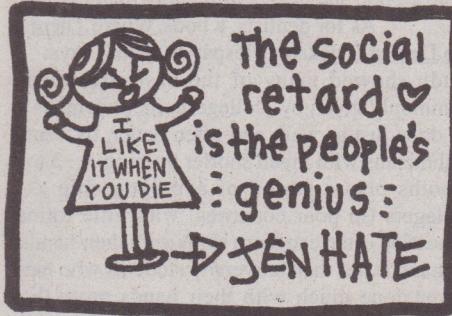
Now for the hint. To make a simple, cheap, high-energy snack, mix molasses with dry oatmeal. "Cheapola" tastes as good to me as do most commercial granolas and candy bars, yet costs only one-sixth as much (e.g. oatmeal 30¢ and molasses 70¢ per pound at bulk-food stores, or in 50-pound bags and gallon jugs from wholesale grocers that cater to restaurants and institutions). Cheapola is also more nutritious: more fiber, less fat, less processed, less stale.

Some people add nuts, sunflower seeds, raisins, brown sugar, dried coconut, cut-up fresh

fruit, etc.

Note. Dry oatmeal is NOT raw. After the oats are hulled, the miller briefly heats them to about 200°F, to inactivate enzymes that otherwise would soon cause rancidity.

Comments and questions welcome. Holly/Dwelling Portably/PO Box 190-hcc/Philomath, OR 97370. (Sample \$1. Six/\$5.)



Part I

"Come join us in prayer—we'll be waiting, waiting there. Everything's ending here." — Pavement

As I begin to write, having just finished sobbing in my bed, it occurs to me that this will be the third column I write about the death and funeral of a loved one. This will actually be my second right in a row. Originally I thought I would only be writing about my grandfather's death last week, only to find out today that an old friend of mine committed suicide. I am devastated. You can only take so much death. And a suicide? Nobody ever wants to hear about that. I am just shocked. Numb tonight.

I was visiting with my paternal grandparents when my mother called about grandpa. He died last night in his sleep with his beloved dog in his lap. I hadn't seen him in 13 fucking years. I became overwhelmed.

In my last column, I talked about how it's important to spend time with your grandparents, if only for a meal, because they love you. I know this. Yet the next time I would see my maternal grandfather, he would be in his grave. The irony is stinging. Hardcore, biting, seething. I feel like a piece of shit. The distance between us was 8 hours. I could've made it. I chose not to. Now it's all too late.

Although I could never make it in his life, it was important, so important to me to make it upstate for his funeral. I needed to support my family and pay my respects. Also, I would be the only grandchild able to make the trip. My sister and cousin could not make the distance. Somebody had to represent him.

I arrived with my Aunt Sharon and her boyfriend. My mother chose to go a day early with her husband to avoid seeing her sister because they're currently feuding. So I didn't see my mom.

When I walked into the tiny funeral home (with only a single viewing room), I saw grandpa out of the corner of my eye. I kept going. It was surreal, almost like he was just up there sleeping. I guess I didn't or hadn't processed his death just yet. I felt like I had finally made the trip up to see him. After all these years. He wouldn't recognize me. It's been so long.

I became overwhelmed as I approached the casket. How could he be dead? He was only

70! My Nanny just turned 70 and my Pop is 77. Just too young. For some reason I expected him to be wearing a suit. Instead he was dressed modestly in a favorite flannel shirt with a handsome, rugged belt buckle shining. He had a nice head of hair. Never lost a strand. The makeup on him was ridiculous, though. They must have thought he was a drag queen. Pancaked to his face, even lipstick. Yuck. He would've been outraged.

When you kneel before a casket to pay your respects, I'm pretty sure you're supposed to say a prayer. I've never been a prayer person. I figured I would just to myself whatever came to mind. What could I say? I waited 13 years to put the effort in. He probably saw me and wondered what the fuck I was doing there. Why now. All I could muster was, "I'm sorry grandpa. I'm so sorry."

Now, when someone dies, one of two things occur immediately: either a flood of memories or the struggle to recall. I sat by myself and tried, so hard, to remember Grandpa. I hardly knew him. Yet the last time I saw him was for 2 months over the summer that I turned 13. You'd think I'd remember something. I can't remember much. Of my memories, I do have a favorite. Grandpa was a huge man. Tall, big, hulking. Anyway, one day I must have pissed him off and to threaten me in a nice way, he demonstrated that the palm of his hand was the size of my head. I accidentally drove his tractor into the ground. Watching a Guns N' Roses video, Grandpa said, "What do they call this now? Steel music?" "Close Grandpa, it's heavy metal." That's funny. Then there was the time we found a bat flapping around in the house. Grandpa killed it and disposed of it in the dog's dish.

I looked at pictures. There were pictures of all of Grandpa's wood work—he owned a wood shop and made beautiful crafts. More pictures of things he once owned like greenhouses and the big, beautiful home that he'd built. I didn't know he actually built that. Also, I had no idea that he'd sold it 10 years ago when he and Grandma divorced. There was a hilarious picture of Grandpa smiling and wearing Grandma's blue lingerie. Pictures of Grandpa when he was much younger. He looked like Tonie Joy from The Convocation Of...

I talked to my relatives but for the most part stayed alone. Overwhelmed by silence. Death does that to you.

The immediate family—my Uncle Rich and his wife, Lisa, Grandpa's sisters and nephew, Aunt Sharon, Fred (Aunt Sharon's boyfriend) and I next traveled to Grandpa's home. He lived in a 2-level building that used to be a chicken coop. He built into it the first floor, which was the showroom for his woodworks and the second floor was his humble, tiny and adorable apartment. He went from living in a huge house that he had

built with a farm to a tiny bachelor pad. I loved it. When we entered the store, Uncle Rich told us all to take what we wanted because he wanted the stuff to go to the family before he had to sell it. Nothing struck me. However, something did when we reached the apartment. Right when you walked up the stairs, right there against the wall was a grandfather clock that Grandpa had built. Sitting on top of each corner were 2 cute little dolls made with seashell bodies. Kind of bizarre

for an old man's place, I thought. I used to collect dolls. I thought they were perfect. Even more perfect—there were 2! I could bring one home for my sister so that she could have something to remember Grandpa by. It was perfect. I asked Uncle Rich to mail them to me because I was going to be taking public transportation home and didn't want to break them. I was thrilled.

We ate a nice home cooked meal at the home of close family friends. I thought it was wonderful of them to be there for all of us like that.

Time to go back to the funeral home for the second night of viewing. A priest performed a service. I sat in the front row and noticed from several feet away that there were new pictures standing up in the casket. Squinting, I could see that one of them looked like an ancient picture of my sister and I taken when I was possibly 11. That's old. When the priest finished I practically ran to the casket. It was a picture of Lauren and I. There was also a picture of Grandpa with my mom as either a teen or pre-teen. She was smiling, with her arms around him. It was sweet. I asked Lisa how they got in there. She said that mom snuck back in after we had all left (that's how bad the feud with Aunt Sharon is). Lauren and I would be sealed away with Grandpa. I felt flattered to be considered important.

I don't remember when, but at some point in the service, I started to cry. It was just sad. He was so young and I had missed every chance to see him. On the way up on the bus with Aunt Sharon, she told me that Grandpa always asked about me and to my total shock, that he was always mad at my mother for throwing me out of the house—leaving me homeless at times. All I could say was, "I wish someone would've told me." Such good it does me now to know. That really affected me—hearing that this man always asked about me and I never knew. Nobody told me.

The next day was the funeral. The immediate family met for a nice breakfast at Friendly's. Back to the funeral home for the final viewing and prayer service. There was no church reception. After the priest finished dribbling, he opened the floor up. Aunt Sharon was the first to get up and speak. She finished by mentioning that her and my mom are not speaking right now and that she prays for a miracle that will finally reunite them—because their feuding has gone on for most of, if not all of my life. She placed an old picture of the two of them in the casket. Tears streamed down my face immediately. Many friends got up to share kind stories and memories—Grandpa was loved very much! Uncle Rich finished by saying that he hopes his Dad is "running now." Grandpa's legs were uneven (one shorter than the other) because he's had polio. He said that he always wished he could run.

Next the funeral—the final goodbye. No more viewings; Grandpa was being sealed away. Before we left, though, Uncle Rich and Lisa had to decide what to do with all the flowers. Aunt Sharon works in flowers—doing wedding flowers. It was important to her to bring flowers. She made 3 silk arrangements. One was a casket spray; another a large heart-shaped wreath that read in gold foil, "Dear Grandpa." They wanted me to keep that one. I was floored. I was so

honored. In a way it made me sad, though. Of course they wanted me to take it. I was the only granddaughter who could make it.

The funeral was very short. Blink of an eye and it was over. While friends stood around, Uncle Rich, Lisa, Aunt Margaret and Aunt Mary (Grandpa's sisters, who kept saying, "My beautiful brother" during the service), Aunt Sharon and I had the honor of being seated. Again, I was so amazed to be thought of as important. We were handed flowers to place on the casket. I was the last in line to pay my final respects. I breathed in deeply, placed the flower on the casket, and kissed it. I couldn't touch him at the funeral home—I guess fearful that he would be cold, but with that kiss, I could say goodbye. And like that, we were gone, he was gone.

We retreated to the filling station up the road—a cute little mom and pop bar/restaurant for snacks. I enjoyed cigarettes and a few Maker's Mark's and cokes.

Everyone would be leaving soon. We wanted to return to Grandpa's shop one last time to collect what people planned on taking home. I knew I had an 8 hour drive to go so I asked Uncle Rich if I could use Grandpa's bathroom. Seemed like a strange request, especially since the body's not even cold yet, but Uncle Rich said it wasn't a problem. I used it quickly, returning everything to its exact same space. I stepped out into the kitchen/living room area. It was sort of together. For some reason, I was drawn to the kitchen table and all the goodies left on it. For some reason, I wanted to take it all in and have it crystalized in my memory. And it is. The kitchen was decorated with a bottle of chocolate syrup, Jif peanut butter, a bag of Brach's hard candies, an unopened heart shaped box of Valentine's Day candy (Valentine's Day was the previous week) and 2 boxes of assorted doughnuts. All were eaten except the plain ones in each box. How cute. So Grandpa really had a sweet tooth. It was sad to take it all in, though. To think that was where he died.

Walking down the stairs, I noticed a sweet painting on the wall. It was the profile of a mod girl with a big blonde ponytail, bangs, and thick eyeliner. It was inset with a small ballerina. I thought this, too, was odd to see in an old man's place. I went downstairs and asked Uncle Rich if I could have it. I will look perfect over my bed. And it's a sweet memento... I appreciate it and the dolls much more than the woodworking—I don't know why. Maybe because they were a part of his personal belongings. Uncle Rich also gave me a butterfly that Grandpa carved. It's so detailed and beautiful. The intricate design is amazing. I carried it home in my bag; the other gifts are coming in the mail.

I wound up getting a ride home from Grandpa's nephew. I had never met Ricky (he was actually named after Grandpa) or Aunt Margaret and Aunt Mary before but they were so warm to me. They gave me a ride back to Nanny and Pop's house, where I would commute from the following morning straight to work, bearing a funeral arrangement and all.

I called Mom as soon as I got in, just wanting to know how she was doing. I mean, her father just died and we hadn't even been able to see each other even just for a hug. It was happy and said. "I mean, he was my father," she said. We shared memories from the farm days. Like

mother, like daughter, she too recorded the sweets on the kitchen table—how ironic. What sweets I forgot, she filled in. It was bizarre, how our minds drifted alike.

I got really upset that night, though, when I turned in for bed. This is another trick that death plays—you are rational and calm and okay through the whole ordeal but once the lights are dim, you are alone and the day is over, then it hits you.

I became overwhelmed by the knowledge that while my sister and cousin had seen Grandpa last at Uncle Rich's wedding, I didn't go and missed my chance. That was the last time they saw him. They got to say goodbye in a way. They got to see him. As always, I couldn't make it. Yet I would be the only one to see him in death. For some reason this overwhelmed me and I began crying hysterically. What a piece of shit I am. It made sense to me then; I can't make sense of the equation now.

Part II

"I'm never gonna know you now, but I'm gonna love you anyhow." —Elliott Smith

Recently when I was writing my old friend Chris Boarts a letter, I told her that I hadn't seen a copy of her 'zine *Slug & Lettuce* in a long time—maybe a year. So I asked her to send me one. This was just last month and already I got the latest issue, but nothing could prepare me for what I was about to read.

Within a few seconds, I learned that Sera Bilezikyan (I don't know how to spell her name. Either way, you know you can't pronounce it anyway), an old ABC friend of mine and S&L and HaC columnist committed suicide on January 12th of this year. She jumped off of a bridge. Immediately I became overwhelmed. I'm still in mourning for christssakes.

I think the last time I saw Sera was 3 years ago. We were bullshitting at ABC No Rio and went out to grab veggie burgers. I remember it was a beautiful day. We were out in tank tops. She was so pretty, with her beautiful dark skin and bleached dreadlocks. And her sweet smile... I remember that.

I didn't know Sera well. She moved to Virginia shortly after that. But it doesn't matter to me. She was somebody that I knew who ended her life 23 years too short. She was only 23! So close in age, a manic depressive just like me. It scares me. I can't imagine what those fleeting last seconds for her were like... jumping off a bridge—fuck! Why? I am screaming inside. I am filled with rage, agony and sadness. I am so overwhelmed.

But like I did with Grandpa, I kept a stiff upper lip. Until bedtime, that is.

I always sleep with my TV on because the sounds help lull me to sleep. That night as I lay down, I left VH1 on—it was a U2 concert. I've never been a U2 "fan," but I've never had anything against them. They're a good rock band I guess. You might want to look away for this part! As I just lay there, all their lyrics kept creeping into my mind. They made sense to me, and get this, I could apply so many of their words to Sera! Sera, in death, unfortunately. You may even recognize some of these lines: "...And you give yourself away..."; "I still haven't found what I'm looking for," and worst of all—from a song that was actually written about a friend's suicide:

"You got stuck in a moment, now you can't get out of it." Then I thought of another U2 song, that I didn't hear that night but it's always been a favorite of mine—from "All I Want is You": "You say you want diamonds and a ring of gold, your story to remain untold..." That line kills me. Sera wanted her story to remain untold.

I began sobbing out loud. Suicide never sits well with anyone, I think. Just overwhelmed by so much silence. Sera, I wish you were here!

The next day, I cut a beautiful picture of her out of S&L #70 and laminated it with tape (ghetto fabulous!). Sera now shares the view over my freezer, her smile to greet me every day. She was such a beautiful girl.

Part III

"Now you're free... free with the history."—Ryan Adams

I love you Grandpa. I love you Sera. I can't write anymore because I'm crying again. Thank you, love you.

jhate@eminem.com

Rev. Uncle "Loveseat" Banana Head

"A Treatise Concerning The Defense Of Shoplifting as a means through which the revolution is perpetuated, and as a means through which a person can temporarily liberate themselves from the oppressive specter of capital"

The problems of capitalism are myriad, and for these problems to be analyzed in their entirety would require a work, of no less a grandiose nature, than, *Das Kapital* by Karl Marx. It would require a work in which not only is capitalism scrutinized, but also the economic systems, which preceded it. That is to say, that to fully examine and understand capitalism, one must understand its historical roots. Thus we can infer, that by examining those economic systems which acted as the progenitors of capitalism, or the examination of those systems of resource management that preceded the modern system of negative reciprocal exchange as we know it, we can better understand the system which currently dominates and controls our lives. One would have to understand capitalism in all its nuances in order to fully understand the problems inherent within this system. This particular treatise, is mainly concerned with the acknowledgment, and recognition of the phenomenon of shoplifting, as symptomatic of the desire of individual humans, to directly confront institutions and social structures that concentrate the control of material goods and resources within a small minority of society, even when they perhaps do not fully comprehend, "the larger picture" of class stratification, and how the concept of money or currency is an ephemeral construction.

One could postulate that shoplifting has existed as long as there have been shops to, "lift" from, possibly dating back to the times of the ancient Sumerians, Assyrians, Babylonians, etc. The act of shoplifting has existed, in the historical context, of enabling poor and oppressed peoples

of the world to appropriate basic food and sustenance (from those who would manipulate and control resources for their own personal gain) for themselves, in a most direct manner, when certainly no, monarch, ruling class, or, "political leader" would allocate resources to them or ensure their access to them.

Although one could assert that shoplifters do not always act from the most meritorious of intentions, one must remember that an, "acquisitive mindset" is obtained from having been socialized in a culture of, "prestige through acquisition." One must also remember that the concept of private property must exist in order for the concept of theft of private property to exist, that is to say that the concept of private property is a socially engineered construction. For the sake of convenience, I will state here the differentiation between private property and personal property. Private property is the sum of all that property which is not directly used (beds not slept in, pens not written with) by its owner/s, but is instead manipulated in such a way as to facilitate the acquisition of capital, a good example of this would be a person who claims ownership to several apartment buildings for the purpose of, "allowing" people to live in the apartments for the exchange of rent money. Personal property is the sum of all that property which is directly used by the parties claiming ownership to it. Some good examples of this include a person's toothbrush, their T-shirt, their immediate living quarters etc. Thus, when one, "steals" a toothbrush from a corporate chain store, one is not denying a person from cleaning their teeth. The reason for this being that the above mentioned toothbrush was a means through which to facilitate the acquisition of capital by a rich minority, not something that is used everyday to clean their teeth.

For persons without land resources, or capital, to invest and exploit, the only methods left to obtain capital (and thus access to resources) are to sell oneself to those who own and control the resources, or to subvert them, and the shoplifter is doing precisely the latter. It is how a person, can subvert a system in which their environment is owned, controlled, and could even be said to be conquered by the bourgeois or owners of resource. It is one way of refusing to sell one's life away, for a specified amount of money per hour, to make someone who is rich already, even richer, in order to purchase their consumer products. It is a rebellion against the idea that a things value is determined by its worth to the rich minority of the world. It is a revolt against the concept that everything can be reduced into a commodity, a purchasable and/or sellable entity, including people's lives. It is an avenue, through which a person can express discontent with the policies of low wages, and lack of benefits that most major corporations impress upon their workforce in the name of maximizing profit through minimizing expenditures. It is a thoroughly subversive action against a system in which workers (proletariat) must buy back from the bourgeois (or owners of capital) the products of which were created through their own labor, at a profit to the owners of capital. Thus the bourgeois have the laborers trapped within a circle of exploit. Shoplifting is one of the ways in which people can chip away at the barrier that separates

people in society, class division.

The post-industrial leaders of industry, defend their power base against the assault upon it that shoplifting poses to it through various means. One of the most heavily employed means, is that of propaganda. The following selections are taken from a website offering "advice" to teens on the "tough" issue of shoplifting <http://kidshealth.org/teen/safety/help/shoplifting.html>. I have chosen to examine this article and refute it, because it essentially meets all the characteristics of the archetypal bourgeois arguments against shoplifting.

"Sarah and Lisa always enjoyed hanging out at the mall. But last Saturday, after they had checked out some CDs at the music store, Sarah showed Lisa a new music video. "I don't remember you buying that," Lisa said. "I didn't," Sarah answered, "I lifted it." Lisa was upset and puzzled. She had always considered Sarah an honest person, and stealing didn't seem like normal behavior for her. Lisa also knew Sarah had plenty of spending money left from her birthday. Why didn't she just buy the video? And why did Sarah want that video anyway? She didn't even like the Dave Matthews Band.

"You may know someone like Sarah who shoplifts without being able to really explain why. Or you may know someone who says she steals because it's exciting. But you may not know that for many people shoplifting is an addiction, and it can be just as difficult to stop as drugs or alcohol."

This selection attempts to portray shoplifting as an addiction, a personal problem. There is no recognition of the factor that advertising plays in making people want these things, and how it makes people believe that if these things are obtained, they will gain prestige. It also does not recognize the fact that some persons do not have parents to give them birthday money, and their only choice is to sell themselves to the bourgeois, or to shoplift. It presents shoplifting as only a means through which to provide, "excitement" not to challenge the existing power dynamics, as it does not make even the slightest reference to the current social schema. The next selection echoes a very common co-opted, bourgeois argument against shoplifting.

"In the United States, shoplifters steal about \$25 million in merchandise from stores each day! That breaks down to an extra \$300 each year that you and your family have to pay in higher prices to cover the losses caused by shoplifting."

How incredibly profound!! To think that it is in our best interests as a society to protect the interests and welfare of the institutions that control our lives. Furthermore, the above statement ignores the fact that major corporations have money, set-aside for such a purpose. The corporations are aware they have conquered the environment and space in which we live and people rebel against them by shoplifting from them, so they take care of that contingency, by having a "reserve fund" in order to "deal" with this. One cannot deleteriously effect the wages of those who labor in the corporations they are shoplifting from, as the wages the corporate employee are paid is not based upon the amount of profits the corporation makes, but is instead determined by how little the corporations can get

away with paying them. Even if one is concerned about the stockowners, one should be aware that they are quite commonly much wealthier than the average shoplifter. They could stand to "suffer financial losses" but the likelihood that even an intense shoplifting campaign could make any one of these people homeless, is very unlikely. This arguer obviously has no qualms with our dependency and subjugation to powerful economic institutions. To suggest that we should support and protect the same institutions that oppress us is folly.

"Although some teens and adults may consider shoplifting no big deal, stores and law enforcement officials take it very seriously. Shoplifters may be arrested and paraded through a store in handcuffs by a police officer. Stores usually prosecute shoplifters for theft and make them pay damages. Stores (and the malls that they're in) often ban shoplifters for long periods of time. Repeat offenders spend time in jail and can end up with a criminal record. Having a criminal record can have damaging consequences. For example, it can be harder to get a job once you have a record."

Ahhh yes! The oh so familiar threat of police state coercive force as a control mechanism. So we are to understand that we should respect the corporate chain retail store, the bastion of the bourgeois, because it is illegal to not do so? Folly! One must remember in whose interest laws are written. Could one really assert that the laws represent the interests of the oppressed class (proletariat) as opposed to the interests of the ruling class (bourgeois)? Once again I say folly! This I say unto the potential shoplifter: in regards to the rules that protect the interests of the bourgeois, to the toilet with them. Respect them not even in the slightest. Only bear in mind the forces to which are used to protect their power structure. Be aware of the technological measures, which a store has employed to protect their "inventory." Have knowledge of the potential measures, which could be brought against you in a court of their law. Always act in caution, their power lies in violence and bureaucracy, ours lies in subterfuge and subversion.

This following selection from the article discusses what "to do" about a friend that shoplifts.

"If you are concerned about a friend—or if you have a problem with shoplifting—ask a trusted adult, such as a parent, relative, school counselor, teacher, minister, or rabbi for help with finding shoplifting treatment programs in your community. Encourage your friend to get help for any underlying problems like depression that may be the source of her problem with shoplifting. There are many resources available for teens, including hotlines, local hospitals, and community health services groups (check your phone book for listings). Once a shoplifter understands and deals with what's triggering her (or his) shoplifting habit, s/he'll have an easier time overcoming it."

The above attention selection attempts to shift blame from the economic powers, which make our lives occupied territory, to the shoplifter. It is especially fallacious to assert that if you shoplift, it is simply because you are depressed. If you shoplift, the above suggests that you should, "ask a trusted adult" not celebrate the fact that

you are challenging the power structure. If you the reader have a friend who shoplifts, throw them a celebration, and show them this treatise to help them understand how theirs is an act of revolution.

It is important to mention that lifting should not be done from those within the proletariat, or small businesses, as their situation of struggling against the corporate power structure is not entirely dissimilar to your own. Shoplifters should focus their attention on the most powerful and oppressive corporations. Stealing from the local "mom and pop" stores, or some guy who drives a rusty Ford Taurus down the street from you, will generally not help to further the revolution, but stealing from Nordstrom's will. Stealing, like anything else, is a means, or tool, and as such should be used properly. Lifting from fellow oppressed people only helps to further their division. One could assert that "mom and pop" businesses are still businesses, and as such, are exploitative. The success of "mom and pop" stores however, subverts the power basis of the large corporations, their monopolies on the control of commodities. I think a long-term revolutionary goal, the complete elimination of capitalism, will of course subvert "mom and pop" stores, simply because they are stores, and stores exist as a space of negative reciprocal exchange. After more revolutionary change, they will be included in the local, communal management of resources, as opposed to being forced into exchanges whose outcomes are based upon the market forces each side can bring to bear on each other.

An example of just how much large corporations' fear the power of shoplifting to subvert their power is the technology they apply to the end of "inventory control." The most common anti-shoplifting technologies employed by corporations are video surveillance, and EAS (electronic article surveillance) the tags that cause an alarm to go off when it passes through the towers by the entrance/exit. Video surveillance operates through CCTV or closed circuit television surveillance systems. An industry standard surveillance camera is usually 4" long by 2" wide with a lens on the end. These are usually found within the black domes on the ceiling of you friendly corporate store, as to allow them to pan and tilt without our knowledge of their orientation. A hidden camera might be a board camera, which basically is a 1" by 1" square computer board with a tiny lens, perhaps 1/4" in size. You might imagine a small-scale security staff monitoring the activity of the store on closed circuit TV in an attempt to prevent shoplifting. Currently, there are systems, which allow retailers with multiple locations to monitor distribution centers, and stores from a single convenient location. These systems of remote surveillance allow the users to send complete-frame video image streams through the medium of high-speed phone lines to other localities and to store electronically, digital video images for the purpose of evidence or review. EAS systems, otherwise known as tag-and-alarm systems, works by identifying tagged products that pass through gated areas in the store. There are three different types of EAS, which are predominant within the corporate retail realm, RF (radio frequency), EM (electromagnetic), and AM (acousto-magnetic). These types of EAS are fortunately, incompatible with one another, and furthermore, if one could

figure out what type of EAS a particular corporate outlet employs, one could know their system's weakness.

In the interest of aiding potential or current shoplifters, I will post a selection from an article entitled "The Art of Shoplifting." This selection (as is self evident) is concerned with providing tips for preparing yourself for shoplifting before you enter the store, and after you "enter the maze."

1. Buying something at the same time that you steal stuff doesn't necessarily ensure success. Approaching staff for items you are absolutely sure they don't have is just as good. Think of something that you know they don't have (i.e. a doona cover with a specific pattern on it or something equally obscure) and pretend that you are looking for this, so that you have an excuse for being there. If staff are ever suspicious of you or ask if they can help you, ask them if they've got the thing you are sure they don't have. Never screw this up—if you do you will have to buy the item or they may realize that you are there to steal.

2. It is always a good idea to carry a bag although you should never stash anything in it—if security/sales staff are [suspicious of] you the first place that they'll check is your bag and it may just get you off the hook if they can't find anything suspicious inside of it.

3. Remember that there is no such thing as a standard store detective—there is no qualifying dress code, age, race, gender or class. Grandma will bust you this week and next week it'll be a 5-year-old kid.

4. Just as there is no typical store detective nor is there a standard shoplifter. Security officers do not go looking for the poorly dressed people. They may pick on you out of boredom, but remember; only an unsuccessful store detective picks on poorly dressed people. By the same token don't believe the stale myth that suits + dresses = more successes; security anticipate that professional shoplifters will dress up a bit. Wear whatever you want.

On entering the maze:

1. As soon as you enter the store, [figure] out the sales people. First impressions often count here. You could find a valuable blind-eye turning ally in younger or less-affluent employees. Alternatively, an employee can often stand out as a more wishy-washy gullible individual—so even if they see you they are likely to be too gutless to mention it, either to you or to security.

2. Don't be put off by signs such as "shoplifters will be prosecuted" or "security police patrol this store." Often this is just bluffing anyway, and in any case there is no security measure that cannot be undone by a clever shoplifter or a quick talker. Do, however, keep your eye on security and be on the lookout for video surveillance cameras.

3. Try to find where the video surveillance monitors are and who is watching them; often they are not even looking at them. See if you can get a glance at their monitor. Often it is one monitor hooked up to 20 cameras, which changes sequentially (every 30 seconds or so). Other times it's one guy in a room looking at 50 screens while reading the paper or glued to the box. These monitors are usually pretty small and have a wide aperture, showing more of the room

but not enough detail to adequately see what you are up to."

In conclusion, shoplifting changes and subverts the relationship between buyer and seller, employer and employee, exploiter and exploited. It is a means through which to attempt to affect social change in the tradition of direct action. Shoplifting can also act as a life preserver in an ocean of free market, cut throat competition. It is a means of avoidance of negotiating with cold, faceless financial institutions that will not share "their" resources with you, unless you provide them with currency that you had to sell your life away by the hour in order to obtain. Shoplifting is the direct action method of re-distributing wealth. The only way to bring about change is to take action. We must understand the means at our disposal, and when and how to employ them. Every single action we take that challenges the power structure, regardless of how large or small, is the revolution. But be warned that there are those that would oppress and sanction you, thus shoplift only after you have applied thought and planning to that end. Carelessness could get you fined, banned, and even incarcerated by those who protect and uphold the laws of the bourgeois. Let shoplifting be your harbinger of a new age, in which we realize that capital does not itself produce anything, it simply changes our relationships to one another. Capital is what creates the exploiter and the exploited. Recognize that freedom without socialism is privilege and injustice. It is not true freedom; it is only the freedom of capital. True freedom comes with the destruction of those hierarchical institutions, which would compromise our freedom to satiate their thirst for power, and thus place humanity within invisible shackles (and sometimes visible ones).

Brian Lombardozzi

It has been a while since punk rock ruined my life. I mean if it wasn't for punk rock, I'd probably be in the foreign service on my way to being a career diplomat, or taken the CIA seriously when they kept calling me about a recruitment interview. So I could feasibly be making some serious cash either tacitly undermining the will of the people of a foreign country for the betterment of U.S. businesses or actively engaging with hired thugs planning a dastardly deed to open a foreign market to free trade. Instead punk rock further fed my love of politics and engaged me to think about alternatives to the status quo. It took me places I never thought I'd go, opened my eyes to things I would have never seen, shattered my previously held ideas of the world, and introduced me to amazing people that share my hopes and dreams of making our world a better place for everyone. Punk rock has opened up so many doors to me, I can't really picture what life would be like if I never encountered it.

So here I sit, a 24 year-old punk, eking out an existence in Washington, DC. Instead of having the comfortable existence most people my age, with my education, and my race and class background, I seem to go out of my way to make

my life difficult. Not many people outside of punk seem to understand that, and at times it even seems like a mystery to me. I live in a run down, decrepit group house in an area of DC on the brink of gentrification. My street is interspersed with African American single family homes that have been there for generations, tenement buildings that were abandoned or simply left to decay by their owners when the city changed the zoning codes that demanded they be turned back into single family homes, new single family homes being sold at astronomical prices, and the occasional house like mine (a sub-code tenement building with more structural issues than you could imagine, that the owner decided to rent as a single family home to a group of people looking for cheap rent in a city with the second highest rents in the country). The near vicinity of my house is populated by the metro stop that arrived a little over a year and a half ago, the new condos that seemed to pop up after it, the façade of an old warehouse which is the planned site of a new strip mall, a lovely historic theatre that instead of being restored and put to use as a cultural haven is being turned into a upscale shopping area, and the community gardens behind that are slated to be uprooted so a parking lot can be constructed. Next, all the little mom and pop liquor stores will probably be replaced by some other bigger vender of an addictive substance, like Starbucks. Now it seems that most people who in the city seem to be excited about all these new additions to our convenience culture, except of course the people who are getting pushed out of their neighborhoods because of rising rents and property taxes, who don't have the money to spend at these new establishments.

So where do I fit into this equation? Well I'm part of the problem in some ways. I'm an educated white male living in this neighborhood. I probably make more money and have more opportunities available to me than most folks in my neighborhood. My presence on my street makes developers salivate at the opportunity to get more upwardly mobile young professionals to buy or rent their newly refurbished, high priced condos, apartments and/or houses. Unfortunately that happens. Yet I want no part of that. The people who have been in my neighborhood for generations don't want that either. They want crime to go down. They want the neighborhood to be a safer place for their families. They want friendly neighbors to pass the time with. Unfortunately our capitalist system doesn't think that can happen without an increase in the price of their rent or their property taxes. I enjoy my neighborhood. Unlike the sterile, upscale, predominantly white neighborhoods in which I have lived in the past, here I know my neighbors. We sit out on our porches and talk. I'm learning about the history of our neighborhood, and my neighbors have given us fair warnings about our sleazy landlord and his past dealings. I would like to see the neighborhood change to meet the needs of the people who live there, not to attract people with more disposable income. Unfortunately people in decision making positions in this hierarchical system think differently, and we all need to work to change that.

If it wasn't for punk rock and the politics that it has gotten me more involved in I

would probably not be able to see things the way I do. I would not have been as interested to pursue some of the things I have studied, or been able to be the person in my classes to look at things differently than the other people in my program. I've become more conscious about the world around me, and because of that a bit more melancholy. The world we live in is unjust and unfair, and the responsibility to change that lies on each of our backs, whether we realize it or not. We all need to be active in our own communities and work for a positive change. As individuals we can chip away at the links of the chains that bind us, but together as a group we can remove those chains entirely. Part of our responsibility in chipping away those links is to talk with others whenever we get the chance, engage in proactive discussions, introduce people to new perspectives, or put people in touch with others who could discuss their interests in an alternative fashion. This sort of thing isn't going to happen if we in the punk community do not branch out and incorporate our ideas and our DIY ethics beyond our record labels, show spaces, or 'zines.

When I am not practicing or touring with one of my bands, working on my record label, helping organize an action, booking a show, homebrewing beer, hanging out with friends, or procrastinating on my Masters thesis in International Peace and Conflict Resolution, I work full time at an International Education Non-Profit. Hmm, who'd a thought a punk would be working in the international relations industry? It's not my dream job, but it is mildly interesting, related to my degree, and it pays the bills. I also get to meet lots of interesting people from all over the world who are "leaders" in their fields, and some who could very well go on to run their country some day. The job is enough to drive one nuts with all the bureaucracy and jumping through hoops and is an education in the inefficiency of government (who I get the pleasure of working with on some of our contracts) itself. I have the pleasure (?) of scheduling professional meetings and cultural events for international visitors from around the world, according to their fields of interest, for anywhere from three to four weeks. Which means I get to make lots of cold calls taking to people about why it should interest them to meet with visitor X from country Y who is interested in Z. So there are a lot of contacts made to assure visitor X hears the government perspective, what the private sector has to say, and experiences the grassroots organizations point of view, all at the national, as well as state, level. So I get a whole lot of opportunities to talk to a whole lot of different people in DC and around the country. I also get to spend some time with visitor X from country Y who is interested in Z. I always try to work in at least one small grassroots organization that will liven up their stay with some interesting discussion about Z or a meeting with a progressive academic who can give an alternative opinion on Z, and I also let visitor X know about any interesting cultural events happening where they are going, or any interesting event related to topic Z. For example, independent documentaries the Independent Media Center might be showing, or speaking events a student activist group might have scheduled related to the visitors interests. These are little things, but they

end up having an interesting effect. I get to meet with the people I program for and discuss their meetings before they leave DC. Whenever I have been able to work in something with an alternative slant, it has always had a positive effect, whether it is making an interesting contact, or sparking their interest in starting something similar in their home country.

This isn't the only way that me being a punk plays into my work. I deal with my co-workers everyday. People my age or older who have very different lifestyles from me who have no idea what the hell a punk is and some haven't had the opportunity in their lives to look beyond the consumer culture that envelops our society. To say the least I am an anomaly, and it has caused some clashing in the past, but overall I'd say it has lead to a hell of a lot of interesting discussions. People in my office are now less likely to dismiss activists and their causes after having a few discussions with me, and are always coming to me to ask for help finding an interesting "alternative" event going on in the city, or finding a small grass roots organization for their visitor to go to. Some have even ventured out to a show I played, one even brought her kids. I'm not moving any mountains here, but it is definitely fun engaging the people I work with to think differently about things.

I'm not saying that this is by any means easy. Some days I think banging my head against a brick wall might be a little less antagonizing than trying to incorporate my ideals into all aspects of my life. I'm at a stage in life that isn't exactly easy to figure out. I'm sure my parents are waiting for me to grow out of this stage of my life, a lot of my friends from outside of the punk rock realm are waiting for me to "settle down" and don't understand why I don't always want to go bar-hopping with them on the weekends. I get shit from some punks because I "sold out" to the 9-5 job, which is rather infuriating. Yeah I have a degree, about to complete another one, I got debt, bills to pay, and have to stay financially independent. Sorry, working at a minimum wage job isn't going to cut it for me—been there, done that. I need a job that is going to stimulate my mind, allow me to use the degree my parents and I spent all that money on, and try to make a change. Sometimes it is all really hard to do, but whenever I meet other punks who are still at it and they are in their 30s or 40s, have children they are raising, and jobs they have held down for years it just gives me more and more hope.

At the same time I am amazed by some of the younger kids getting into punk. I just joined a band this past summer that amazed me before I was ever part of it. I came to find out that the oldest one in the band was three years younger than me. Here were a group of individuals that were totally politically right on, with whom I could have some of the best in-depth political discussions, who were all active in the local struggle here in DC, and were amazing musicians. I wish I was that plugged in when I was their age. It has now been several months since we started playing together and it has been an amazing experience. I've learned a whole lot from them, and a practice doesn't go by that I am not amazed by them. This is a project that has breathed life back into me. The melancholy that I experience because of all the shit in the world, disappears

when we get together to practice, play, and talk about all the things we want to do. Whether it is talking about where we are going to play next, what local activist group we want to invite to speak during our set, what friend's artistic abilities we can incorporate into our live set, or just talking about the craziness of the world we live in I get giddy thinking about the possibilities that exist in the world. So I'd honestly like to thank Jess, Marshal, and Nick for letting me be part of 1905, even if I am "the old guy." ;)

So I am happy punk rock "ruined" my life. I don't think I could stand myself if it hadn't. I just hope that anyone reading this will have the nerve to stay true to his/her ideals and incorporate them into what he or she wants to do with his/her life. I hope I am able to stick with it.

"...when I die, my friends will perhaps inscribe on my tomb: 'Here lies a dreamer,' and my enemies: 'Here lies a madman.' But no one will be able to stamp the inscription: 'Here lies a coward and traitor to his ideas.'" —Ricardo Flores-Magon

1905 is the band I share with three amazing individuals, feel free to contact us: 1905@idealpolitik.org visit our website: www.1905.com or e-mail us and ask to be on our listserv. Look for a full length out on Exotic Fever Records in 2002: www.exoticfever.com

Amor y Lucha Records is the record label I started last year: www.idealpolitik.org/amorylucha

Keep your eyes peeled for my other musical project Seven Houses for the Rebel, which will hopefully grace the DC scene soon.

Sorry to be so Internet exclusive, my PO Box is taking an eternity to come through. My apologies to anyone without Internet access.

Rahula Janowski and Criss Crass

Strategic Resistance Against Global Capitalism: lessons from a conference on strategy and anti-racism

"Our conversations are finally moving beyond anarchism 101", he said. "It's pretty exciting, isn't it?" I responded. Facing challenging questions of radical political organizing was the goal of Strategic Resistance, a conference held August 3-5, 2001, in Los Angeles, California. Over 150 anarchist and anti-authoritarian organizers and activists from the West Coast gathered for a weekend of dialogue on strategy and anti-racism in the movement for global justice.

The convergences for global justice have not only had significant political impact, they have also created movement wide discussions on a scale that many of my generation (20-35yrs old) have never seen before. Such debates include long term strategy and the lack of it, the overwhelming whiteness of the politics and participation of the

protests and the need for anti-racist practice, and the roles of anarchists and anti-authoritarians in the larger global justice movement. Since the conference this debates include how to organize against the endless war waged by the United States and how to work in solidarity for Palestinian liberation.

Strategic Resistance (SR) as outlined in its mission statement is "an organizing conference based upon the premise that our movement has a need for long-term goals, lacks a focus on organization and needs to recognize that anti-racism/anti-white supremacy is a strategically important struggle."

The statement continues, "We recognize that thus far in our work, a white culture/space has been well established and thus maintained up to this point. As a part of this conference, we are committed to doing anti-racist work, and figuring out how to be accountable in that work and committed to local organizing."

There were two strategies used during the organizing of the conference that worked to support and strengthen each other. First, conference organizers of color, in particular, worked to create a space for organizers of color to come together, strategize and network. Anarchists/anti-authoritarians of color who had organized the conference talked about the vast numbers of organizers of color who use anti-authoritarian methods of organizing, but don't consider themselves anarchists, in part because of the overwhelming whiteness of the anarchist movement. The second strategy was lead primarily by white organizers who concentrated their efforts on anti-racism work with other white activists.

SR was organized into small group discussions with facilitators, caucuses based on identity, common work areas, plenaries to report back from the small groups and caucuses. There was time set aside on the last day to discuss specific proposals for organizing.

The small groups came together to discuss lessons from the organizing people have been involved in since Seattle (recognizing that while movements for liberation have struggled for hundreds of years, we used Seattle for the sake of having a common starting point to evaluate our work). The small groups were made up of about 8-20 people. The dialogue focused on what has been working, what has been problematic, what lessons have we learned. People were then asked to share their visions of both a liberated society and steps for moving in that direction.

These same small groups met again to look at an organizing scenario asking how people would approach a struggle in a multiracial community fighting against an incinerator. The exercise asked questions about how race and gender impact organizing, how to connect global and local issues and what is the role of global justice activists who are white or middle class in this effort. One small group that was bilingual provided an important lesson for multiracial organizing. The translator was overwhelmed by the quick discussion. Spanish speaking activists had limited participation while some of the English speaking participants showed noticeable frustration with the slower pace of the discussion because of the translation. An additional lesson is the need to be prepared, many of the facilitators

explained that they were not adequately prepared for this exercise by SR organizers.

Loretta Carbone, an international political economy teacher, commented on what she gained from the small group discussion. "Strategically, we need to think about both our organizing models and our goals. On organizing models we focused on anti-authoritarian leadership, community based organizing, what it means to be accountable in our work and ways of bringing anti-racist analysis into all of the organizing we do. We talked about moving away from just looking at numbers of people to also focus on building our organizations, developing alliances with other social change groups and to do the hard, slow work of developing respectful relationships so that we can build movement for social transformation."

The caucuses were determined by attendees and were intended to be a proactive space for groups to discuss the role of their identity in relationship to strategy. The logic behind the caucuses was to create space for historically marginalized voices to come together and discuss strategy. Similarly historically privileged voices were to come together and discuss strategy in relationship to challenging privilege. The groups that held caucuses were 'Queer and Trans,' 'People of Color,' 'Revolutionary Women,' 'Anti-Racist White Women,' 'Biracial,' 'Anti-White' and 'White Guys Challenging Racism and Sexism.' An enormous amount of important and difficult work went on in the caucuses and in their subsequent report backs to the larger group. Anti-Racist White Women explored the struggle to work against both the oppression of patriarchy and the privileges of white supremacy. The People of Color group, in which a delegation of anarchists from Mexico participated, developed a proposal for a People of Color Anti-Authoritarian Network that was discussed throughout the weekend. The Queer and Trans caucus raised critical issues of gender and transgender politics in their report-back. It was pointed out that discussions of patriarchy and gender oppression in SR's agenda felt slapdash, while anti-racism was front and center. It was argued that focusing on racism was a needed step, but that there was confusion since some of SR's literature mentioned a focus on gender as well.

Catherine Jones of San Francisco Food Not Bombs commented on the connections between anti-racism and the need for anti-sexist work, "SR was set up so that primarily white activists were able to look at our organizing through the lens of anti-racism, but many of us noticed white male domination in small and large group structures. Partly because of SR I'm beginning to realize the insidious ways in which power and privilege assert themselves in our work and the efforts I have to make to be conscious of it at all times."

The Queer and Trans caucus provided important leadership on gender analysis. Transgender, as defined in Amy Sonnie's *Revolutionary Voices*, is an umbrella term for people whose gender identity is different from and/or transcends the sex and gender role they were assigned at birth. Trans folks live in direct opposition to the strict binary gender system which impacts all of us with its strict definitions of what it means to be male/female. The Queer

and Trans caucus also brought forward the need to systematically challenge heterosexism that places heterosexuality as the norm and all others inferior (manifesting both institutionally and in day-to-day interactions).

The common work groups were also determined by SR participants. Common work groups included; alternative media, anti-prison organizing, community-based alternative institutions, educators, homelessness and economic justice, immigrant rights 'fuck the INS', indigenous resistance and solidarity organizing, police brutality and Copwatch and trade union organizing.

The final discussions focused on specific proposals for organizing. Some of the common work groups generated proposals for organizing efforts, while most of the proposals had been brought to SR by organizations. Small groups formed to discuss proposals; Midnight Special Law Collective's proposal for a network of activist legal collectives, the Ruckus Collective of Phoenix, AR with their call for a national anarchist federation, LA activists working to start a Copwatch, and the People of Color Anti-Authoritarian Network coming out of the People of Color caucus. Additionally during this time a group came together to discuss problematic aspects of SR itself and explore lessons for future organizing efforts.

After the closing farewells of SR, many gathered for the film screening of Jessica Lawless' "Paint it Black: Anarchism, Urban Uprising and the Media" which examined the corporate media's obsession with the Black Bloc and it's effects on anarchist organizing.

So what did people get out of SR and what direction(s) does it point us in? When asked this question, Candace from Los Angeles, who works to support political prisoners said, "I personally took away a better idea of what my direction as a revolutionary should be and needs to be after participating in discussions and social time with some very inspiring people."

Heather, an organizer of SR from Humboldt County explained, "I left SR exhausted, frustrated and worn out and yet it all felt positive. I came away with a more complex vision of strategy and action. Strategy is more than one person's viewpoint. I learned that even when we try our hardest, we screw up a lot, especially in regards to assumptions. But screwing up doesn't mean giving up, it means that we keep learning and keep trying harder. I left with the reinforced realization that anti-oppression organizing is key to strategy. Without it, at best we're ineffective, at worst anti-effective. I didn't leave with a point by point strategy for Utopia. What I did come away with is a better understanding of the steps that need to be taken towards creating a just world."

Challenges and lessons from the organizing process

While Strategic Resistance was a success in many ways, the relative smoothness of the conference and fairly high level of political affinity amongst participants did not fully represent the experience of organizing SR. My name is Rahula Janowski and I write as one of the two people who were involved with the organizing body from drafting the original proposal to the conference itself, and my

perspective is shaped by my involvement in that process and my own frustrations and satisfactions.

The organizing process of SR was in many ways an experiment. The organizing body included many people who had never met face to face. Much of the organizing, from finalizing the initial proposal to consensing on the agenda happened by e-mail. The organizing body was not localized in one area or community, and it was a closed, self-selected group who were not officially representing, or accountable to, any defined group of people or constituency (although many of us felt very responsible to our communities and made efforts to bring to the table input and feedback from the people we lived and worked with). The organizing body had the task of creating a very different, structurally and contextually, sort of anarchist conference, focusing on issues that have been difficult for much of the modern North American anarchist-identified movement to address in any meaningful way.

The organizing of SR began in September, 2000. Five people came together to discuss organizing an anarchist conference that reflected the need to have a discussion, amongst anarchist organizers, about where the anti-corporate globalization movement is going; what sort of strategy is needed; what is the role of the anarchist movement/community within that larger movement; and what strategies should we as anarchists be employing to a) overthrow capitalism and b) make anarchism a truly dynamic, important, and recognized factor in the larger movement. From this discussion, a proposal was crafted that reflected our ideas of what sort of a conference was needed, what its focus should be, and who we wanted to attend. Our intent was to organize a conference with an anti-racist focus that would lead to the development of very specific strategies for anarchists and anarchist organizers involved in broader movements for social change.

To pull together the larger organizing body, the initial five organizers brainstormed people to whom we sent the proposal and an invitation to join the organizing body.

16 people came together in December in the San Francisco Bay Area to work out the logistics, structure, and content of the conference. Realizing the size of our work we pushed back the timeline and set another weekend meeting. We met again in Eureka, CA the following February. In between the meetings and the conference, work was done by working groups and over an email list set up for the purpose of communication.

At the December meeting, it was agreed that the conference would be invite only. This is a difficult thing within our movements, opening us up to accusations of exclusivity or elitism. This decision came out of a concern that, because there are so many tendencies within the anarchist community, open attendance could lead to such a diversity of viewpoints that we would spend the entire conference arguing and trying to find common ground, never moving on to more involved discussions. We also wanted everyone who attended the conference to have a high level of affinity with our mission statement, and we felt that a process which required face to face contact with an organizer would ensure this.

We also discussed outreach and preparatory work. The informal consensus at the December meeting was that each local area would have small, local conferences based on the goals and themes of the conference, addressing white supremacy in particular.

The idea of preliminary local conferences played out differently in each area where organizing for the conference happened. In Humboldt County, for example, the organizers held two anarchist oriented open meetings, focusing on the themes of the conference, and hosted a workshop by the Challenging White Supremacy Collective. In the Bay Area, a series of 5 prep events were held, one of which was in Spanish, which discussed the background, history and goals of the conference. Invitees then broke up into small groups to discuss anti-racism and how it relates to organizing.

In Los Angeles, two major meetings were held before the conference. One of them was focused on getting people excited about doing logistical work for the conference, and the second was a picnic where folks got together and discussed the goals and themes of the conference. However, the main focus of work in LA was logistics, since, as Jane, an organizer from LA who was responsible for much of the logistical work said, "We had an amazingly small group of people doing the local logistics and planning work."

The main problems we faced were lack of effective communication, lack of clear political affinity or unity, and lack of continuity of participants on the organizing body.

In an interesting way, lack of political unity among the organizing body contributed greatly to the overall success of the conference. Many different types of anarchists and anti-authoritarians were invited, and many apparently contradictory concepts were included in the agenda. This lead to a conference with broad frames of reference and a more holistic, inclusive approach to anarchist organizing and politics than is usual at anarchist identified events. It also made a difficult process far more difficult. Misunderstandings, disagreements, and lack of unity were rampant at the face to face meetings, in particular in February, and on the email list.

The original proposal states, in part, "Our goal is . . . to create an environment at this conference where there is enough affinity among people so that we can accomplish the above goals in a few days." To a large extent, that environment was created at the conference. However, although all of the organizers had a fundamental agreement with the statements in the original proposal, there was an overwhelming lack of agreement about how to structure the conference in order to meet the stated goals, and about what those goals actually looked like.

An example of this disunity was a focus on sexism, gender, and patriarchy at the conference. In the beginning stages of this conference there was an agreement to focus explicitly on white supremacy. This was not to ignore other forms of oppression, and there was (is) an implicit understanding that it is the work of anarchists to address all forms of oppression, both outside of our movements and within them. White supremacy was chosen as a focus because of an analysis that one of, if not the, most strategically important thing that anarchists need

to address and deal with is the impact of institutional white supremacy on our work.

However, by the second face to face meeting, sexism was being verbally included as a focus of the conference without any discussion or consensus to do so. For some people, this came out of a habit of saying ‘sexism and racism’ in the same breath as issues we are constantly hampered and disrupted by. For others, this came out of a very specific analysis of oppression and white supremacy. As Alycee Lane, a professor and SR organizer from LA, commented at the time, “How can you possibly address White Supremacy without taking into consideration gender, class, homophobia, etc.? ...let me simply pose the question: is not White Supremacy, and the practices thereof, gendered?”

Some of the organizers felt that if we included patriarchy as a central focus, the work we did at the conference around white supremacy would be less focused, while others felt that to separate out one particular form of oppression created a hierarchy of oppression, implying that some oppressions are worse than others. As with so many of the contentions brought up over email, the inclusion of patriarchy did not get fully discussed nor did it get resolved. In addition to hampering the organizing process, not addressing this question meant that conference attendees had very different expectations about the inclusion of gender issues based on which of the organizers they had spoken with. Ultimately, patriarchy was not adequately addressed and many women felt that typical dominant male behavior overtly present at SR. As Angela Wartes, a prison organizer from Berkeley said, “Many participants never got past the breakdown in communication and came away from the conference feeling disappointed and disempowered” by the gender dynamics at SR.

The issue of patriarchy was not the only area where the organizing body had conflict. One of the more troubling issues was how to deal with racial dynamics within the organizing. Early in the process, most of us were envisioning a conference for mainly white anarchists and anti-authoritarians to take a good hard look at, and do important work on, how racism manifests in, and hinders, our work. This reflected the experience many of us have of anarchist scenes with an overwhelmingly white presence/culture space and lack of commitment to anti-racist work. This is not the experience of many of the organizers from LA, and as organizers from LA began to play a stronger role in the organizing, they objected to language and to proposed structures that they perceived as excluding people of color from the conference or ignoring the roles anarchists of color play in our communities.

There was no discussion among the OB about whether this was a conference for mostly white anarchists to strategize through an anti-racist lens, or if this was intended as a multiracial, anti-racist anarchist conference. It was never openly acknowledged that a political difference existed, and as the conference shifted to a more multiracial context there was no discussion about how that differed from the original intent or about what the change in participant’s demographics meant. Ultimately, the conference participants took the anti-racist content seriously, and I believe the active participation of people of color created

a climate in which white people were far more accountable to an anti-racist commitment than they would have been in a mainly white setting.

Another challenge we faced as organizers was a lack of clear communication. Aside from the two meetings, the vast majority of our work was done electronically on a closed email list. As Fred, an SR organizer and tenant organizer from Arcata says, “We set ourselves up for an impossible task when we tried to plan a major conference via internet.”

Electronic communication and coordination created a whole new set of obstacles to clear and effective discussion. When political differences and misunderstandings arose there was little dialogue and issues tended to be set aside, ignored or glossed over. For example, Taylor, an SR organizer and a member of the agenda working group said, “The difficult part of the agenda process was dealing with negative, sarcastic e-mail comments and responses. The negative nature of the arguments around the agenda made actual changes and room to hear legitimate arguments difficult. As we continue to work electronically, we must develop guidelines for our electronic work and remember who is on the receiving end of our messages.”

As a means of improving communication and coordination, and attempting to incorporate mechanisms of accountability, the “accountability, communication, and overall coordination” working group was created at the February meeting. This group took on the task of maintaining open lines of communication, ensuring that those without ready access to email were getting information, creating an overall timeline and ensuring that deadlines were met, and putting out regular updates from each local group and working group so everyone would know how the work was progressing. Unfortunately, the goals of this working group were only partially met. As Fred, who was part of this working group, says, “It is hard to keep tabs on each other or hold each other accountable via computer.” However, the workgroup did take on the task of bringing the group to consensus on the conference’s name, through phone calls and emails, and several bulletins were put out updating everyone on the work being done.

The organizing of SR stretched over 11 months. During that time, many people joined the process and many others left. Of the 16 people who attended the first meeting, only 9 attended the second, along with nine new people. Of the five people who initiated the process, four attended the first meeting (one having already stepped out of the process for personal reasons), three the second, and only two attended the conference.

As one of the initiators, I felt that we, as a group, had a responsibility to provide more vision and leadership in the process. Unfortunately, as time went on, it became clear that even among the five of us there were divergent views about the goals of the conference and how to meet them. Strong vision and leadership from the initial group would have been very helpful in resolving many of the points of disunity, and could have kept the conference more closely aligned with its original intent. That, however, is a mixed bag as the conference turned out very different than planned, but in very good

ways. Had we provided more leadership and stuck more closely to our original vision, many of the people who participated may not have, and many of the components of the conference itself which lead to its success would not have been included.

The group in Portland, which initially had a strong involvement in the process, became frustrated with the lack of clarity around the process and stopped participating after the first meeting. Ultimately only two people from the Portland group came.

After the second meeting, amid controversy around the agenda, the Olympia group pulled out of the process. In statements explaining their decision, they cited the differences between the original goals of the conference and the likely outcome. They discussed the difficulties we were having incorporating meaningful strategizing in our own process, as well as many other relevant and important points about the shortcomings of our process, and their belief that such a flawed process would not lead to an effective or useful conference.

The issues raised were important and central to the initial ideas and goals of the conference. It was troubling that another of the initiators was stepping out, especially considering the strength of his critique of our process. Perhaps at this point it would have been appropriate for the organizing group to take a moment to reassess our progress and our process; discuss if we were straying too far from our original goals and if so, how to address that. However, the only method of communicating amongst the entire group was email and such discussions were not happening effectively in that medium.

In the end we did not come away from SR with, as the original proposal said, “Concrete short-term goals as well as a long-term focus for the next 5, 10, 25 years.” We did do important, if often difficult, work necessary to, as the original proposal states, “sustain/create a movement that targets the imperialism that underlines global corporate capitalism, focuses on globalization and has a strong commitment towards anti-racist organizing.”

According to Jose Palafox, an immigrant rights activist and writer, “SR was a historic event for anti-authoritarians and revolutionaries trying to figure out the challenges (and this is not just related to ‘strategy’) that imperialist globalization has put front and center in our present world. In reality, questions related to tactics and strategy within the anti globalization movement reflect the multiple visions of what kind of society we want to live in: How do we challenge the new global apartheid while remembering that the process in our struggle must also be multiracial and cross gender/trans-gender lines? How does our struggle for global justice respect the multi-faceted and differences in organizing while at the same time not relying on the movement police to ‘police the movement’ (read: arrest the Black Bloc) as some have suggested? These were some of the questions the movement faces and that we tried to address in a few days. Indeed, more of these discussions are needed.”

Rahula Janowski and Chris Crass were both part of the organizing crew of Strategic Resistance.

Dressed to Rock

I pick up *HeartattaCk*, the September 2001 issue. It's the first time I have looked at a *HeartattaCk* in at least three years. It belongs to my friend, Rainer, who I'm staying with. Even just flipping through I see he has circled the review of a band whose members I know well. He heard them at a friend's house. I also see that one of my friends got her column printed—the one she read to me over the phone and asked if I thought it was any good. I did. I wonder if Rainer has read it as well, and whether or not he was able to relate to all the early '90s bubble gum band references that made the article so amusing. I wonder this because I am in Germany, and Rainer is German. For some reason I can't remember if Milli Vanilli reached international fame, but that thought is quickly replaced by the one, accompanied by a feeling of awe, that I am in Munster, Germany, staying with a kid I have never met but have emailed for the last six years because he wrote to me wanting to know about Earthwell, and now I'm staring at my American friend's name printed in a fanzine, and there's vegan food in the kitchen, records on the floor, and a "No For an Answer" poster taped to the door. The world has just become very small.

It got smaller when I flipped through two German record collections and found in each *The Faint*, *Orchid*, *Strike Anywhere*, and other, older bands: *Unbroken*, *Embrace*, *Clikatat Ikatowi*—records some American kids would beg, borrow, or steal to have on vinyl.

It got smaller still when we went to a show in Cologne. I might as well have been in Nowhere, USA. Converse, denim jackets, studded belts, army surplus purses and collars and baseball hats all decorated with band buttons.

That is when it started to get weird to me.

I mean, did these kids study pictures of bands, scrutinize their clothes while on tour, copy the style of kids coming from other places, or did the similarities in style spring up independently like the hundredth monkey or something? Is there a collective unconscious that spontaneously moves one to rip the sleeves off shirts when listening to *Drop Dead*? Is there something in the tortured strains of emo that drives one to throw all their clothes in the dryer until they are properly shrunk? Did punks start making music first, or did some kids making music start dressing punk? Would the music change if suddenly everyone showed up looking like Congressional interns? Can music be independent of its dress code? Can fashion exist without a sound track?

I thought about how I've dressed over the last decade. I fear I've been susceptible to fashion fads. From the wide legged, beaded, back-packed uniform of early '90s hardcore to the pointy-toed, fishnetted, puffy-sleeved indie duds I currently wear, I've seen styles I've liked, and let's face it, I copied them. My *Outspoken* and *Chokehold* albums are dusty. My *Hives* and *Magnetic Fields* are overplayed. I know my taste in music changed first. But why would my

wardrobe have to suffer the same overhaul? Certainly it's been a slow process—downsizing my pants a few sizes one year, trading in my Addidas for New Balance the next. Wearing the first skirt in public since my Bat Mitzvah, having a bag whose strap only fits over one shoulder. But I think seeing the universality of the "Fashion Plague" that is so often deplored and derided in forums like *HeartattaCk* just never hit me until that show in Germany. And in the same moment that it was so cool to have this bond with two hundred strangers, moving their foreign bodies in familiar ways to familiar sounds, it was also scary because it reflected the absolute superficiality of the scene. That first and foremost, if you walk into a show between bands, in any country or in any state, you know what kind of music is on the bill just by looking at the shoes of the attendees. It compartmentalizes, reduces, segregates both the music and its supporters to a closet full of archetypes—the crusty punk, the hipster, the mod. It is convenient, but really serves no purpose. It is a reminder of independent music's limitations as a vehicle of revolution. Too many people will trip on their heels, cut themselves on their spikes, rip the seams of their too-tight pants.

But wait—isn't there something meaningful in the fact that I'm having these thoughts in another country? That this music, with or without its clothes on, has travelled across oceans to both inspire and draw out the talent, commitment, creativity and passion of people almost everywhere? That universality itself is possible, that a global community, a global movement is possible, that people aren't as different as our governments would have us believe? After all, Germany, with the horrors of WWII still fresh in their cultural consciousness is not so different from America, who only has the benefit of more time between us and slavery to allow us our complacency, our false sense of superiority, our quick and oversimplified judgements. There is something revolutionary about the kid at the door tabling anti-fascist literature, even if he does have a stylish lip ring and a hip mod haircut. There is something powerful in the fact that all this inspired me to write and contribute to a 'zine, something I have not done in over six years, since the days of Earthwell, back when I thought wearing eight beaded necklaces at once was in good taste and would have thought Belle and Sebastian was sappy crap.

Whether or not music can exist without a suitable wardrobe, or vice versa, maybe isn't even an important issue. I listen to the music I like at the moment. I wear the clothes I like at the moment. I involve myself in issues that mean something to me at the moment. Moments move on, change, roll over and into one another, unfold into the future, create a space for commentary on the past. People change. Styles change. Music changes. Simple realizations, I know. But people spend so much time and energy discussing it—it takes just as much effort to purposely not jump on a fashion bandwagon as it does to be a trendsetter. There is no meaning to it. What is meaningful is that I know I have something in common with people all over the world—and I don't mean an affection for Marc Jacobs. I have music—in the past, now, and in the future—

independent of the fads I've succumbed to at the moment. Music that not only inspires creativity, passion, and commitment in me, but also continually challenges me and my ideas. And that means something, at least to me. Shopping, anyone?

—usualasbusiness@hotmail.com



I.

4 bands that rock my world right now. And to be appropriate these bands inspire the fuck out of me!

The Kills

I haven't seen them live yet but I'm going apeshit over here listening to a CD-R that VV, one of the two people in this band, sent me a few days ago.

As if Patti Smith and Chrissie Hynde got together with Lou Reed and started jamming in a basement with a real geared down kit to the bare essentials, these songs fucking kill me. They are doing a full two month eight week tour in the US throughout June and July. Don't miss your chance to see 'em.

Liars

They have to be one of the best live bands I've seen. I saw them with Panthers awhile back and the whole time my sister was bugging me to leave before they played, and if I left I wouldn't still be bouncing off the fucking walls every time I play that Gern Blandsten LP. A great mixture of erratic sounds and noises with percussive rhythms and funky bass lines that remind of times of Marlena Shaw or better yet Roberta Flack but damn do they get me all fucked up. Vocals are apparently Australian, not like Men Down Under, but a slurred version of Can you hear this? Can you hear this? Can you hear this? Can you hear this?

Panthers

I'm fucking down. And if the Fluxus movement, Weather Underground don't get you first, Panthers will. About time some white revolutionary thought be permeating some dead air in this moshpit of suburban punk, post punk, fucking indie rock/hardcore scene. Most white folks stand around talk about chewing gum, here we got some witnesses to testify and celebrate Audre Lorde, Carol Queen, Michel Foucault, Anais Nin, Marvin Gaye. And shit man, pigs will pay—and it must be told. Panthers do that shit right like no other. No doubt about that.

Erase Errata

I've worn the LP out months ago but it still seems to play on my turntable. I fucking love Erase Errata, all I really need on a long road trip is *Other Animals*. There's no musical boundaries when I listen to them. It's just good fucking music, the kind that will stay with you for the long haul. They subvert categories, musical and otherwise, that most people can't see outside of. They blow me away.

II.

So I just got back from being on the road with *Pretty Girls Make Graves*. It was an exciting time and of course, I will never forget it.

Flew in to Chicago and from there the tour started. Before some of the band even reached Chicago they already spun it out on an icy highway coming through South Dakota. And the drive back and forth from Chicago to Minneapolis, and Minneapolis to Pittsburgh was one long blizzard. Strangely enough by the second week of tour the weather 800 miles directly south of us was 75 degrees. Moving right along, there is only so much I can say that won't be boring so I'll keep it to some of the more interesting tales. Shit, I can spin some stories daily but fuck, it's me, I can talk about how much a hug meant from Derek or Nathan, Nick, Jay or Andrea on a particular day. So we cross on over to the east coast, and play through Pittsburgh at Mr. Roboto Project and chilled with three kids that knew how to pose in photos.

A few days later we drive up to Boston where the Moshtrogen Crew are from. The show is in a classroom at least it looked like one. The show starts off and until Pretty Girls Make Graves go on I'm outside doing merch. When Pretty Girls started playing I went inside and witnessed the Moshtrogen Crew. Have you ever heard of the Moshtrogen Crew? They are fucking amazing. They can make a good show really fucking good, and make it comfortable for people who can't stand typical jock moshers.ruining a good show. So, what the Moshtrogen crew really are, are just that, women, and a lot of them, who dance and have a ball moshing and creating a bigger space for women to be a part of this already apparent white boy hardcore/punk scene. So the Moshtrogen Crew moshed it up and spread rad vibes all over the space. It was one of the best shows that they played next to my favorite live show which was in NYC.

Going back to New York is always a blessing for me. Since my father and sisters live in the city it makes the east coast experience even more validated. And a bigger surprise was when Marcel Palyama from Holland came out and partied with Jay, Nick, Nathan, Ian, and I. We went out dancing all night then I got sick. The rest of the tour was grouchy Aoki with a horrendous cough and the constant urge to get more Echinacea. We went through Philadelphia where I kicked it with OB, R. Wood, Kristi Fultz, and Stefan—we all ate some Chinese food and talked about rad bands like Please Inform The Captain This is a Hijack. Later was Detroit to hang out with the Hardy sisters, who are fucking great MC's, let me tell you. They can bust rhymes better than the best of 'em, especially when they've been drinking some. Then we went southbound towards Austin. We stopped in at Gary, Indiana to Jay Clark's elder family's house where he grew up, and where the Jacksons grew up too. Listened to Stanley Clarke records and gazed at the jazz collection Jay's uncle has been collecting for years. Eventually we made it to Austin where we ran into Scott Beibin who showed us an anarchist run house where they funnel rain water down into a big vat and distil the water for proper usage... that I've never seen before! After Scott Beibin's friend kicked us out of her house, I left back to Boston to conduct interviews with Noam Chomsky and Howard Zinn.

III.

So the documentary continues. My

partner, Clarke and I, since the footage I took in New York City, have been strategizing about our range and the various directions we want to take with the access and monies we have, which is slim to none (for now). We charted out schedules and also brainstormed a list of cultural and critical theorists both in academia and in music, mainly hip hop. And so far, we have contacted and received word from the majority of the people that we thought would not get back to us at all. It goes to show how much a little sifting through some google.com can get you and the pertinent persistent e-mails to folks. I am surprised and still surprised on how far we've gone with this and shit, there is still much work to do. As I said before, I left from the Pretty Girls Make Graves tour short to go up and interview Chomsky and Zinn. Clarke met me there in Boston and we spent three days there, one day to do both interviews back to back. Both interviews came out great. Discussions on media, US occupation in other countries in the Middle East and otherwise, Philippines, etc., were discussed. And in that quick half an hour we had to end. We flew all the way to Boston for 30 minutes with Chomsky and 45 with Zinn and they were both worth it. There were some technical complications with the lapel microphone and some of the lighting arrangements really fucked with me during the process but for the most part I'm extremely happy with it. At the very least, I was honored to talk with both of them, being that they are two of the most powerful and historically informative and critical writers I've read in the last six years of my life. Zinn, especially, his book A Peoples History of the United States of America provided insight and depth to histories that have been institutionally wiped away or with strong intentions of erasure. There are two books that have inspired me in ways I can't describe, Zinn's book and The Autobiography of Malcolm X. I could talk about what we discussed that day but it will be published in full in YELL! Magazine soon enough. When we came back to Cali (B.I.G. R.I.P.) we got word via email that other cultural theorists were interested in being part of the documentary and I'll slip out more tales later on. As of now, we are working on getting some grant funding so we can actually get a video camera of our own and pay back some of the plane tickets and future expenses, and listenin to some Party Music by The Coup. Thanks to Scott Beibin for his tech. tips on camera angles and just his generally positive support!

IV.

I've been getting a load of e-mails still. The This Machine Kills/JR Ewing CD should be out by the time this is printed. The vinyl is available in Europe from four labels on 7" format. For US and Japan, it will be pressed as a one sided 12" to be released sometime in June. This will be limited. There will be a triple split with This Machine Kills, Yaphet Kotto and Envy in support of the "No Sleep Til Jacuzzi Pants" Japan tour in July! Woohoo! We are going to Fukuoka too! I can't wait. If you want more info on this just email me.

5. The Bobcats supposedly have two tours... a big one through Valencia, CA and another firm one through Florida. Keep an eye out.

Steve Aoki/PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107; dimmак@dimmак.com

CLASSIFIEDS

Classifieds are \$3 each with a maximum length of 40 words. No exceptions to the 40 word limit. Cash only. Please, no more than 40 words per classified!

Bands wanted for a Half Life (Pittsburgh band) "Under the Knife" 7" covers compilation. I have Scared for Chaka and Dirty Bird already, need two more soon. If interested please contact me: Moo Cow/PO Box 616/Madison, WI 53701 mootrack@hotmail.com

Dying To Live 'zine needs contributions - words and art of international personal/political activism, scene reports, stuff for review (I guess) and pictures of your kids... yeah! c/o NHC Rendezvous Point/2401 Muskogee Drive/Muskogee, OK 74401

Madeline Ferguson MCD out now. 6 songs plus 3 from the demo. Melodic and chaotic scream hardcore. See review in issue #31. \$7 US/\$8 Canada/\$9 world. Slave Union/PO Box 324/Cohoes, NY 12047/USA slaveunion.com

Prisoner, artist, reader and writer, person. Would love to hear my name during mail call. Write me at: John Adams - 768543 / RT 1 Box 150 / Tennessee Colony, TX 75884

Dwelling Portably, comfortably, in tent, van, wickiup, dugout, shared house, or your own creation. "Practical solutions to... DIY housing, health care, food, travel" - Heartattack. "Very helpful and useful" - Slug & Lettuce. \$1 each or 6 for \$5. PO Box 190-HA / Philomath, OR 97370

heartattack
PO Box 848 • Goleta, CA 93116

Kodak's Toxic Colors

Behind the glossy image of Kodak's film there lies one of the largest emitters of toxins in the United States. Thousands live in the shadow of one of the biggest corporate polluters in the world & the largest emitter of recognized carcinogens in New York State: Eastman Kodak.

Eastman Kodak, a multi-national corporation with headquarters in Rochester, New York is New York's number one manufacturing polluter. Kodak has a long history of environmental violations, contamination of the Rochester community, dumping of hazardous wastes in Kodak Park (where Kodak's facilities are), and advocacy for the weakening of environmental regulations. For Kodak, a \$15 billion a year company, to sacrifice our health in order to save a buck is simply shameful.

What Develops in Kodak's Dioxin-Spewing Incinerators

The true picture of Kodak is their towering hazardous waste incinerators, that burn over 70 million pounds of toxic chemicals every year, releasing cancer-causing chemicals like dioxin and hexavalent chromium into the air. In fact, just one of Kodak's two hazardous waste incinerators releases more dioxin and hexavalent chromium (both known human carcinogens) than all the other tested hazardous waste incinerators in NYS combined.

Kodak annually releases the equivalent of 544 million adult doses of dioxin into the air from their incinerators. Commonly referred to as "the most toxic chemical in existence," dioxin builds up in body fat, and is linked to health problems such as prostate, breast and liver cancer,

reproductive disorders, and birth defects. Dioxin is particularly harmful to children and the elderly. The EPA has recently classified dioxin as a known human carcinogen and 10 times more hazardous than previously thought.

Environmental Justice in Rochester

Thousands of people live in homes surrounding Kodak Park. In particular, children are the ones that are most effected by Kodak's dangerous pollution. 20% of the residents within a 1/4 mile of Kodak are under 10 years old. Twenty-one schools are located within three miles of the Kodak site.

Within a 1/2 mile of Kodak, the average household income is \$7,343 *lower* than the county average. Racial composition varies greatly between the urban and suburban borders of Kodak, but within a 1/4 mile of the plant, residents of color make up over 20% of the population.

Women, Children and Cancer

Health studies indicating risks from Kodak's pollution are of great concern to New Yorkers. In 1995, a study by the Department of Health concluded, "women living near Kodak Park had approximately an 80% greater risk of developing pancreatic cancer," an aggressive and usually fatal disease. The same study reported that women who have pancreatic cancer are nearly twice as likely to live near Kodak Park as elsewhere. The study found that when only the women who had resided in the area for at least twenty years were considered, living near Kodak Park was associated with a 96% increased risk for pancreatic cancer.

A concerned parent whose child had brain cancer uncovered the names of 119 Monroe

County children under the age of 21 diagnosed with cancer since 1994. Of those children, 64 had diagnoses of central nervous system cancer: cancer of the brain or spine.

Hold Kodak Accountable!

Over the past five years, Citizen's Environmental Coalition and the Kandid Coalition have been working to eliminate Kodak's toxic pollution through grassroots organizing and advocacy. We have challenged Kodak wherever and whenever appropriate, trying to shine public lights behind the curtains of corporate business as usual. CEC and the Kandid Coalition continue to work towards reducing Kodak's dangerous emissions, and need your help to continue working for environmental justice in Rochester.

You too can help send Kodak a strong message to shut down their toxic incinerators. By confronting Kodak in your community, you will be joining and strengthening a network of groups working for environmental justice in New York State and around the world. Organize public demonstrations and street theatre media events at corporate chains (such as Wal-Mart, Target, CVS, Rite Aid, etc.) that sell Kodak film, put up posters around your community, hand out flyers in front of stores that sell Kodak film, organize Teach-Ins, write letters, etc. Call Kodak at 1-800-242-2424 or leave a message for CEO Daniel Carp at (716) 588-9050 and tell them as a world-class company they should be leading the film industry by phasing out their incinerators. For more information or to get involved in the campaign to eliminate Kodak's pollution, check out www.kodakstoxiccolors.org or get in touch at cecwny@buffnet.net

— Mike Schade

No one told this child Kodak's dangerous dioxin emissions don't stop at the fence line.

Here's a candid shot of Eastman Kodak, one of the nation's largest polluters of cancer-causing chemicals:

Every day, over 21,000 people breathe in dioxin and other pollutants from Kodak's hazardous waste incinerators. Every year, Kodak burns over 70 million pounds of cancer-causing chemicals, exposing children at over 20 schools within a three mile radius of Kodak park.

Unfortunately, Kodak's dangerous dioxin releases may be taking a profound toll on the people of Rochester, NY. In just one year, 33 cases of childhood brain and spinal cord cancer were found in a five mile radius around Kodak. Women living near Kodak Park for more than 20 years had approximately a 96% greater risk of developing pancreatic cancer.

As a multi-national corporation with sales exceeding \$13 billion, Kodak needs to make an investment in our children's health and Rochester's future by phasing out their toxic incinerators.

Help us clean up the air for children around Kodak.

Take Action now to clean up Kodak Kid's Air!

Join the Kodak Kids Clean Air Campaign and hold accountable one of the biggest corporate polluters in the world. You will receive monthly action alerts asking you to email or mail brief letters to help clean up Kodak.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone: _____

Email: _____

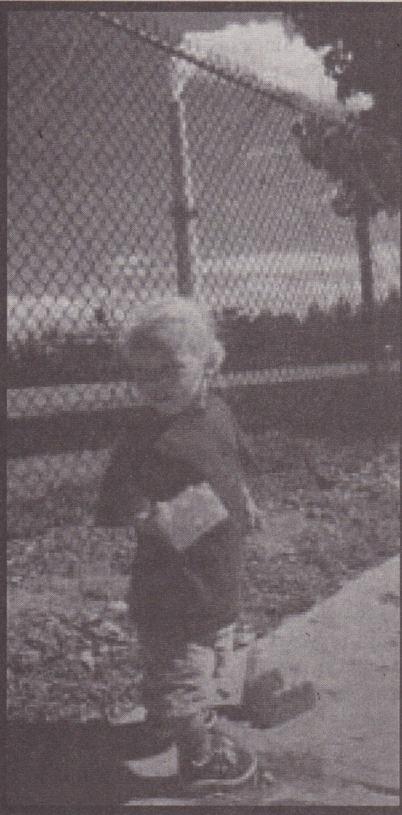
Fax: _____

Return to:
Citizens' Environmental
Coalition
425 Elmwood Ave
Buffalo, NY 14222

Phone: 716-885-6848
Fax: 716-885-6845
E: cecwny@buffnet.net

Contact Kodak CEO Daniel Carp and tell him it's time for Kodak to do the right thing for the Rochester community—phase out their dioxin-spewing incinerators and develop clean alternative technologies that protect public health and the environment.

Daniel A. Carp, CEO
Eastman Kodak
343 State Street
Rochester, NY 14650
Ph: (716) 588-9050 or 1-800-242-2424
Fax: (716) 724-5700
Email: Daniel.carp@kodak.com



www.kodakstoxiccolors.org

Photo: Julia Wells Design: Paul Salamone

the pine ---- ten song LP
first press limited to 500
exportable now [8.00 ppd]

also:
the shivering -"wires of storm and song" EP
brand new from council records [3.50 ppd]

funeral diner / shivering - split LP
limited to 600, few remain [8.00 ppd]

cash/check/money order
payable to spencer rangitsch
[ditchlife@hotmail.com]

distros get in touch.

coming soon.
perilicum cantos CD
(ex-indian summer, ribbon fix)
and the pine / arroyo seco EP



Also Available:
Buried, Inside suspect symmetry' cd
the Fallout Project s/t cd

cd \$10 ppd cdep \$8 ppd

Cyclop Musik. 16 du charron. Levis. [Quebec]. g6v 7x5. canada. www.cyclop-online.com
info@cyclop-online.com. 1.418.951.4247. distributed by Sonic Union.
also by Eulogy. Lumberjack. VERY. No Idea.

AGAINST ME!
is REINVENTING AXL ROSE
LP / CD

photo by Replay Dave!

FLOOR "Floor" LP/CD
TRAPDOOR FUCKING EXIT CD
GUNMOLL / FIFTH HOUR HERO split LP/CD
THE 'TONE "Here's Another Reason..." LP/CD
TWELVE HOUR TURN "Perfect Progress" LP/CD
BITCHIN' "The Night Life, the Tight Style" LP/CD
PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS "Fuck with Fire" LP/CD
ARMY OF PONCH "So Many You Could Never Win" LP/CD
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HaC: Not to start it out with the usual "Who does what?" question, but you guys have had a bit of a lineup change recently. Want to get in that?

M: Well Tear It Up, until recently, had been me, Paul, Doug, Andy, and Dave. However right about the time for the last tour Paul had announced that he had to leave the band because he would be going to school in Boston. So we figured that the winter tour would be his last. Then Doug decided it would be a cool idea to stay home and get drunk with his dad for his birthday that was like 3 days into tour. He said he would meet us on the road, and he never did. When we finally

real good friend of ours driving it so we should just be chillin' the whole time. I mean, shit, tours are always a good time, so as long as we don't get screwed by customs we should be fine.

D: I love playing and I love being in a van miles from home. Having an ocean between me and my problems is wonderful.

HaC: How did Coalition wind up booking the tour for you? They're going to be releasing a CD over there for you, is one the result of the other?

M: The Coalition thing got hooked up because Rudee, our friend, is friends with Jeroen and he said we should ask him about helping us out. Jeroen has been great. He offered to do the tour for us, and then offered to do a CD for us to help

time for sight seeing and shit but it's all worth it I mean we get to play shows, that's the best feeling there is.

D: Touring the way we do is rough, and not for everyone, but it's the way for us. The only way.

HaC: Do you take everything in Get In the Van to heart?

M: (Ha ha) Well I don't take everything in Get In the Van to heart, but a lot of how Black Flag was booked throughout that book was right on.

HaC: Speaking of burning out, you just released your first full length LP and it looks as if you might finally be calming down with the releases. Do you think it'll be awhile before there's another TIU record?

TEAR IT UP

tracked down Doug to see what happened, we had decided to kick him out. We replaced Paul with John from Down In Flames and Andy has slid over to bass.

HaC: How did it affect your tour this winter?

D: The tour still went well with all the bullshit that happened. John helped us out a lot by flying out and finishing the tour. I'm sure his work was pissed. The tour was great though. We got to play places that we haven't been to like Florida and St Louis.

HaC: You're leaving for Europe in a few months, do you think you'll have a permanent lineup by then?

D: I wish all the line-up changes didn't happen, but there is nothing I can do about that.

M: Well, our line up will be permanent by then. We're replacing Doug with Ryan and Andy will slide back to guitar, but we're still going to go as a 4 piece to Europe.

HaC: Ryan's not going with you?

M: He hasn't played out with us yet and it's too short notice to get him set for Europe so we're gonna do it with the 4 of us. We had talked about maybe getting a 5th person to go but I think it's better to roll with the 4 piece because we have a good chemistry going.

HaC: I know there was talk of Paul playing with you guys again for the European tour.

D: I didn't want to ask Paul back for Europe because he has his own things going on now and I wouldn't want to make him feel obligated to put his own life on the back burner the way we do. I am really happy with our two new additions so after Europe we should be a steady 5 piece again.

HaC: How do you think you will go over there?

D: I hope the tour goes well. I am really just worried about customs. After what happened to Intensity I am a little paranoid.

M: Hopefully the tour will go good. We have a

us with a release over there so we didn't have to ship all of our stuff over there. He's been great, man, he totally helped us out a ton.

HaC: Right when you come back from Europe you're gonna be touring the US with Down In Flames. Do you think there's a possibility that you'll burn yourselves out, especially with John pulling double duty (being in both Tear It Up and Down In Flames)?

M: I'm not worried about burning ourselves out.

D: I don't get worried about burning out myself mentally, just physically. I would feel terrible if my voice was garbage for kids who won't be able to see us again for a year or so.

M: I think it'll be OK. I mean it's only 2 months and we have 4 days off between tours so it should be fine. If anything, the only problem will be money.

D: The money issue will be something unavoidable. I like my job and my boss is real cool about the whole thing. He was in Hands Tied and has toured Europe himself so that's not a problem.

M: Everyone in the band just loves to play, so 2 months with no shit jobs and just shows should be great. Every tour has been great as far as members not burning out was concerned, and plus you just get so tight playing with each other every day.

D: The funny thing about getting burned out is rather than getting stir crazy from van life, I get bummed if we don't play a lot. If a few weeks goes by without a show I am bouncing off the walls waiting to play.

HaC: I noticed on the tour this winter that you're pretty minimalistic on tour. Drive. Play. Sleep. Repeat. Do you think that's the only way to be in a "touring band"?

M: The most important thing on tour is that you get to the show and that you play, so a lot of it is just driving and sleeping and playing—not much

M: Yeah it's going to be a bit of time before we do another record. Between the member changes, the tours this summer, and the new LP just coming out it'll be a bit before we get to record again.

D: I feel a little bad for the hardcore community who has to deal with another Tear It Up record every time they go to the record store or get a DeadAlive distro update. Writing and recording is just something we do. Having a new release gives us an excuse to go out on the road and play.

M: I'm always planning, though. There are plans for the next 2 releases so it's being worked on. I mean we'd be kind of failing if we didn't have like 10 records planned out and being worked on, right? We have an image to up hold (Ha ha).

D: I have a real love/hate relationship with recording. It's a lot of stress, but I hope the effort we put in is worth it in the end.

HaC: After the first 7" and the Just Can't Stand It 12" you went a little crazy with the releases. The three splits and the one sided record. Some people were starting to say that it was beginning to all sound the same. However, with the Nothing To Nothing record there seems to be a lot more variety in the song writing. Do you think you'll be concentrating more on variety now instead of just all fast songs?

D: I don't think all our songs sound the same, but I am in the band so it would be shitty if I did, right. I think our newer songs will be a little different.

M: I think the Nothing to Nothing LP was a big step as far as expanding our sound was concerned. All of the splits were recorded at the same time in December 2000, so they all have a similar feel to them. Just Can't Stand It and the Havoc 7" have a similar feel to them because they were recorded at the same time, too. I always thought that we did focus on writing a variety of songs, not just fast ones. Even the demo has a variety of songs on it.

D: We tried to be more than just an "all fast" kinda band. I am not saying we are just gonna write songs like "The End" or "That Life" but we will continue to have more varied songs like the LP.

HaC: Will Matt still be writing most of the music or will it be more of a band effort?

M: We are trying new things and as a band becoming more able to perform from different influences and that helps to open us up to a wider variety of song writing. Now that Paul is gone, Andy and John are going to have to produce more songs to cover us losing him. Paul wrote a lot for

t h e
b a n d

to the world's problems and that if every one was this or that we'd all be living in utopia. It doesn't work like that, so don't tell me to be like you, cause I'll tell you to fuck off.

D: I think a lot of the reason is because we play all types of shows so lots of kids see us. We play clubs, houses, halls, and whatever anyone wants us to. I don't think politics should be dropped from the scene but I also think people need to look at their "politics" and see why they stand for what they do. People attack bands, labels, and scenes over petty bullshit. People question each others DIY-ness over popularity. A lot of

M: I mean it's really no big deal to bypass Columbus, so the only people really losing are kids who might want to see us there but don't get the chance because of the kids running the main venue in town slandering us. I mean, how can you resolve a problem of miscommunication when the other side won't talk to you. We're not violent thugs. Man, christ, we'll talk to anyone who has a problem with us and we have before so I don't see what the problem is on our end.

D: The MRR thing is something I won't talk about. Making a stab about it would be juvenile.

My opinion on that issue, and the Philly scene, will stay with me, not



and losing his influence will definitely change our sound live as well as on record so it should be interesting to see what we come up with.

HaC: You guys also seem to have a big crossover in your audience. I've seen pretty much the entire line of the scene's hardcore stereotypes get into you guys. Crusty kids, straight edge kids, political kids, slammers, etc. A lot of it I think has to do with how you don't really draw dividing lines. You'll play for pretty much anyone.

D: I am glad we get a lot varied audience. I think it's because we aren't just a bunch of kids falling into one stereotype. We fall into many. (laughter)

M: I think that a lot of what's wrong with hardcore is kids taking a strong stance on a certain point of view or belief and making that the focus of their or their band's existence so much so that they basically come out to tell you what to do. Not to share ideas with you. Not to try and communicate with you. Not to share feelings and say "Hey, this is fucked up, and this is what I feel like."

HaC: Do you think a lot more bands and kids should take on this attitude or do you think that politics take precedent over everyone finding common ground to do more constructive things?

M: Lots of people like to see their way as the only acceptable way and they will pressure kids into doing the same as them. I mean our main purpose as a band is to play and share our emotions the best we can. We'll play to anyone at any time. It's not my place to say "This is right and this is wrong" and it's not my responsibility to tell kids that come to see us what to do. No one is exactly like me so what might work for me could be totally wrong for someone else. I really frown on the assumption that there is an easy fix

in a
'zine.

kids point fingers
and talk shit. If we
can get past all this bullshit we'll see that shows
will be more crowded and fun.

HaC: On the same note, the last thing I really wanted to ask about, is how lately you guys have become whipping boys so to speak for a lot of the more "political" kids in the scene. From the kids in Columbus calling you sexist for something you didn't even say, to the Philly scene report in *Maximum Rock'n'Roll* saying you give off "macho vibes." Where do you think a lot of this started? Do you think it's a mainly misunderstanding or just the part of the problem in the scene where as a band gets more attention, the more the rumors start to fly?

M: Well, the main problem with the whole Columbus thing is that we don't know those kids or what their problem is. They won't come talk to us about it, and they have some personal vendetta against us for something.

D: I have no idea what to say about a lot of these claims. It's the kind of thing that depresses me a lot. We play our hearts out, respect people's rules, we don't start fights, and we aren't doing a band to get action backstage. Sometimes it really makes me question why I even bother. It just sucks.

M: Bands we're friends with play there and ask what the deal is and they have nothing to say, except for that they think they screwed us real bad.

D: Well, they made up their minds about us. I can't change that. I just hate how when I see those kids at other shows in Ohio they act like we're friends. You tried to give us a shitty show on purpose. Looks like you showed us.

M: As far as that's concerned, people are entitled their opinion on our band, our shows, and us as individuals, but I don't see those things printed in MRR at all. I really don't. We're not even a Philly band. We never play there, we don't like it there, and we all live in New Jersey. I don't consider our shows as exerting overly macho vibes. Kids of all kinds come and have fun, sometimes they mosh, sometimes they throw things, sometimes they stare at us. I don't see it as macho at all. I don't think everyone has to like my band. Fuck, I don't care who does, but out of a common courtesy I wouldn't slander them or their artistic attempts in print. Once it goes into print it kind of obligates the attacked party to respond to the accusations and try to profess their innocence after the damage has been done.

D: If you don't have anything nice to say, then don't say anything at all.

M: The bottom line is, if someone wants to write about, post about, make smoke signals about Tear It Up, it would be cool for you to talk to us so we can see what the problem is first. At least blame us for something we did. Instead of making outrageous claims, just blame us for something we did. Be like, "Well, I hate Tear It Up because they listen to Pink and that's not punk," or, "They have shitty equipment," or "They hit me with a soda can at a show" or some shit like that. We'll take shit on it if we did it.

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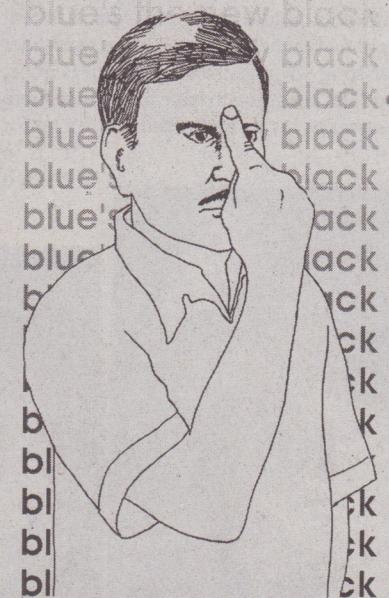
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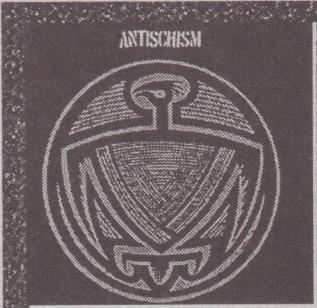
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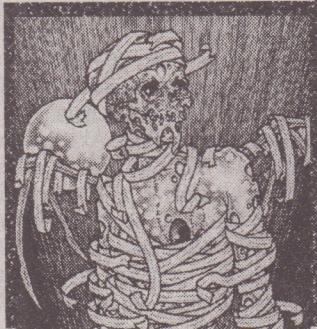
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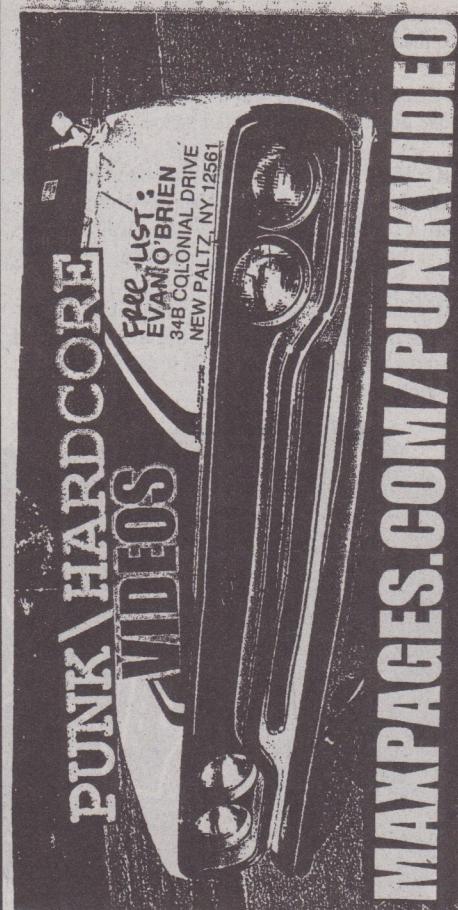
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Maybe it's hometown pride, but when I see Against Me! play here in Gainesville, I swear it's like the best moments of Billy Bragg's Back to Basics, Naked Raygun's massive sing-alongs & the Clash's cinematic bravo. Interview at Jordan's house downtown by Travis Fristoe.

HaC: How about a history of the band up to this point (the eve of their mid-February tour)...

T: I started Against Me! when I was 17 years old. I recorded a demo tape and it was very, very bad.

HaC: Just you singing & playing guitar?

T: Just me. Singing and playing guitar. Then I started wanting to do shows & it didn't work out too well. I

Jordan. He offered to put out a 12" or 7" or whatever, so we recorded that...

HaC: (much laughter about this lost LP) That's the next question: the apocryphal recording.

T: Well, we recorded it on a 4-track and there was a mix-up in the process of getting the tapes to him. We were rushed before our tour in the 1976 Buick le Sabre.

HaC: Against Me! started in Naples, Florida?

T: Yeah. Me, James & Dustin all went to high school together.

Dustin: Me and Tom have known each other since 6th grade. We met James in 9th grade. James & I both left halfway through 9th grade.

James: I dropped out.

HaC: What is the difference between leaving and

dropping out?

D: I started home schooling. James got run out of town.

Literally. That's a whole other interview. He made some comment about a kid

who died in a car wreck, and ended up with every single redneck in the tri-county area wanted to kill him.

T: Now they're going to read this interview and catch up with him in Gainesville!

HaC: So why did y'all move to Gainesville?

T: Naples sucks. I knew a couple of people here. We were doing Food Not Bombs & we'd all go to the Food Not Bombs meetings and youth liberation conferences. Which is, incidentally, where we met Warren. Through these meetings I met Rob Augman and Je-free Frank. When we came here, we'd stay with them. It seemed like a cool town and a good idea.

HaC: How about you, Warren?

Warren: Sarasota sucks.

T & D: Sarasota doesn't suck!

Jordan: I came here because Baltimore sucks.

W: I was actually born here. My dad still lives outside of town. I knew a lot of people here and would come for conferences & Food Not Bombs meetings. It's a good town: bitchin' music scene, easy to bike around, lots of nice kids. Me & about 5 of my friends from Sarasota were all ready to leave so we picked a neutral destination.

HaC: Continuing with band history, when I would see Against Me! play, it was Tom & Kevin at the

civic media center. But the next time I saw y'all play there was a full electric band & a room full of people going crazy, screaming all the words. Do you want to talk about this transition?

T: After the summer long Buick tour, James moved back down to St. Pete from Gainesville. We had a habit of going on tour and totally financially breaking ourselves. Wrecking everything. Coming back and taking a 3-month-long process of recovering. After the Buick tour, we were all homeless and sleeping on couches. Me, Kevin & James lived in an office space for a little while up on North 10th.

J: That sucked. No kitchen, no shower.

HaC: Was it poor planning on the tour?

T: Just

short-sighted
really. Thinking all we wanted

to do was tour, not really considering what was going to happen when we came back. We took all the money we had and put it into going on tour. After getting back and recording the crime 7" with Rob McGregor, things really started to pick up.

HaC: Where does the van accident fit in?

D: We were on our way back from Bloomington. I left school in the middle of the semester to rejoin and go on tour in April, cross-country. We were on our way back from our last show, passing through north Georgia, an hour north of Atlanta. We'd just gotten some food.

HaC: What time of the day or night was it?

D: About 1am.

Tom & J: No, it was 10:30 or 11 pm.

D: Alright, 10:30, 11 o'clock.

T: So Dustin's obviously the best person to be telling the story.

D: Anyway...

J: We got rear-ended by a semi and the back end of the van flipped up.

T: I was driving the van. 10:30 at night, we'd just gotten food & we're driving down I-75. Everyone's just eating their french fries. I looked in the rearview mirror and I saw the headlights and I totally knew that we were going to get hit.

HaC: Because the lights were so close?

T: It was right up on us. And all of a sudden there was a big, loud band and you could feel the rear end of the van lift up. It all happened real quickly. We couldn't even see out the windows really. I guess what happened was that we spun and the tires blew out and we rolled 2 or 3 times. Ending up in a ditch upside down on the side of the road.

HaC: So there wasn't really any time to react?

T: There was no getting out of it.

W: A truck at 90 miles per hour.

T: It wasn't like he changed lanes. He just ran right into us.

D: I remember hearing, "Oh shit, we're going to get hit" and then "WHAM!"

J: The truck's lights were really bright & then they disappeared from our rear windows. Then glass shattering and people screaming.

T: It wasn't really screaming. Just little gasps &

just
d i d n ' t
know how
to do it. Next I
started playing
with Kevin and he was playing on a bucket and a
snare drum. More and more, his set progressed.
Within a month we recorded a 10-song demo tape.
Later we did a 30-day tour of the U.S., playing
maybe 12 shows.

HaC: Was this in the Buick le Sabre?

T: No, this was in a van. It wasn't our van, but it was a van. Then I moved to Gainesville and Kevin was still in Naples. He'd come up every once in a while. When we played in Baltimore we met Jordan. He did Crasshole.

HaC: Crasshole was a record label?

T: Yeah. We hung out with all the A//Political kids and we really hit it off with

THIS
KILLS FASCISTS

"oh my god"’s. No screams, no clever "this is gonna hurt" type statements.

D: We landed upside down.

J: I was on top of you.

D: I think the first thing I said was "Tom, shut the van off." And he said "I already did" so I knew he was alright. Then I called out to Jordan.

J: I said, "Oww."

D: When I went "James?" there was a pause. Then I heard, "get the fuck off my head" because one of us was on his head.

T: Kevin came running around opening the doors.

D: Kevin had been asleep on the loft.

J: Every time the van spun he got crushed.

T: We were very lucky. It gave us all a sense of our own mortality. Afterwards we’re all hugging each other. Only two of us were wearing seatbelts and if we’d run into anything everyone else would’ve launched like a missile.

HaC: So afterwards, what did the accident mean for staying a band or touring?

T: It wrecked our van, a bunch of records, the drum set, my guitar. We got back and played one show with borrowed equipment. After a while, we hadn’t been practicing or playing together. So we had a "what’s going on" talk, and Kevin decided he wanted to quit the band and that he needed to go travelling. He was an integral part of the band, so we didn’t know what to do. Over the summer, me and Dustin started playing, wrote some songs and recorded them (the 2nd 7"). At first we weren’t going to call it Against Me!, but we decided to anyway. Then we found Warren! That pretty much brings us up to here. Next is the No Idea record.

J: No Idea catalog #129! Out May 2002!

W: Featuring Bubby (?) on the drums!

D: And Sir James (?) on the guitar!

T: We thought about telling everyone that Kevin had died in the van accident.

HaC: Death insured sales!

D: He said he didn’t mind.

HaC: The switch from acoustic to electric guitar: how big of a deal was that?

T: I personally just prefer the feel of acoustic guitars. I like the tension on the strings and feeling like I’m really playing something. But Danielle bought me an electric guitar for my birthday. And it’s a very nice electric guitar, so I couldn’t refuse to play it.

J: That’s the real story.

D: Also, playing bass, there’s the sensitivity of the pickups. The drum set was rattling so much that it became impossible.

T: It almost started becoming a gimmick. "We’re the acoustic band!"

W: It’s definitely a lot harder to pull off a really low-volume sound. I remember seeing Against Me! play and really liking it with Kevin on drums. It could be really quiet. The drums without cymbals didn’t interfere with the guitar at all. Cymbals start competing for the same high end. So we decided to bring the volume up on everything. Which is fun, too. Turn the rock up!

T: One of the points playing acoustically was that

I find it annoying when bands are really, really loud. Especially in places where there’s no need for such volume.

D: Which is pretty much everywhere we play.

W: We have a pretty good compromise because I play a kid’s drum set. It’s not too loud.

HaC: So many bands on the DIY circuit are using these monster heads & amps turned to like 2 or 3...

D: They use equipment as though they were playing arenas.

T: At Wayward Council (local record store; i.e. a small room) there’s just no need for it.

W: These guys probably would have really big amps if they could afford them! [much laughter & shut ups]

HaC: This question is specifically for Jordan. What is your role in the band?

J: I started off just being friends with tom when I was in Baltimore. We got closer & I put out their 1st 12" on my record label. I moved down here & started being closely involved with the band: roadie on tour... I’m just always there so I guess it’s just bringing me into band decisions.

T: It’s definitely gotten to a point too where you put out records, put money into the van. You’ve done so much more than just roadie-ing. It’s only courteous: you’re in the band.

W: Also it’s nice to have someone that totally knows the songs and can speak to me objectively from the audience. Because I can’t hear anything when we play. He can say, "you guys sucked tonight." It’s nice to have an outsider’s input because I hear the songs so many times that I can’t even tell anymore.

J: I’m the sound technician.

D: It’s like having a sugar daddy that you actually get along with. Soon, he’ll actually change strings and tune drumheads.

J: Once we get rid of my tone-deafness.

D: For a roadie, you don’t do much. Even carrying things!

HaC: What about the keyboard rumors?

T: Jordan has keyboards. It’s just unfortunate that he wasn’t blessed with rhythm.

J: Yeah, sigh.

HaC: Probably more than any other band, you all use your friends’ names in songs?

D: People ask us to.

J: I think it’s because you have trouble coming

up with titles.

T: Coming up with song names is stupid in a way since most people just take a line out of their songs. With the songs we have already named after friends, again it’s a courtesy thing, a fun thing to do.

W: Kind of like in hip-hop songs, when they have the shout-outs.

J: Kevin was really good at song titles.

T: There is no "Julie" by the way, technically invalidating our previous answers.

HaC: What about "Pints of Guinness Make You Strong"? When you

announce it before playing the song, there’s a cheer & the beer cans get raised. Is that a bit awkward?

T: Yeah. Everyone thinks "Guinness! We love it!" I wrote the song about my grandma & grandpa. My grandpa was an Irish immigrant. He was also an alcoholic. The song’s about their relationship.

HaC: Tom, your parents were at a Wayward show... anybody else’s?

T: Dustin, your parents were there too.

HaC: What did they think?

T: They said they liked it. I don’t know if they were lying: they’re your parents!

J: Your mom cried during "Pints," didn’t she?

T: Yeah, the emotional factor.

D: My parents said they were into it.

T: Your parents have always been really cool. We always practiced in Dustin’s basement growing up. They were always really supportive. I respect them.

D: Our 1st out-of-town show, they drove us to. Which was kind of embarrassing when you’re young & punk.

T: We used to play in a band called The Adversaries. Our first really big out-of-town show was in Jacksonville. Dustin’s dad drove us up there with our drummer (who at the time was 24 years old.) We were both 15, 16.

HaC: What did your dad do during the show?

D: That show was at a bar, so he just hung out.

T: The next time we played Jacksonville was at Spike’s Doghouse. It was this really weird show with this band that had live sex acts. After we played, we just wanted to leave. The owner told us to stick around. We wanted gas money, so we had Dustin’s dad go up & do the talking.

D: My dad drove us to the 1st punk rock show we went to, also. Green Day!

W: My mom hasn’t made it out yet, but she’s seen pretty much every other band I’ve been in. She’s awesome.

D: Jordan’s mom let us stay at her house.

T: She made me get naked while I was there! She made me wash my clothes. She said, "Just take ‘em off, it’s alright. Just put on some of Jordy’s clothes." She showed us a video of Jordan lip-syncing to "Head Like a Hole" and playing air



guitar.

HaC: Alright, let's talk about being younger & listening to Green Day, Nine Inch Nails or Rancid... or Crass and how that influenced you now that you're in a band.

D: I think Tom, James & I come from a really similar musical background.

J: All of us come from a sort of anarcho-punk background.

HaC: Where would Rancid fit in?

T: Definitely, the way that Dustin & I got into punk

into Guns 'n Roses when I was in 2nd & 3rd grade. I always thought they were "cool." Axl Rose is definitely a bigot, make no mistake about it. He's sexist as hell. He sucks! Egotistical... he really sucks. Musically and aesthetically, I'm really into his voice. I have noticed that there's a whole resurgence

white guy hammering on an acoustic guitar singing Jimmy Buffet songs with the occasional Wailers song.

T: Is it Jamaican you crazy?

D: I just hate it. For the record of bad ideas, I wanted to call the album "Full Sesh."

Warren & J: I supported that wholly.

T: I think that's a horrible idea.

D: As you can tell, as a band we're not really into compromising. We just sneak around each other without consensus.

J: That's how shit gets done, right?

T: For the record, we're joking.

HaC: So when not playing, what does everyone else do?

W: I bike a great deal, which is fun. This is a good town for it. It's always nice to see everyone else riding around too. I have my wage-slave job to pay my dues. Hang out with my friends, try to cook food as often as possible. Play some pool. Umm, keep it real?

J: I deliver pizza, run the record label Sabot...

HaC: Formerly Crasshole.

D: That was a really good label name.

J: Yep, formerly Crasshole. And I smoke a lot of pot and listen to records. The good life!

D: I built a catapult! It's not quite finished yet. I work every once in a while delivering pizzas also.

HaC: What are you going to do with the catapult?

D: I don't know yet actually. Hopefully launch things! Ideally, it could launch things from my house to Taco Bell. There's a Starbucks that's not too far away too.

T: I'm an on-and-off mechanic. I work nights at a bar. I'm also married and a dad. I hang out a bit. I'd like to disassociate myself from the whole smoking-pot comment.

D: I don't smoke pot, for the record.

J: Fine, you can just obliterate those comments.

HaC: No, you're individuals, not this homogenous, monolithic band.

J: Well, as of today, I'm unemployed.

HaC: By your choice?

J: Not really. I don't know how it happened. I came to work and then I didn't have a job. Whatever. I also ride my bike around and hang out.

HaC: If you could make a living from Against Me! would you? What sort of limitations to you put on the band? [big silence] Would you want to tour round the clock?

T: I've always wanted to be in a position where I could concentrate on something like that. Going on tour and not having to worry about when I come back and I'm completely fucked because I don't have a job and I don't have a job that'll let me tour. It'd be nice, it just seems like there's such a thin line that you have to walk with making it into a capitalist-type venture. Keeping it real in the sense that people should realize that if you're going out and doing this, it's almost a pipe dream that you shouldn't be able to support yourself off it. There's a difference between capitalizing on it and surviving off it. In a way it's almost not fair even to think that for myself in particular, I'm married, I have a little girl, and I'm going to go out on tour for a month or whatever? The whole time I'm gone she's going



bands was

through a video on MTV on Alternative Nation or 120 Minutes.

D: Or Headbanger's Ball.

T: We'd go out & buy the CD, check the liner notes & scour the thank-you lists for names of other bands. Then go out & buy those CDs. Just to check them out because we didn't know what was going on. Obviously, one of the 1st CDs we got into was Operation Ivy, which logically led to Rancid. Rancid was really good until you realize they're kind of full of shit.

D: Or completely full of shit. Yeah, that was a blow.

T: Then we got more into bands like Crass and the whole peace punk movement. Bands like Omega Tribe. I think it's weird that in Florida different towns are divided. Certain kids got into certain specific bands. Naples was a very Green Day/Op Ivy/Rancid dominated scene, whereas Sarasota was a little different.

W: I got into listening to good music through local kids at my school. My school was kind of weird because it went from 2nd grade through 12th. So I was in middle school and the high school seniors would have flyers for their shows. Pixies-influenced, indie-rock. I got more into really bad screamy hardcore for a while. Chugga-chugga heavy stuff. There were some good local bands so I could just listen to local bands. Driving to St. Pete to see 3 Sarasota bands play just because they were my friends. Then I started playing in bands. I'm not really used to playing for more than your 10 friends.

HaC: Can you re-invent Axl Rose?

All: Yeah!

HaC: Heavy metal is redeemable?

T: With that song in particular, I used to be really

o f people wearing old

metal band stuff because it's "cool." Wearing a Winger shirt even though Winger has always sucked. Now it's funny because we used to be into that style? By naming the song and album "Reinventing Axl Rose," it's definitely not about that revival. It's more about Axl having a really good voice and unfortunately he sucked as a person. I want to bring rock'n'roll back from the egotistical.

W: If only Axl was bringing rock in the night without all the glamour and bullshit. In a perfect world...

T: Imagine Axl & Slash & Duff & whichever drummer kicking it at Wayward Council! That show would be amazing.

D: ...with different words!

T: Axl would go down the street to do a shift at the Civic Media Center, and hang out at Leo's, and do Food Not Bombs the next day! Slash is drunk the whole time but that's okay.

HaC: I cannot conceive of this bizarro world. They'll never leave the arenas...

Tom (still in g-n-r dreamland): Some college dude calls a woman a "bitch" and Axl grabs him by the throat and says, "NO!"

HaC: So is one of the newer songs actually going to be called "Jamaican Me Crazy"?

D: No.

J: I'll walk.

HaC: That song title is more problematic than Axl Rose?

T: I just think it's funny.

D: There's this store in Naples, and I think there's one in Sarasota, called "Jamaican Me Crazy." It's this really god-awful fucking tacky Caribbean trinkets for rich white people to buy.

HaC: I think every Holiday Inn in Florida has a "Jamaican Me Crazy" night.

D: You go into any bar down there and there's always going to be some fucking fat, balding

to be working a job. If this is what I want to do with my life, then I should be able to bring something back home from it. I should be able to pull my weight in a family-type situation.

W: It's kind of tricky for me because I know that it wouldn't ever get to the point of us rolling in the dough and flying out in helicopters. But it does kind of seem like to play music for a living seems a lot more leisure class than working class.

HaC: I don't think it's a binary: like you either have to be a rock star sellout or else sacrifice everything else in your life... Look at Plan-it-X Records—they walk a good line.

T: Definitely. I don't know how many people can get by like that but the Devil is Electric tours all the time and that definitely helps. You can keep expenses low. It can work. At this point, we're not even carrying ourselves. We struggle to keep a van running and buy strings for the next show. The idea of paying rent with this is a really far-off concept. But we have progressed as a band & it's brought a lot more choices and decisions. Ones I never thought I'd have to deal with. In particular, with shirts being made. We'd talked before about not making shirts that said the name, "Against Me!" on it. If we made shirts, it'd be because we came up with a design we liked and wanted on a shirt. But having a shirt that says Against Me! is a weird thing. The only reason we did it now was because we had the option. No Idea offered it to us. It's going to be interesting to see if that will make a difference on this next tour. Having that extra gas or food money. Merchandising is a weird thing because it gets us further and further away from playing music.

W: It's really easy when you're in a position where you don't even have the option to make certain compromises. It's a jumbled thought, but it's much easier when you're poor to say you don't want to have anything to do with it. But when you're evaluating your options and you might not have to go back to that crappy job then it's different.

HaC: Arguments are different in the abstract (or academic) versus the immediate & concrete.

W: Yes!

T: That definitely became a lot more real with the whole A-F records offer.

HaC: Do you want to talk about that?

J: Should we even mention them?

T: We're not going to shit-talk anyone.

J: We recorded a record and then figured out we didn't have the money to put it out ourselves. A-F Records offered to do it. I don't want to phrase it wrong.

HaC: A-F stands for Anti-Flag Records?

W: Are they a subsidiary of Fat Records?

T: No, Anti-Flag the band is on Fat. We recorded the record not knowing who was going to put it out. We had the option to put it out on Plan-it-X but CD only. We wanted vinyl and CD. A-F offered, not knowing we had even recorded

anything. Their whole deal was sending us a contract. A 15-page-long contract. I mean no ill will towards any of them. They are all really nice people and I talked with Justin, who I guess does that end of the label. It opened up a whole new way of thinking about it that was weird. It was a 3-record contract. It gets into royalties and your likeness being owned. You can't do a full-length on any other label... all this crazy stuff. They were really amicable about whatever we had problems with we can talk about and change. They were more than willing to do stuff like that. But I never thought it would be like this.

W: We pretty much had to find a lawyer to explain what the contract even meant. At that point you're really being employed to do a job.

T: It's so weird. If you are thinking about making a living off this, is this the way to do it? Does this make it happen? I know that in certain circumstances, signing contracts are almost an inevitability for certain bands. Record labels do it even if they aren't major labels.

W: It

HaC: Okay, this is a weird question. Would you all consider yourself a punk band? And who would you say are your peers?

D: Musically?

HaC: Umm, sure, musically.

W: I'm guessing we'd all say something different about this but I would consider our peers to be our fellow Gainesville bands: Fiya, Bitchin', Reactionary 3. There's a whole bunch of really awesome bands here.

T: I'd definitely agree with that. Regardless of sounding similar or not, I've enjoyed playing other cities with bands from here and enjoying that sense of community.

W: Punk? I've heard it used in so many different contexts. Sure, we're punk. Sure, we're not punk. According to a local publication we're "acoustic folk-punk gone indie-rockers." I can safely say I disagree with that label.

J: It's just that the word "punk" doesn't matter.

D: Punk is such a vague, descriptive term. Are we talking about the Casualties or Crass?

W: Like going back to Green Day.

T: We all say "like" a lot.

HaC: I'll totally edit it out. You'll all sound like Noam Chomsky.

T: Why did we mention Green Day so many times?

does
have a happy
ending though with No
Idea. They've been really cool. And
they're our neighbors.

HaC: When you play outside of Gainesville, or Florida, is there still the massive sing-alongs?

D: Baltimore and Bloomington!

T: It was always ridiculous because we'd go on tour and it seemed we'd get better responses outside of Gainesville. But in Baltimore, people would be going off the walls.

W: It's been weird for me because I haven't been in the band very long & they've already played out a bunch of places. We'll go to Athens (and I've never played there) and see people I've never met singing along to our songs. I really like playing Gainesville though and see all my friends dancing.

Contact Against Me! via Sabot:
PO Box 28/Gainesville, FL 32602.
or, if you're bored at work, try
noidearecords.com

AGAINST ME!



KABLYS #11 with V/A • CD

This 'zine and CD sampler are from Lithuania, though they cover bands and people from all over. The sampler has released tracks from well known bands such as Bane, Keelhaul, Converge, Brother's Keeper, Guts Pie Earshot, Complete, American Nightmare, Eighteen Visions, Anti-Flag, Catharsis, JR Ewing, Good Riddance, and Citizen Fish, as well as less known bands like Anthem Of The Century, Standstill, Schizma, Bora, Old Man Gloom, The Stereo, Nora, Coalition, Dr. Green, and Lack. The 'zine features interviews with Naujienon, Citizen Fish, Coalition, Sunny Days booking, Nora, Guts Pie Earshot, the ALF, Shora, and Good Riddance. There are also numerous interviews, columns, and ads. All the text is in Lithuanian. LO (Kestas K./PO Box 3041/2026 Vilnius/Lithuania)

THE 244GL • Donations Welcome 7"

Travel back to the days of Rorschach and Acme. The perfect hybrids of metal and hardcore. While The 244GL is not as crushing as those two bands, they definitely take their cue from them. Wall of distortion and noise with open throated screaming. At times it's the vocals that give the music its harshness, as on "Emotional BRBQ," but for the most part it's a perfect marriage of ugly music and pained screaming. Second side is my favorite. I'd like to nominate "If Armageddon Comes, It Will Be Hosted By Me" as song title of the issue. MA (www.mountmoustache.com)

THE A-TEAM • A Is For Asshole LP

I wasn't too impressed with this LP at first, but once I had a few listens under my belt it started to grow on me, sort of like mold. The sound is gruff Boston style hardcore that reminds me of a really unpolished Slapshot. The lyrics are pretty dismal. They don't really have much to say other than leave me the fuck alone because I don't care, and you people

MO=Mikey Ott, DD=Denver Dale, JL=Jeff Larson, SJS=Steve Snyder, BH=Brett Hall, CF=Chuck Franco, BS=Brandy Schofield, KM=Kent McClard, MH=Marianne Hofstetter, MA=Matt Average, JM=Jenny Mundy, CU=Christian Unsinn, FIL=Fil Baird, CD=Chris Duprey, DJ=Dave Johnson, MT=Mark Telfian, RG=Ryan Gratzer, NH=Nick Haggard, PM=Patrick McFate, NW=Nate Wilson, EM=Erika Montoya, and LO=Lisa Oglesby

Record Reviews

all suck. In truth I can relate to that on many levels. In any event, this isn't going to appeal to fans of content heavy hardcore and it certainly doesn't win any cutting edge awards, but the A-Team do offer up some energetic hardcore, and sometimes that is enough. A good record. Oh, and they do a Poison Idea cover too. KM (Stab and Kill Records)

A DAYS REFRAIN • CD

Here are 12 songs from A Days Refrain. They play a brand of passionate hardcore with two vocalists who often sing/scream over one another. This actually creates a very good affect as one of the voices is higher than the other and they mesh much better than other bands who try and do this same thing. This is definitely a solid release with tons of energy and driven guitars. The songs seem to be all over the place but in a very good way. Recommended. NH (Alone Records/PO Box 3019/Oswego, NY 13126)

ANGEL CREW • Another Day Living in Hatred CD

Tough guy mosh metal. Nothing more need be said. If you're into that, then this is for you. If not, then you won't like this at all. Sick of it All fans, take notice! DD (Good Life/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

ANODYNE • The Outer Dark CD

The latest release from Anodyne is a further expression of their dark and heavy hitting hardcore. They play eight songs on this CD, each of them a part of a greater dark mood. The whole recording is very tight; the often inventive jazz-like drumming brings a new layer to this highly explored genre. I like the fact that a three piece can create a sound as layered and full as this without being mushy. Though the sound of Anodyne is a typical release for Escape Artist, it does not become tired or boring. LO (Escape Artist/PO Box 472/Downtown, PA 19335)

A LONG WINTER • I'm So Bad With Goodbyes... CD

A Long Winter put forth an intense mix of metal and melody on this CD. It soothes you with an indie rock feel right before it smacks you upside the head with the metal. Serious amounts of breakdowns and mellow parts litter this CD. So pretty and polished, it could almost qualify for alterna-rock radio play. Especially since most of the lyrics are sweet lovey dovey ramblings. LO (CrimethInc/2695 Rangewood Dr./Atlanta, GA 30345)

ARMED WITH INTELLIGENCE • What May Seem... 7"

Okay, so the name of the band isn't all that great. The music is some pretty simple sounding punk/hardcore with cool female vocals. There are 12 songs on this 7", with some cool Iron Maiden samples. The lyrics seem "intelligent" enough, but the music is a bit sloppy (probably the way they want it to sound). I'm sure these guys are fans of Anti-Product and Aus Rotten. Cool to see a punk scene out of Rochester NY. NW (Punks Before Profits Records/PO Box 30748/Rochester, NY 14603)



ABANDON • When It Falls Apart CD

Six super heavy tracks of slow, grind influenced, metal punk. Abandon dips you into sludge and holds your head under. Intensely pissed vocals scream out slowly over droning guitars and steady drumming. Each of the songs is well constructed and unrelenting. Abandon focuses in and does an excellent job of keeping the sound tight. Most of the lyrics are dismal, and generally delineating some societal ill. I like this CD, but there is really no release. It is great for a bad mood or a long stretch of silent contemplation. LO (Black Star Foundation c/o Daniele Cosini/Hjalmar Brantinggatan 19a/41718 Gothenburg/Sweden)

THE BAND CONVINCED • The Way of Life 7"

A 2 song 7" with one song being "Licensed" from their 12". To me it seems like they should have sent this in to Spin for review. Side one could be on a movie soundtrack that your parents own, while side two is actually a lot better and sounds like The Doughnuts. If you like movies such as Top Gun or Iron Eagle and Van Halen with Sammy Hagar singing, this record is for you. I'm so glad they pointed out that the record is limited to 666 copies. That's so punk dude. The most ironic thing about this is the name of the label it's on. MT (Stick to the Core/Hogeweg 31/3200 Aarschot/Belgium)

BATS & MICE • Believe It Mammals CD

Very laid-back and introspective. This band features members of Maximilian Colby, 400 Years, Milemarker, Sleepytime Trio and Men's Recovery Project, but you wouldn't know it. This sounds more as if Jeff Buckley was jamming with Slint. It's all very soft and laid back. Perfect background music, though not elevator hardcore. It's a very thin line between sounding calm and sounding bland. For the moment I'm willing to give them the benefit of the doubt. Should they ever play a show here I will bring a deck chair, my knitting needles and some Dayquil. MH (Lovitt Records/PO Box 248/Arlington, VA 22210-9998)

BBS PARANOICOS • The History of... CD

Clean and polished 90s style punk from Chile. This disc collects tracks from their four albums, starting from '95 to present. Musically this is more in touch with Epitaph or Fat Wreckords instead of the dirty, raw, and passionate sound of hardcore that I prefer. MA (Paranoia Records/PO Box 1013/Vienna/Austria; paranoia@mailbox.at)

THE BLUE HOUR • 7"

This is a really cool record. I believe it is just one guy, Keith Vogelsong, who plays guitar and sings. Fans of Deadwood Divine, The Pine, maybe even The Hated would dig this. It's very mellow and pretty, but not so much that it makes you sick. One of the few records I got for review that will stay in my collection. MO (The Electric Human Project/500 S. Union St./Wilmington, DE 19805)

BODY BAG • One Thousand Two Hundred And Six Days CD

Do you like tough mosh metal? Do you like upbeat ska? Well, if so, you'd probably dig Body Bag. They are the only band I can think of that plays ska mosh. Yes, that is right. Mosh metal with trumpet and saxophone accompaniment—and serious skatin' parts. I don't know whether to say "pick it up" or "most it up" for this one. It certainly gives them an original sound... and that is a welcome change. LO (Hannibal's Records/95, Rue De Floriants/1206 Geneva/Switzerland)

BRODY'S MILITIA • Violence Solves Some Things 7"

This is thrash/power violence release from an ex-member of Hellination, so those of you familiar with said band should have an idea of what to expect. There is little more diversity though with some added breakdowns and all three members getting in on the vocals. Pissed off lyrics about various forms of losers within the scene and people who talk too much shit. Honestly, this didn't really do much for me but I know tons of kids that would eat this shit up. Pretty decent release with misanthropic lyrics. Oh yeah, an Antisocial cover also. CF (Get The Axe Records/PO Box 3019/Oswego, NY 13126)

BULLYRAG A.K.A. FUCKING THUNDER • CD

There are qualities about this band that are good. Their sound is big and fills the room when it's on the stereo. And there's a certain mood in the music that I like. But what ruins this for me are things like the talk/sung vocals that ride along and sometimes behind the shouted singing. Arghhhh... I can't stand that stuff. It's distracting and often melodramatic. Sometimes the music drags on longer than needed as well. But when they focus and hit it, then this is pretty good. For now, I'll say this is uneven. MA (Code of Ethics c/o Ronnie Abril/10101 N. Orange Ranch/Tucson, AZ 857442; codeofethics@hotmail.com)

BEHEMOTH • Buford CD

I guess I'll start with the layout, it sucks. Next I'll talk about the music, it sucks. Oh wait, and all the pictures of the band "rocking out" on the insert, they also suck. I just don't get this bar rock shit, maybe if I was in my 40's and had a beer gut and a ponytail I would think this garbage was cool, but come on. No lyric sheet, but I can only imagine what these stains are singing about, most likely Bud Light and days spent out by the lake. Give me a break. MO (Diaphragm Records/PO Box 10388/Columbus, OH 43201)

BLACK MARKET FETUS • Murder Machines 7"

Good crust/thrash/grind from Des Moines, Iowa. Parts of some songs remind me of old skool crust bands like Destroy or Disrupt. The other parts are fast grind with a feeling of desperation in the melody. Lyrically, they're your basic crust band: "You rape our beautiful earth from an office in your cement tower." This is a split release with Rat Gut Records and Fetusface Records. 5 songs on red vinyl with an excellently put together lyric book. Although the recording is a little murky, the music is still quality. DJ (eric138@msn.com)

BROTHERS KEEPER • Five Hits From Hell CD

One of the lamest records (or CDs) I've ever heard. A bad band slaughtering Misfits songs. Didn't Endpoint do the same thing a few years back? This is awful. MA (Ides of March/PO Box 722/Wappingers Falls, NY 12590-0722)

BLOOD OF OTHERS • 7"

This fucking rocks! This is some straight forward hardcore. Sounds like a mix of faster Econochrist, Deathreat and a bit of What Happens Next? I love this shit, totally solid, totally rockin! Nothing more needs to be said! Fans of hardcore, buy this! DD (Thought Crime/Box Hagener Str. 22/10245 Berlin/Germany)

BUTTERFLIES ATTACK • One at a Time CD

This is a real DIY CD, and nicely done, too. It consists of six GOOD songs—gentle, rhythmic, cleverly written, and not too whiny. They feature male vocals (the touching, high-pitched, echoey type) and female backups. The recording itself, despite the fact that it was done in a basement, is good. Fans of music released by K Records might enjoy this, and at \$4 ppd (that's only 66 cents per song) it's worth getting, in my opinion, whether you end up liking it or not. PM (PO Box 21530/1850 Commercial Drive/Vancouver, BC/V5N 4A5/Canada)

BOX THE COMPASS • Run the Easting Down CD

This is slow, melodic, "post-hardcore" with gruff vocals. I think it's safe to say that there's some Hot Water influence here, but this gets heavier at times. There are only seven songs here so it's pretty short, but the songs are slow to mid-paced at most and although it's pretty good, it tends to drag. I think this is something to listen to while doing something else or driving. FIL (Substandard Records/PO Box 310/Berkeley, CA 94701)

THE BURNING PARIS • Coral City Ruin CD

Eight tracks of really smooth and soothing rock. The sounds are so slight, they drift easily into nothingness. Most of them sound like background movie music, or tunes that go with some kind of mood. This CD, coupled with a boring 'zine and a sunbeam, just about put me into a coma. I had a nap at some point in the first listen to this band. The songs on the CD are played really well and very effective, my nap just sort of proves the point more. It is really romantic and aural throughout. LO (Amalgamate Records/PO Box 3221/Beverly, MA 01915)

BLUEBIRD • The Two LP

Up tempo rock with allusions to the classic rock of a day long past and mixed with the modern edge of new, rocking, melodic hardcore. They've got a well-built and managed sound that makes it clear that they know exactly what they are striving for, and they succeed splendidly. They seem to have interest from people ranging from ex-members of MCS to Dave Grohl. But anyway, this evokes the feeling that they could be much more of a mainstream band given the easy accessibility and acceptability of their sound, yet it is kind of nicer to listen to them on a DIY label. Very full and enjoyable record. RG (Dim Mak)

BOX THE COMPASS • 7"

I have heard of this band before but I've never gotten a chance to listen to them and I'm glad I finally did. It's very emotional hardcore, screamy with some singing parts. I hate to admit it, but some of it sounds like Hot Water Music, just not as watered down and candy-ass. It maintains more of a hard sound, but has enough hooks to keep you interested... Worth checking out. MO (City of Robots)

THE CAUSE • Human Condition CD

Good, catchy, fast paced emo metal with a tasteful element of rock. At times it reminds me of Jehu. MT (Ides of March/PO Box 722/Wappingers Falls, NY 12590)

THE CLANCY SIX • The Process of Corpse Decomposition CD

The vocals for this kind of remind me of Makara, however the music is way more metal. There are nine tracks on here, all of which are chaotic and have lots of screaming and feedback. This CD has its moments and I have a feeling that if they stick around they might eventually become a pretty great band. I am definitely interested in hearing their next recording. MO (28 Piney Hill Rd/Airville, PA 17302)

CLOSE CALL • Someone Talked 7"

A slight departure from the thrash-a-ton that Gloom usually puts out. Close Call deliver tightly played late '80s/early '90s hardcore. There's definitely a youth crew angle sound wise, but fortunately the lyrics don't tirelessly extol the virtues of sobriety. Instead, they look at the need for truth and the give and take of relationships. MA (Gloom Records/PO Box 14253/Albany, NY 12212)

COW TIPPED • Some People Simply Do Not Belong CD

Cow Tipped plays pop punk influenced punk rock with a stripped down quality. They are just three guys playing some rock that entertains them and tries to express something. I am not all that impressed with Cow Tipped's demo punk style, but bad bands are a part of the DIY punk recipe that you can't just ignore. Overall, I think Cow Tipped needs to make their sound thicker and tighter. Their "silly" lyrics could be made more interesting by using their creative commentary skills to question their world they way they do in "Ally's Song." Those kinds of changes could give their music more depth and validity which (I think) will make their band's art more entertainment for them. LO (Matt Burns/104 N Reymann St/Ranson, WV 25438)

CRIMSON SWEET • 7"

The 2 songs on this record suck you in with their catchy, tight new wave grooves. Both of them rock you and cajole you with their sweet and sharp nature. They go for a straightforward new wave, not that post modern neo stuff. I like this 7", but I can't help but identify it with the stuff that is watering down punk as a whole. LO (Slow Gold Zebra Records/PO Box 20506/New York, NY 10009)

COMMIT SUICIDE • Earthly Cleansing CD

OK, a lot of times you hear reviewers give high praise to certain bands/projects, and sometimes they really lack in fulfilling the readers expectations. Well, this is not one of those. This has to be one of the craziest grind/death albums I have ever fucking reviewed. No damn joke! This is total extreme music at its absolute best. Imagine Discordance Axis meets Suffocation. The musicianship on this is ridiculous, no fancy guitar solos or any of that shit, it's just that the band is fucking ridiculously tight. It says that this was recorded live to capture the flaws and beauty of live music, but who do they think they are kidding! So fucking tight! The drummer is an inspiration! The guy is a madman, it's pretty obvious that he's using triggers on his kit but that doesn't necessarily make you better, it just provides an excellent drum sound when used properly, especially when you are going inaudibly fast! Super guitar tone and rad trade offs and speed picking, lots of rad hammer-on filled riffs that do lots of tempo changes. The vocals are super low breathy growls or agonized high-pitched screams. Right from the beginning it's punishing and flesh tearing right to the blood stained musical on the last track. There are few grind bands that take their style and musicianship to the degree that Commit Suicide do. I even have to listen to this in periods because it is a little too gnarly, and I pride myself on loving grind, crust and metal! This is the shit! Watch out for the attack! CF (Willowtip/134 South Main St. Suite A/Zelenopole, PA 16063)

CORN ON MACABRE • Chapter I 7"

Since the Magic Bullet dude is in this band, the packaging is over the top. (Remember Waifile?) This 7" come in a 7.5" x 11" stiff plastic bag with the velum paper insert sticking out of the top of the regular cover. At first you'd think that they just forgot to fold this 7" insert but, no, it is just supposed to stick out like that. Good luck getting it into your neat 7" rack, collector fiends. (Actually, I needed good luck just getting the 7" out of the package without tearing the whole thing. But I digress.) Corn On Macabre is good stuff; straight to the point hardcore with a chaotic edge. Like a quick shanking, Corn On Macabre runs up, gets you right where it hurts, and then leaves in a split. Their songs not only have really long titles, but a bushel of opinions and spunk. There is plenty of inter-scene commentary, socio-political topics, and humor being address in these terse ditties. This band features members of Pg. 99, Waifile, Darkest Hour, Enemy Soil, and Anthem 88. Heavy hardcore down to the stalks. LO (Magic Bullet/PO Box 6337/Woodbridge, VA 22195)

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CORN ON MACABRE • Chapter II 7"

The children of the Corn On Macabre are coming for you. Submit to them or prepare to be, um, harvested. This 7" picks up exactly where "Chapter I" left off. You're in the field, you're tired, you're hungry... and you can't escape them. You can here the shuffle of the children moving closer. Their pounding and wailing guitars, the crazed screams of their leader, the drum beat so fast you feel them rushing in on you at times. Run! Run! Oh, not fast enough! Looks like they got you again. This time, they will tell you about stupid people on television, uneven friendships, religion, advertisements, and the people who mess with your food. You may not want to hear it but, buddy, didn't I tell you that you were already caught. Well, don't worry, the sermon lasts only a few minutes... before it begins again on repeat! Bawh-ha-ha! LO (Magic Bullet/PO Box 6337/Woodbridge, VA 22195)

CRASHCART • CD

4 tracks at 10:28 minutes. This is mid tempo pop punk with little distinction. Not much in the way of energy or interesting lyrics. Pristinely recorded the vocals are too loud of course and the music is perfectly average. They cover day tripper to end the CD. SJS (www.slowgunrecords.com)

CROMTECH • Asristirvejildriox CD

What the hell is this? Oh, it's Cromtech. Well, thanks for writing everything in runes, dudes. Cromtech fills this CD with ninety-nine tracks of guitar blips and freaky drum beats that sound like the long wrap-up to a band's live jam. That is right, nearly one hundred twinges of sound that is just that. Guitar licks and drum beats... I don't think any of them are over six seconds. Oh, wait, that last one was eleven seconds. Every once in a while, there is a really entertaining one... but after the first, say, forty of them I felt the idea was getting tired. Only for the intense Cromtechies. LO (Troubleman Unlimited/16 Willow St/Bayonne, NJ 07002)

CRUSH MY CALM • Volume I and II 7"

4 songs on two 7"s. Formerly known as Blue Water Boy, this Swiss band has been around for a while. They play that early 90's kind of emo when emo wasn't a dirty word yet. I find it really hard to compare them to any other bands because I think that they have their own unique sound. Mood-wise these songs remind me of bands like Sinker, Still Life, Fingerprint, Closure and Owlilian. It's almost unbelievable that a band like this is still thriving in good old Switzerland where the boys like to mosh and tell jokes about girls and gay people, and where the kids are so incredibly uninformed, uninspired and directionless that they don't even realize they're lacking something. So anyway, is Crush My Calm going to save Switzerland? I don't know. I know that they've saved me a couple of times from chucking it all in. So, yeah, great band, fantastic record(s) and a big heavy fuck off to all the cynics out there. MH (Dioxin City Prod./Patrick Hagnmann/Ziegelackerweg 5/79618 Rheinfelden/Germany)

CRUCIAL ATTACK • 7"

Raw straight edge punk rock. Crucial Attack is ruling my turntable with their simple words of wisdom and raw ass, punk as fuck musical manifestation. All about bringin back the old school and a big fuck off to jocks in the pit and religion in the scene. This band is all about making straight edge punk again and thinking for yourself. Nothing like home cooked old school straight edge punk to fill your belly. Oh yeah. CD (625/PO Box 423413/San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

CZOSNEK • Penure Historie... cassette

This is a band from Poland. They play heavy punk with driving guitars. Occasionally, the vocals and drums come together in a chant like manner which is really good. Each song is written with a lot of melody and highly noticeable vocals. The vocally driven nature of this band is unfortunate (for me) since I do not understand Polish. The note inside says that their name is Garlic (in English) and the title would be "Gloomy Stories Of Struggling Against Stabilization Of Life," which apparently sums up a lot of their lyrics. The sound is sort of gloomy, but most of the songs have an upbeat tempo and light tone. They add a good amount of inventive sounds into their songs, and the song writing alone is strong. LO (Nikt Nic Nie Wie/PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

DANCE AND DESTROY • 7"

I thought this was a really good ep. Frantic spaz-emo that at times reminded me of ABC Diabolo. I thought the packaging was good too. Simple yet clever. MT (Harmless Records)

DARKNESS REMAINS • To Touch The Depths Of Sorrow CD

Darkness Remains plays tight and precise metal with a slow tempo. The songs contain numerous guitar solos, in fact they note in the insert which strummer wails on what solo. Necessary information for any true metal head, I'm sure. A couple of the tracks are instrumental but most have foreboding lyrics accompanying the heavy metal herein. This CD is both traditional and stylish in its medieval nature. LO (Tribunal/PO Box 49322/Greensboro, NC 27419)

DARWIN.RADIO • Brand New Evolution CD

The same kind of heavy drums Helmet used on their 1st release, along with thick guitar sounds (that are crunchy, but have more melody than Helmet). The vocals are god awful, and make me think of MTV. I'm sure somebody out there likes this kind of crap, but who? Six songs that are completely unmemorable. This is not hardcore, this is not punk. NW (Ides of March/PO Box 722/Wappingers Falls, NY 12590)

DAYLIGHT • When Great People Fall CD

Blue skies, noisy emo hardcore, somewhat similar to bands like Bury Me Standing, though not as good. German screamo styled hardcore. From the pictures, looks like people have a lot of fun at their shows, which rules. I can't say I would recommend it, but I'm sure someone would. CD (Unsubmissive/Stockumer Strasse 20/47139 Duisburg/Germany)

DEAD RED SEA • 7"

2 songs. Very pleasant, melodic rock that is somehow tied to Deep Elm. I guess, they released some other record with them. Very good quality stuff as usual. I mean, it's Deep Elm. Don't tell me you can't decide right here and now whether you'd like it or not. Me, I think it's nice enough, but nothing more than that. Really, this isn't the kind of music that will elicit any sort of emotional outburst from anyone. I guess, that's why the call it "emo." We've gone full circle, where a word now holds the exact opposite meaning of what it is supposed to mean. Something must have gone wrong with the cover, too, because I was expecting Polish mosh when I looked at it. MH (Ignition/1 Cahinos Road/Tunbridge Wells/Kent/TN1 2NY/United Kingdom)

DEATH OF MARAT • All Eyes Open CD

Ten drawn out songs from this three piece. They play artful, indie inspired punk rock with a tweaked style. Many of the songs have long jams in the middle, or are comprised of long jam-like parts. The soft vocals and ever present guitar reminds me of Sonic Youth's Daydream Nation. Much of the stuff on here has the same layered nature. LO (Stickfigure/PO Box 55462/Atlanta, GA 30308)

DEF CHOICE • 7"

Def Choice plays really modern hardcore thrash with excellent progressive lyrics. They are pissed as fuck and they aren't going to sit back anymore. In their songs criticizing the scene, modern culture, and education the band lunges forth with energy and ideas. (And a pink and black record... yowzers!) They talk and rock like Scholastic Deth or Down In Flames—and that is cool. LO (Underestimated/PO Box 13276/Chicago, IL 60613)

DEF DUMD • 10"

Defdump play a metal-esque hardcore with melodic parts and dramatic effects. It comes together well and makes for a very slick sounding record. They pound at your brain and try to infuse some of their ideals in it while they are there. Some of the lyrics are political and others are personal views about the world. LO (Hopewell Records c/o Ondra Benes/Hrize 1, 10000 Prague 10/Czech Republic)

DEHUMANIZE • Anim Motus CD

This CD has five intense tracks of effect laden and precise metal hardcore. Slow dramatic elements combine smoothly with layered intensity to create a seamless sound. Combinations of such sounds remind me of the really moving German hardcore of this genre, or even some of the more heavy hitting Hydra Head releases. As the music flows from one extreme to the other, furious vocals rasp out desperate lyrics. They talk about images of the world, emotions created by that world, and what it all seems to do to all of us. Dehumanize plays their stuff to such perfection that I imagine they achieve exactly what they want from this recording. LO (Firefly Companies/Largo S.E. Pelletier 28-29/00151 Rome/Italy)

DESTINY • Diving Into Eternity CD

I was very surprised when I heard this album. I picked it up and looked it over and, looking at the layout, figured it would sound like anything other than what it actually does sound like. This is seriously heavy, punishing hardcore. It's a very thoughtful mixture of chugging guitars, more metal-style guitar licking parts, and soothoing, melodic instrumental breakdowns. Musically, this is actually remarkably good. The majority of the time the vocalist is belting out his insane screaming over well-timed start-and-stop guitar riffs. Picture a perhaps more patient Unruh. (Whatever that means!) The booklet that accompanies this CD is what threw me off. I suppose now that I've heard the CD it makes more sense. It's full of soft-focus photographs of flower petals and ripples in water and cloudy skies fading into nicely handwritten song titles, followed by lyrics about emotional distress and dying at the sound of beauty, that sort of thing. Very deep. But not completely annoying. If this sounds like it might appeal to you, I would suggest checking this out. It's good, really. PM (Benihana Records/Cyriak's Ring 57/38118 Braunschweig/Germany)

DURANGO 95 • Destroy.Fuckyou LP

This is a really slick-looking record. I like the layout. It's simple, stylish, and just flat-out well done. Durango 95 do 13 pretty short numbers on this LP. They play catchy (and, at the same time, NOT catchy) punk with vocals that fall somewhere between snotty and a drunken slur. These thirteen songs touch upon topics ranging from international political issues to punk fashion to homicidal urges (?). This has not exactly been stuck on my record player 24-7, if you know what I mean. PM (Bushido Records/Soester Str. 66/48155 Munster/Germany)

DIESTO • 7"

I wish I didn't suck so much at reviews, then I would be able to do a better job explaining why and how this rocks. A lot just seems right about this record. The drums are thick and powerful and full of crazy rolls. The guitar is chock full of drive and somewhat explosive, yet catchy, riffs. The bass is full and loud. Maybe this is what grunge has turned into, I can almost picture that. I'm thinking of some bands to compare it to, but the names just aren't coming out. Technically great, with mildly distorting vocals that sing when necessary and aren't afraid to get loud. This seems to put together metal and hard rock and hardcore in a blender and... or some shit. RG (Elastic/PO Box 17598/Anaheim, CA 92817)

DISAFFECT • Discography CD

Disaffect were a great politically charged punk band that I had heard of a few years back. Their style was based on a fast and somewhat upbeat tempo and guitar riffs, male/female vocals and one good sound. There are 31 tracks total on the CD with lyrics and explanations in nice 7" inch cover with pictures from their releases. This is also a benefit for the 1 in 12 club of Bradford, England, a DIY community space with various amounts of projects existing since 1981. The lyrics cover various issues like, macho dancing, animal rights, human rights, environmental issues, dealing with fascists, and the various other issues that affect people living in a consumerist trap. So, support the cause and check it out. The closest comparison I can draw on would be early Anti-Product. If you like it fast and fun with something to say you will dig this. CF (Panoptic Vision/PO Box 3590/Uddington/G71 6YG/Scotland)

DIVISION • Who Died/A Working Title CD

Smoking Popes-ish poppy emo with lyrics about girls from Illinois. Is anyone else sick of this stuff? JL (Sinister Label/PO Box 1178/La Grange Park, IL 60526)

DUDMAN • 7"

No one, I repeat, no one can thrash like the Japanese. Other folks thrash because they like it. I think the Japanese thrash because they have to. It is in their blood. There is so much raging thrash stored up in them, that if they didn't let it out they might just explode. Such is the case with Dudman. Prepare to be leveled by the thrash that comes from every fiber, every note, every scream, and every bead of sweat that escapes this band as they play. Dudman play fast, really fast, and they don't ever stop. This is not a record, this is more like an onslaught. It isn't even all that tight, it is just unrelenting. Fittingly, the lyrics rage against a number of topics, including the state of society and how we live our lives. The lyrics are printed in Japanese and English. LO (Denied A Custom c/o Yoshiyuki Takahashi/3-5-12-106 Hasigaidai/Narita-Shi/Chiba 286-0037/Japan)

DUSSANDER • Like A Raven In The Sky 7"

Dussander come out strong with three metal hardcore tracks. Their songs have a great weight to them, as there are highly dramatic parts and lots of energy poured in. Moments of this record reminded me quite a bit of Catharsis. The songs themselves discuss the existence of god, love, and addiction. Each song is presented as a metaphysical question, full of artful interjections and introspection. The recording on here is quite good and the record is pretty solid all around. LO (Hopewell Records c/o Ondra Benes/U Hraze 1, 10000 Prague 10/Czech Republic)

THE DRAGO MIETTE • A Slow Summer Drowning 7"

Apparently this band has ex-members of Usurp Synapse. That isn't all that surprising when you hear the record. It is basically a slower, heavier version of that sound. It also sounds like they must have dropped at least a half dozen of their excessive members in order to create four songs this well behaved. The Drago Miette still flirts with the screamo style, but keeps it all moving in the same direction. Chaotic bits are just that, not entire songs. This 7" is good and I like it, but the songs could still stand to have some more catchy hooks to them. This 7" is limited to a few hundred. LO (Happy Couples Never Last/PO Box 36997/Indianapolis, IN 46236)

THE DEVIL IS ELECTRIC • I've Never Trusted... LP

Oh, what a lovely LP to land in my pile. The Devil Is Electric play spirited punk rock with a sweet melodic twist. The whole thing is stripped down and raw, leaving only the simplest of sounds and most of honest of emotions from this three piece to come through... And they do. The Devil Is Electric is the kind of band that makes you feel warm all over, like Sophie Nun Squad, Abe Froman, or This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb. They hold true to the DIY spirit and just make you feel better while listening. Lyrics about the personal politics of making the world a better place, staying active, and keeping on fill this LP. Fucking inspirational all around. LO (Hot Sauce/PO Box 13161/Gainesville, FL 32604)

THE EAST BAY CHASERS • Johnny Is A Junky CD

The East Bay Chasers are a rock'n'roll punk outfit who play classic punk bar rock. This CD has 5 ditties for the hard working punker who wants to party and let loose. Though it isn't my style, their songs are clean and crisp with a definite hook. LO (Rats Records/PO Box 5619/Berkeley, CA 94705)

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN TRAITORS • Volume II 7"

This is a recording from 1998 of this short-lived hardcore band. They existed from 1997 to 1998, releasing a couple records and leaving a couple

tours behind them. Some of you may remember them only from their split with Orchid. This band was a true DIY hardcore band with a serious revolutionary agenda. They existed outside of the norm and in the margins of the scene. Now, four years later this record surfaces. I am not sure where it came from as there is no contact info of any kind from this record. It stands alone. The record's theme is one of the effects of work on the individual. It comes with a thick booklet of lyrics and quotes from people of various professions from Working by Studs Terkel. None of the examples are pleasant, as they all hint to the way the cycle of work over a lifetime breaks your spirit. The lyrics address this to a greater degree as well. Musically, they play an early version of screamo or chaotic hardcore. It has a very hard edge and moments of pure intensity. This is a good record because it makes such a strong statement. LO (no address)

ENGINE DOWN • Demure CD

It had to happen sooner or later; Engine Down crossing over that line between supernatural beauty and soul-killing kitsch. Some songs are teetering on the edge there, but if you listen to the whole album in one go especially you'll find yourself a little let down. Then there's the Into Another styled portraits in the booklet. They, too, hint at a change towards the mundane. I don't want to be too negative but I think Engine Down has sailed off to hang out with the zombies in pretty people land. All that's left for me to do is wipe that tear off my face, turn around and walk back to that sad old train wreck I call my life. Goodbye. MH (Lovit Records)

ENTREAT • Shaded CD

Crisp recording and full color packaging. Catchy emo-metal from Slovenia, but sung in English. I just have to say I always prefer when bands sing in their native languages. MT (Choose Life Records c/o Miran Rusjan/Pot Na Breg 8/5250 Solkan/Slovenia)

EVEREST • Heartbeat Frequency CD

Incredibly polished and proficient melodic rock in that Get-Up Kids vein. So sugary it will give you diabetes or rotten teeth. No, in reality, actually, it will get you laid. Where do all these bands come from? Why are they all so good at what they do? Not that I really care to hear the answer. I don't know. I like it and I hate it and I hate to like it and I like to hate it. It doesn't matter. We're all going to die. And while I was listening to this I already came a couple of minutes closer to death. Let's see if I can't wipe that smile off your face after all. MH (Mount Moustache/Anton-Schmitt-Str. 21/3603 Fulda/Germany, where the beer is cold and the girls are bold)

FROM MONUMENT TO MASSES • CD

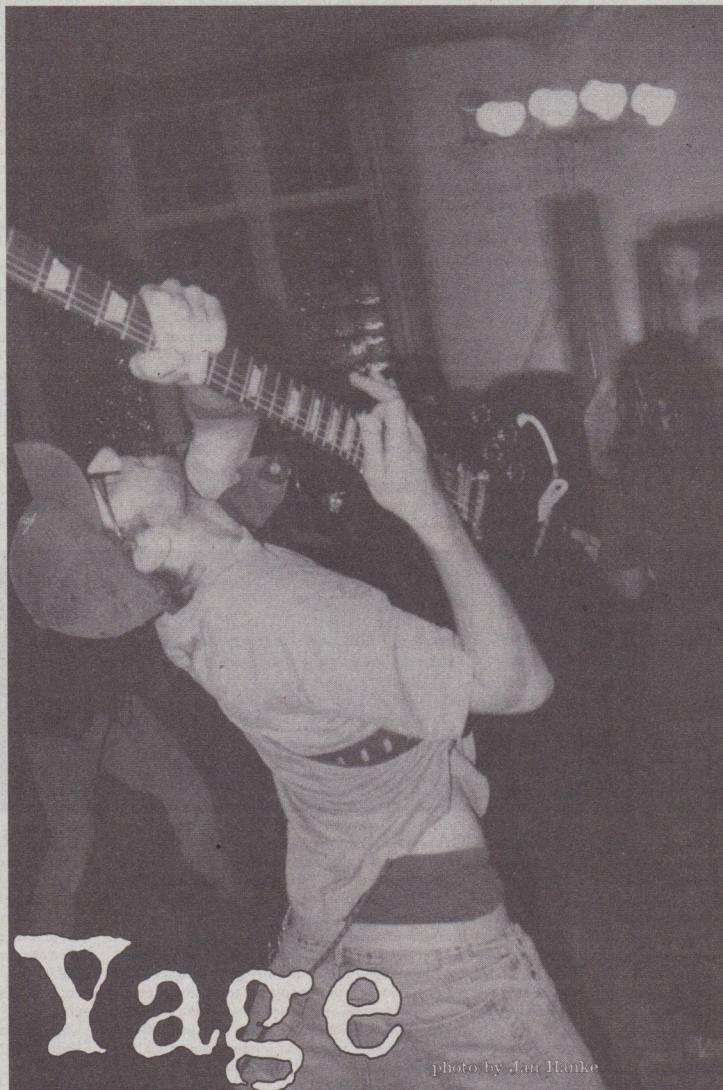
Another great release from Dim Mak, but very different this time around. From Monument To Masses is a Bay Area trio who plays a brand of music that is predominately instrumental with very minimal vocals and various radical samples mixed in. Samples vary from such revolutionaries as Malcolm X, Bobby Seale, Fred Hampton, and Muhammed Ali just to name a few, or the ones I recognized anyway. Throughout the record all components seem to be interwoven so seamlessly as the music builds and explodes. This is hard to compare to other groups but Tristeza comes to mind, but only the instrumentals, as this is much more driven and political. The samples recall various peoples struggles of the past but definitely find relevance and provide inspiration in today's culture. Highly recommended and the artwork is rad too. NH (Dim Mak Records/PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

FLAMINGO MASSACRES • tour 7"

If I understood Armin correctly, this is a tour 7" limited to 300 copies and it's hand numbered. He got a little snippy with me when I told him I'd never heard the Flamingo Massacres (hey, I'm just kidding, I mean the part about him getting snippy). They're an all-female punk band from Germany, 2 basses and drums, no guitars. One of the tracks was recorded in their rehearsal space but sounds pretty good. Nice harmonies. The other track is a re-mix by Kcid. I don't think I'm getting the whole picture here—I should definitely go and check out their LP. If anything, this 7" has made me curious for more. And as always, X-Mist is worth supporting. They've been punk rock longer than you and they probably smell better, too. MH (X-Mist/PO Box 1545/72195 Nagold/Germany)

FIRE DOWN BELOW • All Goodness is in Jeopardy CD

Pretty boring generic metal crust. At times it has vocals like Amy Nausea (a good thing) and Kermit the Frog (a bad thing). The recording is also really flat no matter how loud you play it. MT (Grunted Records/PO Box 554/Lansdowne, PA 19050)



FOLSOM • The Soundtrack for Prison Riots Across America CD
I don't know about you, but the soundtrack to my prison riot is going to include some of Johnny Cash's Folsom County Blues. Geez, you'd think these guys could do a Cash cover song. Oh well. This CD's short and fast—a pretty quick prison riot! Probably the army came in and broke things up. This is heavy, attitude-laden hardcore. Very gruff vocals with equally throaty backups. Chug-a-chug guitars. My verdict? 15-20 upscale for making this short number a CD instead of a 7-inch. Book 'em. PM (Folsom/PO Box 79535/Las Vegas, NV 89193)

FRANK VIOLENCE AND HIS DEPUTIES • 7"
The content of this 7" is just crappy. Their message is discriminatory, violent, and generally miserable. It would be one thing if I thought they were trying to make some kind of statement, but I think this band is just trying to be shocking and sleazy. They play greaser punk with an old school feel. Lots of fifties melody and choruses of offensive crap to sing along to. Not my scene, man. LO (tjhumphries@yahoo.com)

FACE THE FACT • The Safe Place CD
Face The Fact are a really tight band. They play aggressive metal hardcore with a thematic hook and a really clear sound. Easily comparable to a metal band like Darkest Hour or a technical band like Botch, this band takes a complex approach to their noise. Lyrics about inner turmoil and societal confrontation get screamed out over blazing metal guitars and thick drumming. Face The Fact does not relent at all on this CD. They have come to grab you and shake you, and they will. LO (Firefly Companies/Largo S.E. Pelletier 28-29/00151 Rome/Italy)

FALLAS DEL SISTEMA • 7"
Fallas Del Sistema plays intense political hardcore with a grindcore edge. The five songs on this record are harsh. They layer screeching vocals over quick distorted guitar and a strong bass line. Their sound is very raw and very punk. Fallas Del Sistema plays music full of a resisting spirit and it stays true to the anarchist punk style. Their songs are about the paramilitary, searching for liberation, resisting fascism, the importance of resistance, and the evils of multinational corporations. These topics hit closer to home for a band from Mexico, as opposed to the more comfortable situation in the US, and that makes their statements all the more bold. LO (Disobedientia Records c/o Manuel Ramirez/PO Box 126/Seguin, TX 78515)

FIVE FINGERS & A HAND • Exotic Dances ... CD
This band has an interesting sound because they combine purely melodic indie rock styles with some distorted guitar and crazy vocals. It makes for a mix of harsh and sweet that is quite pleasing. It takes all the pretension away from the indie rock as well as adding a more interested layer to the chaos. In that sense, Five Fingers & A Hand are similar to The Assistant. Their lyrics are both personal and political. They discuss disappointment, hopes for the scene, problems with the second amendment and American youth violence, the catchfalls of heroes and idols, and men talking to men about respecting women. It is a very honest and open record, especially with the note the band includes about each song. Cool. LO (The Gaijin Recording Company/2 S 174 Aheffield Rd./Glen Ellyn, IL 60137)

THE FLYING LUTTENBACHERS • Infection... CD
This is weird and, oh wouldn't you know it, it is on Troublemaker. Well, fittingly so. The Flying Luttenbachers have been around for a while. Aside from overhearing a heady discussion of the progression of their sound by Steve Snyder, I don't know much about them. I knew this would sort of a non-conforming noise recording, but that was about it. Apparently, this band has gone through many phases of sound. Sometimes they go for one style, other times another. You'll have to ask Steve if you want to know for sure. Myself, I think this sounds like a strange jam session. They take twists and chords and fuck with them in a rhythmic manner. The beats are catchy, the sounds are interesting, and, no, I still don't totally get it. However, I can say this is the first noise-esque record I have enjoyed to date. LO (Troublemaker Unlimited/16 Willow St./Bayonne, NJ 07002)

FUNERAL • Cry of State Desperation 7"
This is pretty simple, straight forward, crusty, anarcho punk. I mean there aren't too many more than 3 chords to each song and they're all pretty much verse, chorus, verse, chorus. The lyrics are short and simple, angry criticisms of the government, military, religion and society. The whole record sounds like a boombox recording. It's raw and muddy and sounds more like it was recorded at a practice or a show than in a studio. I'd either like to see them play or hear a better recording. FIL (PO Box 40113/Portland, OR 97240)

GASOLHEADS • Red Wine & White Russians 10"
This 10" has eight rock and roll tracks, from this trashy rockabilly-inspired band. Gasolheads are from France, but they sound much like The Generators (a band from LA on this same label). The insert doesn't print lyrics, just lots of live shots of them playing shows wearing sunglasses—and one of a guy in sunglasses next to a toilet. Wild party rock all around. LO (Dead Beat Records/PO Box 283/Los Angeles, CA 90078)

THE GENERATORS • State Of The Nation 10"
There are eight gasoline fueled punk rock tunes on this 10". They sing about hard knocks as they rock you out. Most of the songs have a really clean studio sound, though the last two are live and they have a very raw edge. The Generators are from LA and play greaser punk rock following in the footsteps of Social Distortion. LO (Dead Beat Records/PO Box 283/Los Angeles, CA 90078)

GOAT SHANTY • Clearly Prespin CD
Goat Shanty reaches deep and pull out some crazy shit. It is intensified hardcore with lots of chaos and rumbling. Their lyrics are dark retellings of what they see around them in a short poetic manner. I was surprised by the level of harshness put forth by a band with a name like Goat Shanty. The ten tracks on this CD pass you by quickly, as they move together to create a wall of noise. You are assaulted, and then left to pick up the pieces. I think this band is a little too loose to be really great, but the stuff they are doing here would be cool live. LO (140 Cohen/Athens, GA 30601)

THE GOLDEN TICKET • Blue's the New Black 12"
A pleasant mix of new wave dance punk and slightly harder edged punk rock. That is, it gives the illusion of simple new wave while at the same time being much more full and complex. The vocals are of the female variety and there seems to often be a slight muffling in front of them. They even throw in some organ and piano now and then. It's a very solid LP, with 11 songs, yet kind of a low key one. It took me a few listens to realize how catchy the songs are. But I could tell from the beginning that it was good. Kind of reminded me of a toned-down Submission Hold, if I can throw that in. The layout is minimal, the lyrics could have been nice to read. RG (Aerodome/1521 26th Ave./Seattle, WA 98122)

THE GOODBOY SUIT • Within Walls Without Windows CD
Here are 5 songs by The Goodboy Suit which I just couldn't get into. They are pretty good but their songs just didn't seem to go anywhere. They play a kind of driven sort of rock style but never really get going and kind of just chug along. Others might like it but it's not for me. NH (Coptercrash/PO Box 6095/Hudson, FL 34667-3095)

GRAFTON • Sumbitch 7"
This is shitting bar rock. Better than Nashville Pussy by miles. The guitar sound is nice and clangy, which is where all the attention is focused. If you miss Tad and some of the late '80s Sub Pop outfits, here you go. MA (Diaphragm Records/PO Box 10388/Columbus, OH 43201)

GRENOUER • The Odour O' Folly CD
This is super intense metal. Tight riffs and fast drums on every track which, combined with the evil vocals, create quite the assault. Grenouer play metal for the metal heads, not for people who are sometimes into metal. Fitting to the genre, Grenouer have descriptive (when it comes to gore) but vague (when it comes to content) lyrics. Most of them violent, some of them bordering on offensive. The only thing not inherently metal on this CD is the poppy and happy cover of A-Ha's "Take On Me." LO (Blacksmith Productions/PO Box 82/Meget/Irkutsk Region/665854/Russia)

GRIDE • Happy Birthday Gride 7"
Czech extreme core. I must admit that I've never heard of this band before even though they seem to have been around for a while. I think if you're into that grindy/crusty/spazzy thing then this is probably right up your alley. I must admit that this didn't exactly knock my socks off, but it seems that this band has got their heart in the right place. MH (Insane Society records/PO Box 6/501 01 Hradec Kralove/Czech Republic)

THE HIDDEN CHORD • The Captain & His Entourage CD
Great rhythmic hardcore with an excellent rocking flow. Kinda like an updated version of the Van Pelt with some Milemarker and some new wave thrown in. Pretty snazzy but not annoyingly so. Um, yeah, that's all I can say... Instead of reading this review you should maybe just go out and buy this CD. Oh yeah, one more thing; if, like me, you've listened to this and felt like going out in the street feeling great about yourself, whistling a Hidden Chord tune and making a spectacle of yourself in general, make sure your fly isn't open. Just a thought. Wish somebody had told me. MH (www.level-plane.com)



HACKSAW • Turned Up Turned Down CD
Nine more ditties from Hacksaw. This time around they have pretty much forgotten their early Swiz roots and instead they just go straight up rockin' hardcore. A lot like their last CD and split 7". Rockin' out and having a high energy good time. I didn't like this as much as their original 7", but it is still pretty good and to Lisa's chagrin I still listen to it in the office even if it is shameless rock and roll. This is available on CD and LP. KM (Deranged Records/PO Box 543/Station P/Toronto, ON/M5S-2T1/Canada)

HOMAGE TO CATALONIA • The Estimated... CD
Super slick "emo." It reminds me of an artsy Promise Ring. I'm always suspicious that bands like this are looking for a big break or something like that. MT (Status/PO Box 1300/Thousand Oaks, CA 91358)

HARUM SCARUM • Live In Slovenia CD

The recording is taken from a radio show in Slovenia and the quality is pretty good. It captures the energy of seeing this band live... it gets in your face the same way they would. If you haven't heard them, you really should. Harum Scarum is a really excellent female anarcho-punk band from Portland. They take an aggressive stance and play crust music with a real melodic hook. Their releases so far have all been stunning, and being familiar with them made me like this all the more. The booklet prints all of the lyrics and has photos from their European tour of punks they met. The whole project is done well and has a really warm DIY feel. Awesome. LO (Nikit Nic Nie Wie/PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

HATE NO. 3 • Crucified 7"

4 songs. This Japanese band plays old style hardcore in the vein of Reagan Youth and Warzone. They must like their Oi records, too. The sound is good and crisp, the songs are a lot catchier that what the genre usually allows. The lyrics are all in Japanese, so I can't say what they're singing about, all I know is that on the thanks list they list a band called "Anarchy Condom." Now, I can't wait to review that record! MH (Toshiaki Ikejiri/8-1-31 Sumiyoshiyamate Higashinadaku/Kobe/Japan/658-0063)

HEROS SEVERUM • Grounded... Like a Prop Plane 7"

This 7" contains two tracks of spare rhythm heavy pop rock. The dual male/female vocals are a swell edition to the tight rocking groove established by drums, bass, and guitar. Danceable and fun music. SJS (Two Sheds Music/PO Box 5455/Atlanta, GA 31107)

HUMAN CARNAGE • Sang Espoir CD

Hmm... Full color pictures of road kill on front and back covers. Crust with French lyrics. MA (Tobacco Shit Records c/o Simon Parc/827 Goldbourn/Greenfield Park, PQ/J4V 3H4/Canada)

IAN BUTLER • Creme De La Phlegm CD

So this guy writes comedy songs and records them in his basement, even plays most of the instruments himself. Most of the drums, however, are played by his 14 year old nephew Jonny, and Josiah, another nephew (16) plays guitar on one song. Apparently they're into Heartatack. Writes Ian: "Myself, I have only read your mag while pooping in their bathroom and I liked what I saw (but not what I smelled)." It's all pretty funny, I'll give them that. Besides it's 100% DIY/underground. You've got to have to be more than just a little independent-minded to go out and just do something like this. Musically, it's radio friendly funk/rock/blues, although I doubt that a song called "The Shrieking Sphinx's Shrinking Sphincter Stinks" would actually get much radio play. To think that I dreaded reviewing this because I thought it was going to be grindcore... Life's funny that way. MH (PO Box 664/Pacific, CA 94044)

THE INSURGENT • Sometimes Walking, Sometimes... 7"

Beautifully packaged lavender marble vinyl in a purple sleeve, screened named and album title in silver ink. Inside is a photocopied minizine with lyrics, art, and a raison d'être. The music was beautiful and emotional, full of variety. Slow at times, fast at times, quiet and sentimental, then quicker and passionate. Enjoyable. JM (Traffic Violation/PO Box 772/East Setauket, NY 11733)

ICEBURN • Land of Wind and Ghosts CD

12 tracks at 73:37 minutes. Iceburn continue their exploration of sound. They employ guitars, saxophone, and percussion to construct a collection of expansive improvisations. The length of the pieces provides the players time to work through some extended techniques on their instruments and pull their various sounds together. The pieces range from subdued and fragmented clatters and electric noise to squalls of guitar and saxophone meshed with heavy percussive patterns. Reference points could be Japan's Dislocation, New Zealand's Dead C, and US's Blowhole. Iceburn's music has its own structure and progression. They play as a collective, each person contributing to the whole, none stepping outside the bounds the whole is creating. Their music is disciplined, yet entirely free. SJS (Mountain/PO Box 220320/Greenpoint Post Office/Brooklyn, NY 11222)

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Due to the fact that MTN is a volunteer-run organization there will never be any layoffs at MTN, ever.

Also, there are three new releases on MTN. The first is MTNCIA-24, **Iceburn "Land of Wind and Ghosts" CD**. This is a 73 minute CD containing carefully constructed improvisations that run from moody to explosive, placid to powerful. A masterful work. This is available for \$9/10/11 PPD to the US/

Can/World.

The second new release is MTNCIA-26, **Chris and Stephanie "Predicted the Whole Civil War" CD**. Chris and Stephanie are a DIY folk duo from Brooklyn who play beautiful acoustic music. The CD includes a cover of "My Favorite Housing Project" by Born Against. \$8.50/9.50/10.50 PPD.

Finally, MTN-27 is **Flying Luttenbachers "Retrospectiw IV" CD**; and a whole catalog of stuff at www.mtnicia.com. This CD collects 4 years

of comp and unreleased tracks that cover the always changing lineup and sounds of this band ranging from free improvisation to neo no-wave with guitars, horns, percussion, etc. CD. \$8.50/9.50/10.50 PPD.

Still available are **Farm Sanctuary Benefit Comp. CD w/ Submission Hold, Atom and His Package, Anti-Product, etc; Countdown to Putsch Book/CD**; and a whole catalog of stuff at www.mtnicia.com.

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THE INDEX • Unmade CD

Five tracks of dark, slow paced, metal influenced grindcore with demonic female vocals. Knowing The Index featured members of Enemy Soil, I was expecting something a little different. This is a little slower without the crazy blast parts, but with a little more metal. This recording is not all that great... the whole thing sounds a little thin and the vocals sound especially weird, like they have some kind of effect or reverb on them. The songs themselves aren't bad. They sound a lot better live but it would be nice to hear a good recording. FIL (Brick In The Face Anesthesia/ PMB #570, 21020 Southbank St./Sterling, VA 20165-7227)

JANE • Romeo Is Dead CD

Metal. And it's really bad. The music is good for what it is, but the lyrics are overly dramatic, and the female vocals that act as back up are too much (as in, can it get any worse?) with the well sung words over the male screaming. Whew... and the cover art of a topless female angel with chains around her neck as she guts herself with a knife, I'm sure will bring much embarrassment to the artist in years to come. MA (Benihana Records/Cyriaksring 57/38118 Braunschweig/Germany)

JERKMAGNET • Seven Minutes in Heaven CD

Tribal tattoos, goatees, backwards baseball caps, snowboards in the back of the pickup truck, you get the idea. MO (Ides Of March/PO Box 722/Wappingers Falls, NY 12590-0722)

JET BY DAY • The Feedback That Distracts Us CD

A driving and building indie rock recording with lots of sweet moments. Their sound is polished, but not sugary, as they move from song to song. You can really appreciate all of the aspects this Atlanta band brings into the recording, and every bit of sound seems like they are giving their all. Jet By Day will mellow it out in one song, and then come blaring back in the next. Their fold out insert has no lyrics, but some really clean graphics and text layered in an appealing and fresh way. This CD fits well onto the Moodswing roster I've reviewed so far. LO (Moodswing/3833 Roswell Rd. #104/Atlanta, GA 30342)

JOSHUA FIT FOR BATTLE • To Bring Our Own Sound CD

This is great! Joshua Fit For Battle plays really heavy chaotic hardcore with harsh tones and screamo elements. Their songs go exactly where you want them to, and each one sucks you in with something. The fury and intensity of this record are really excellent; it reminds me of the first Orchid 7" in a way. In their lyrics, Joshua Fit For Battle discusses social and political issues alike, with a personal take on each. There isn't a thing for me to dislike here, even the typography in the insert is neat. The best thing from Delaware since Brandy! Rock out! LO (Alone Records/PO Box 3019/Oswego, NY 13126)

KERMIT'S FINGER • Jacques' Jon Benet Bombshell 10"

Kermit's Finger plays aggressive punk rock with a tough edge. Each song has a catchy chorus and lots of tempo changes to keep it interesting. I wasn't all that interested in their lyrics that are either silly, generic rebellious, or shocking. They have a hint of garage rock or rock and roll in each song especially with the well-sung vocals, though they keep within a classic punk sound each time. The recording is pretty tight and I think, with some more meaningful lyrics, I would find this band more worthwhile. As is, they seem to more of a good time band than this reviewer is really interested in. LO (PO Box 458/Boston, MA 02129)

THE KEVORKIAN SOLUTION • CD

Oh man... Oh man... What is going on? I got to track five thinking: ok, ok, so they've made it this far rather thrashy with some math mixed in, what's next? Well for 2 minutes at track 5 there is an electronic interlude that somehow permeates the rest of the CD. Everything here throws me a loop from the semi laughing style of the grunting singer to the electronic filters placed on the other more screamy singer. The electronic interludes between songs are almost out of place, but pop up here and there with their randomness to break the monotony that would prevail otherwise. The thrashy parts aren't straightforward at all as these guys seem to carry their randomness into their song structures. The Kevorkian Solution spends a whole CD playing with the listener and getting them involved in the process of figuring out what'll be next. Amazingly Cool. JL (Deathstill Records/PO Box 633/Dagenham/RM8 3AZ/UK)

KNOCKDOWN • All Or Nothing CD

Knockdown is a band from Poland that play tough guy hardcore that is surprisingly melodic. They play rougher New York style stuff, and then they play catchy little ditties as well. The overall feel is still bad ass, especially with all the boxing metaphors, but it is much more inventive than the basic formula. LO (Shing Records/PO Box 117/38-300 Gorlice/Poland)

KONSTRUKT • Im Girum Imus Nocte Et Consumimuro Igni 7"

Twenty-two songs on a seven inch? Not as extreme as Sore Throat from a hundred years ago, but close. Noisy bursts of minimalist grind. Sometimes the bass will throw a funk line in, but it's mainly all systems go in the speed zone. Six songs are from their final live set. MA (Hammer Werk/Dietmar Eicher/Tiefendorfergasse 1/20/1400 Vienna/Austria; hammerwerk@hotmail.com)

KILL THE HIPPIES! • Exterminate The Brutes 7"

Kill The Hippies play proto-punk rock that is similar to experimental eighties new wave with a harsh edge. Their songs are mixed up anthems of fury and art. I like their wacky statements about society and relationships. This record has a high-energy recording and that makes it swell. LO (Hot Sauce/PO Box 13161/Gainesville, FL 32604)

KRIGSHOT • Urebro Mangel LP

An all-star Scandinavian thrash band that featured former members of Meanwhile, Nasum, and Totalitar. These songs are fast, furious, melodic and fueled by anger and energy. Twenty four songs in total with the obligatory black and white cover art. Krigshot are certainly not cutting edge hardcore, but rather very solid tried and true Scandinavian thrash. This one will be a crowd pleaser, well, as long as that crowd worships at the alter of fast melodic thrash. KM (Sound Pollution Records)

THE KILL CHOIR PROJECT • No Love for the Haters CD

I guess this is what happens when tough metalcore mosh kids cross over with nerdy emo dweebs. There are some really cool sounding melodic metal riffs, with brutal screaming, but then the singer starts actually singing (well I mean trying to sing). I can't even compare this to anything else. All I can say is that the mellow parts seem to be what plagues mainstream music these days. My advice, stick to the metal. There do seem to be some religious tones to this crap. NW (Resist Records/PO Box 372/Newtown, NSW 2042/Australia)

KISMET HC • Our Message is of Anger... CD

This reminds me of early to mid 90's peace punk in the vein of Resist and Exist and Anti-Product or something off of Profane Existence in its early days. This is solid stuff, good punk parts and faster hardcore parts. They lyrics are very political and are about everything from vivisection and medical tests to mental torment in modern society. A nostalgia trip for sure for many of us. DD (434 Werrington Rd./Bucknall/Stoke on Trent/ST2 9AB/England)

THE LAB RATS • Start Thinking CD

Bay Area '90s punk with a more hardcore edge than pop. It's not bad, but I think they'd be better if they went more for aggression than writing more musical songs. That's weird advice, but would you rather hear a band go for broke, or one who writes nice music? MA (New Disorder/115 Bartlett St./San Francisco, CA 94110)

LANDMINE • The American Dream Is In Good Hands 7" + CD-R

This 7" marks the end of Landmine. After six years, lots of shows, and a few releases this 7" has emerged as the final exhibit of this band. Accompanying this is a CD-R with video from their last show. I couldn't get it to work on my computer and it consistently made me have to reboot... So I am not that stoked on the video. The 7", however, is good. Landmine play heavy hardcore with intense moments and the occasional thrash influence. Half of the record is slow and heavy and the other half is fast and furious. LO (The Gaijin Recording Company/2 S 174 Aheffield Rd./Glen Ellyn, IL 60137)

LANDSCAPE • Positive Punk Power LP

This is a really awesome posh put together record. An attractive cover, and it comes with a nice booklet with lyrics, essays, writing about political and anarchist issues, and it's all nicely laid out. It's in both English and German. The LP itself is a short 17 minutes, and Landscape cranks out 11 songs altogether of old-school hardcore which is neither too fast nor too complex. They break it up often, so it doesn't get too repetitive. The vocals are yelled, not screamed, adding to the old-school flavor. A few good backup crew parts. A good pick for fans of 80s positive political hardcore. PM (Scenepolice c/o DPM/Humboldstrasse 15/53115 Bonn/Germany) or (Stickfigure Distro)

LAST YEAR'S DIARY • 7"

This is a three song 7" from a singer songwriter named Alex Erich. The music and lyrics are melancholy, dwelling on memories of places and people, and events in the days of his life. Side two is just guitar strumming and vocals. Side one has additional instruments giving a full band feel to a long song of friendship and memories. SJS (Ignition/PO Box 333/Margate, Kent/CTP 2FY/UK; www.lastyearsdiary.de)

THE LOW BUDGETS • Philadelphia Valurock 7"

Great 60ies influenced garage punk. They play it dirtier than The Hives or The International Noise Conspiracy, and they seem to have a better sense of humour, too. Also, this time around they got the cover right. It looks funky, emo and stylish all at once. I would love to see these guys play live. I'm sure they bring the house down every time. Great little rocking record. MH (Schuylkill/PO Box 42346/Philadelphia, PA 19101)

LOW PUNCH • Act. Revolt. Live CD

Fuck yeah!!! Very fast sounding post youth style stuff here, with brutal sounding vocals. The vocals kind of remind me of a cross between Martin of Crudos fame, and Edward from Nations on Fire. This is a band who seem to have much to say to me, as they are from Slovenia. Tons of blazers on this disk, with great, lengthy explanations to the well thought out lyrics. If I didn't have so much on my plate, I'd be trying to put this out on my label. Fucking rad. NW (Choose Life Records/Pot Na Breg 8/5250 Solkan/Slovenija)

LAST YEAR'S DIARY • 7"

3 songs. There are some very nice acoustic tunes on here, kinda like Lucero or acoustic Ann Beretta. Great singing, sweet tunes, they're doing everything right. This kind of shit can be so bothersome, but when you pull it off it's just beautiful. What a great introduction to the summer! The weather is nice, start going outside, have a barbecue with your friends, get rid of the crotch lice. Smile a little. This record makes it seem like it's so easy to be happy. Well, sometimes it is. MH (Ignition/PO Box 333/Margate, Kent/CTP 2FY/United Kingdom)

LET IT BURN • Here's to Goodbyes CD

All I can say is WOW! This highly charged, positive, and catchy hardcore album easily made it into my top 10 with its first listen. It's the kind of record you can listen to over and over and over again (luckily) and I did. I just kept finding myself singing their songs all the time. It gets stuck in your head, in a good way. I even like the Elton John cover of "Saturday Night's Alright for Fighting". If you can make that song enjoyable, think of the possibilities. BS (Coalition/Hugo De Grootstraat 25/2518 EB Den Haag/The Netherlands)

LIE • Why? 7"

This is some very distorted Japanese hardcore ("thrash," how I've grown to detest this term lately) with a snare sound that stabs right through the fast guitars. Four songs on this 7", with great wanky guitar leads that kept me interested during the slow parts. The vox are high pitched screams. This recording has the typical "our house" sound (a very well known Japanese recording studio), everything turned up so high in the mix that it's fully distorted. NW (625 Thrashcore/PO Box 423413/San Francisco, CA 94142)

LIFE. LOVE. REGRET. • Sick of Goodbyes CD

I thought the use of old movie stills was clever. Musically it reminded me of a mix between Dead Guy and Pantera. MT (Resist Records/PO Box 372/Newtown, NSW 2042/Australia)

THE LOCUST • 7"

The sleeve is printed on shiny silver material, and on one side of the clear vinyl 7 inch is a screen print of the Locust logo. I was stoked to review their newest release, so I put it on the turntable, pushed go, and... it was 10 minutes or so of a baby (I think it's a baby?) screaming and crying. I must admit I was more entertained by this than any other Locust material I've heard; I was rolling on the floor, and I certainly wasn't doing the fish out of water... Better even than the compact or the belt buckle. I emailed the address on the sleeve and received an excited email back from the creator of this madness who seemed thankful that I was interested in his project. Only 333 of these were pressed, if you are interested, act quick. My roommate Greg heard that the makers got sued on Judge Judy. I wonder if the rumor is true. Apparently someone from *Thrasher* reviewed this and proclaimed it as the perfect example of "avant-garde hardcore noise." Huahahaha. I love it. JM (idontfeellathing@yahoo.com)

MAN IN THE SHADOW • CD

A whole lot of effort went into the making of this CD. The lyrics are all translated from Slovenian into English and there are extensive explanations as well. Quite a lot of explanations. I had heard this band before and was pretty excited to get this. Man In the Shadow plays late 80's emotive hardcore. I can't help thinking of early Kina when I listen to this. They, too, were a European band with brains and a huge heart. As with the other stuff that I've heard from them, this material suffers from pretty bad production. It really sounds more like a demo, but I'm sure it's not very easy to get a good sound in Slovenia, especially if you have no money. Anyway, this is definitely a band worth supporting. Well done. MH (Choose Life Records c/o Miran Rusjan/Pot Na Breg 8/5250 Solkan/Slovenija)

EL MARIACHI • LP

This is a nine way split label release from this German band who play fast and melodic "emotional" punk, very similar to Thursday. The record comes with a confusing lyric booklet, I think they do a Lifetime cover? I'm not sure. Anyway, if you're into "emotional" punk pick this up, if you're not, drop it like it's hot! EM (Klabauter Records c/o Daniel Projahn/Nordebr. 41/2493 Flensburg/Germany)

MAX REBO KIDS • Ciphers LP

Ciphers is a really well done LP. It sounds great, looks good, and has interesting content. Max Rebo Kids play straight edge style hardcore with a tough edge. The songs have layers and speed, though the vocals are basic young crew style vocals. Each song has a hook or sing along that makes it really appealing. I especially liked the song about government spending money on warfare more than welfare. Most of the lyrics seem to deal with personal issues, but the political ones have a strong message as well. Max Rebo Kids have updated a traditional sound with aspects that make the music and ideals appealing to a new age. That's very cool. LO (Bushido Records/Soesterstr. 66/48155/Muenster/Germany)

THE METAMATICS • Complete Discography CD

The Metamatics were an artful DC punk band from the mid-nineties. The insert has a quote from Guy Picciotto referring to their sound as having "stressed arrangements" and "high impact delivery" and I think that is quite fitting. Most of the notes come jutting out at your ears and the sounds stop and start quickly. As messy and quirky as it might be, it comes off very clean and pulled together in another way. I find their sound to be heavily influenced by DC punk in one way or another. In linking most of that stuff, I can't help but like this as well. Their lyrics are a mix of personal and political realism that appeals to me. Like most Troublemans releases, this CD has music that seems to turn the traditional punk world on its ear. However, The Metamatics reaffirm that world at the same time. They push borders, but not in a way that is lackluster arty or fake. The CD art is, unfortunately, quite ugly (*hey, just like a Troublemans ad!* - Kent). LO (Troubleman Unlimited/16 Willow St/Bayonne, NJ 07002)

MILK FICTION • These Words Are Weapons CD

Milk Fiction play dramatic hardcore with a rough edge. Their outpouring of ideas and emotions can be intense. As songs sample from traditional hardcore, metal, and melodic styles the lyrics question the world and look to bring about discussion. Printed in Spanish and English, the lyrics hope to reach as many people as possible. Milk Fiction seems to be quite interested in the exchange of radical ideas and revolutionary politics, as well as DIY issues. Most of their music is drawn out for increased affect. I found this to work against them at times because they didn't always come back in with a great hook. LO (La Idea/Apdo. 18-251/28080 Madrid/Spain)

MILLIGRAM • Hello Motherfucker! CD

What's this genre called again? Stoner rock? Or is it cock rock? Cos the wiener's a swingin', baby, I can tell you that much. Oh, what to say... This is definitely well produced and well played. And it does rock in that inane Andrew WK kind of way. It's got that weird swagger that mostly just leaves me scratching my head. They're covering the Misfits and Black Flag. I have a feeling I need to own a Harley before I can truly appreciate these tunes. And I really, really don't want to get a Harley. MH (Overcome Records/BP 80249/35102 Rennes Cedex 3/France)

MONOCHROME • Vara 7"

The first side of this 7" is slow, super poppy, indie rock with soothing yet passive male/female vocals. The other side sounds like a totally different band, still poppy indie rock, but a little more rockin' with completely different, more aggressive vocals. So now the one side is putting you to sleep and then at the end of the other side it gets all crazy and heavy and screamy. I had to keep checking the moderately confusing and minimal packaging to make sure this wasn't a split. I guess it's not, but if I heard a third song by this band I wouldn't know what to expect. FIL (Dim Mak/PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

MAYDAY • Old Blood CD

Very slow and pretty songs which remind me a bit of Elliot Smith. Lots of layers and melodies. It definitely "Indie Rock," and the kind of stuff most people either love or hate. I'm sure your parents would like this. MO (www.saddle-creek.com)

MUSLIMGAUZE • Izlamophobia 2xLP

This is a posthumous collection of sound pieces from England's Muslimgauze AKA Brion Jones. He recorded as Muslimgauze for fifteen or so years until taking leave of the planet. Muslimgauze records espouse Islam positive and pro-Palestine concerns in their packaging and texts. The music pieces are based around rhythms and instruments of the Middle East mixed with various electronic treatments and the occasional found sound. Thematically the music explores the reaches of Islam and the sounds of its peoples. The result is heavily rhythmic atmospheric soundscapes infused with the mystery of an unfamiliar language, the energy of a crowded marketplace, and the anger of anti-imperialist rant. SJS (Level Plane/PO Box 280/New York, NY 10276)

THE NIGHTMARE SCENARIO • Heartbroken... CD

The Nightmare Scenario play melodic hardcore with straightforward vocals and personal lyrics. The songs are all very rocking in the same style. A little raw and layered with distortion and the occasional stained vocal tone. The best song on this CD is "7:17 Thursday" that is a commentary about how regular work can drag you down. It uses the same short, descriptive style as the other lyrics but seems to give more background and has better catchlines. The rest of them are played in the style of Lifetime and talk about personal issues, a good amount of them dealing with love. Another good song is about playing a mediocre show and not really getting paid. That has happened to just about everyone, so it was sort of neat to hear about in a song. Even though it seemed like they were just complaining, and with the size of the scene that just happens, it was interesting. LO (www.kickstartaudio.com)

THE NINETEEN OF SALEM • 7"

This is a really good 7". The first song, about a person who kills himself over not being perfect enough for his parents, is an intense hardcore anthem. The elements build and fall according to the plot of the song, and the parts of pure energy and emotion are really well done. It has a nice beat in the slow parts and plenty of thick chaos in the other. The second song, about the complexities of love's reciprocation, has a similar style—though the distorted guitar and gut-wrenching vocals are more constant. It is built on a mellow tune that has intensified parts emerge from it and then return to it. It makes for a really solid record. LO (2245 Allegany Dr./Naperville, IL 60565)

NORTH OF AMERICA • The Sepulura CD

I hate it when bands write their lyrics in one big line without any commas and periods it's so annoying to have to try and read that and figure out what belongs together and what not especially when the words don't make a whole lot of sense anyway wordplay nonsense crabby creeps going down the crapper oh oh oh fuck dich ins knie i guess it's rhythmically intricate somewhere in between braid, shotmaker and engine down this isn't so bad musically i still don't get it nor am i interested clever lyrics some say i say nay it's very very extraordinarily scarcely important i end this with a. MH (Level Plane/PO Box 280/NYC, NY 10276)

ON SOFT GROUND • For Your Own CD

Four songs on metal hardcore from Las Vegas. They aren't bad but there really isn't anything about this that makes it stand out. It actually sounds like its missing something, it feels a bit hollow for a metal band. There are parts I like where the music gets quiet and soft for a moment and the singer kind of 'talk sings' but besides that there isn't much else too exciting. MO (onsoftground@yahoo.com)

OPUS DEAD • CD

This is more Spanish thrash in the vein of Sin Dios or HHH. Political and pissed. Eleven songs. The lyrics are all in Spanish without translations. Solid DD (La Idea/Apdo. 18251/28080 Madrid/Spain)

ORANGE ISLAND • Everything You Thought You Knew CD

12 songs. Melancholic rocking pop rock in the vein of Texas Is The Reason and Joshua. The kind of indie rock that could make it on the Conan O'Brien show. I think the best thing about this is the lyrics. They're introspective and personal, yet it's relatively easy to relate to them. Some of the feelings expressed—self doubt for one—are quite close to my own. And since the music isn't really bothersome or annoying in any way I will give this thumbs up. MH (Iodine Records/1085 Commonwealth Ave./PMB 318/Boston, MA 02215)

PAINDRIVER • This Has No End CD

I had never really heard of this band, but now I wish I had earlier. Tough sounding abrasive HC punk with loud shouted vocals. Most of the songs stick along the same pace with a really fast punk beat. The lyrics seem to be about frustrations and standing up for yourself and defending yourself against repressive ideologies. I bet these guys were a powerhouse to see live. This stuff reminds me of classic HC like MOB 47 or Devoid of Faith if they would have a souped up modern sound. I guess you could even say there is thrash/power violence to it. This shit is really aggressive and tough sounding with some rad sing group vocals on the chorus parts. So if you like the above description check this out, seems good for circle pits if that's your thing. CF (S.O.A. Records c/o Pablo Petralia/Via Oderisi Da Gubbio 67-69/00146 Rome/Italy)

PREJUDICE • Between Happiness And Self Destruction CD

Prejudice is a band from (the French part of) Switzerland who plays really heavy metal hardcore. Each song comes out with a punishing sound and desperate personal lyrics. They remind me of early Converge or later Ananda. All of the songs on this CD are really tight and well played, but I've heard too much metal hardcore as of late to be too terribly interested. Still, this CD is really strong and I'm sure fans of the genre will be pleased. It hits all the right highs and lows, and it does not stop the assault until the CD clicks off. LO (Hannibal's Records/95, Rue De Florissant/1206 Geneva/Switzerland)

THE PARTY OF HELICOPTERS • Abracadaver LP

This is a repressing of this 1997 album. I am not sure if the cover or other packaging is different since I only had this album on CD. It is put out on a different label this time, and I commend them. I still love this album, it's crashy and flowing and fast and guitar-driven. The vocals are laid back and sung with a slight overlap. The lyrics are short and kind of simple, yet facetious and interesting. I love everything about this record... down to the haunting image of the skeletons embracing on the cover. RG (Copter Crash Records/PO Box 6095/Hudson, FL 34667)

PBR STREETGANG • 7"

Their sounds is fast, hard, and strangely interesting, but their lyrics include a degree of sexism that makes me uncomfortable. Perhaps that was the point. Six songs about beer and violence, best summed up in the lyrics of "God, I fucking hate you/I wish I was drunk." I couldn't see any reason I'd buy this record other than to prove that I believe in the freedom of speech. JM (Shitjack Records/545 Broadway/Denver, CO 80203)



PICK YOUR POISON • Murder Loves Company CD

Ughhhhh, when is this pop punk trend ever going to fucking die? Seven songs that hurt my ears, and put me in a very foul mood. This is yet another reason to avoid Virginia Beach. Did I mention this is pop punk? NW (Amendment Records/580 Nansemond Cres./Portsmouth, VA 23707)

THE PINE • 12"

This 12" fell into my lap highly anticipated. After hearing their 7", I was all too ready for a nice blend of emo melody ala Evergreen. The 12" takes you further down the path this band is traveling, as their particular sound becomes more defined on this recording. Hints of the aforementioned SoCal emo band still linger, but the stronger vibe is one of an emerging voice. The Pine explore melodic change-ups and vocal fluctuations as the 12" plays on. Most of the songs are upbeat in tempo, but the singer's off-kilter, high-pitched crooning gives it an overall sad effect. I like the way the cymbals crash over sweet guitar licks. On this record their sound becomes more modern; likenesses to other bands become more of an homage than straight up copying. Of course, the record still has the look of an early nineties emo record—but who can resist such style. LO (Into The Hurricane/PO Box 1011/Burlingame, CA 94011)

PIREXIA • Seguir CD

How many Uruguayan bands have you heard in your life? This is my first one. Nuts! This has more of an indie than a hardcore feel. It's kinda emo-ish but has a very upbeat, almost folksy quality. Pretty good. Kind of hard to say more about it. It just flows along pleasantly, you bop your head to it and then it's over. MH (Inocencia Discos c/o Mario Pareja/765 C.P./90200 Las Piedras/Canelones/Uruguay)

PIXELTAN • CD

God, how lucky am I that I get to review another TMU release. Simonetti can relax though, I'm not going to make him look dumb this month, I actually like Pixeltan. This has four tracks, all of which are very dancey and have great beats and effects. It reminds me a bit of Outloud, but more fucked up and frantic. As much as I hate to admit it, I have to say it's pretty damn good. MO (Troubleman Unlimited)

PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS • 7"

This is a repress of the 7". It has been remastered, and yes it still fucking rocks. The music is driving and melodic and screamy. They've got everything put together nicely for some powerful rock, and I'm glad there is another chance to pick this up. RG (Dim Mak)

POST REGIMENT • LP

This LP fucking rules. Great Polish hardcore with a poppy edge that is not the least bit annoying. Heartfelt, emotional and driving punk rock that is political to the core. If you like foreign hardcore, hell even if you don't, check this out for sure. Poland rules!!! CD (Nick Nic Nie Wie/PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

PN • Dreamwave Heroes CD

This four-song CD is very well produced. Looks like a lot of work went into this - their thank you list is way too long. PN comes from Belgium and plays pretty intricately put together music. It's well thought-out, medium paced and medium-heavy rhythmic punk. The vocals, though, are strange. The main vocals are totally melodic and belted out by a guy who can carry a decent tune. Right there you've got stuff you could put on the radio. But then, out of nowhere you get this second set of vocals that just doesn't fit at all. It's this harsh, grating scream that makes you wonder, what the hell is this doing in there? Nice try, guys. Back to the drawing board. PM (Stick to the Core/PO Box 100/3200 Aarschot/Belgium)

POLICE LINE • 7"

These seven tracks were recorded in 1988 and they were originally released as the Police Line demo. The songs are fast and furious, but retain lots of melody as well. They are in the same camp as Tragedy, From Ashes Rise, or No Parade with their blend of melody and angry hardcore. I am surprised that Police Line hasn't had more releases out since everything that I have heard from them so far has been pretty good. KM (Kick And Punch Records/PO Box 578/2200 Copenhagen N/Denmark)

POLICE BASTARD • Cursed Earth 7"

Police Bastard plays heavy handed hardcore. Their sound is sort of like Born Dead Icons, especially now that Born Dead Icons is looking to sound more like Motorhead. Police Bastard rock out with songs about the drudgery of work, thugs, and breaking out of societies cages. This is a harsh record from start to finish. Punks who like to have their guts handed to them will enjoy getting them first beaten out by Police Bastard. LO (Twisted Chords/Postfach/76327 Pfintzal/Germany)

THE QUICK FIX • Novel Weapons CD

First of all, the packaging for this release is ridiculously well designed. The insert is printed on clear plastic and the CD itself is transparent and makes good use of the fact with a thick black stripe down the middle. Musically, this band plays a brand of post-hardcore that is not unlike if The Blood Brothers slowed down a little and got a singer who talks more than sings. Most of the songs are really driving and have a sense of urgency to them. I can see how the singer may get annoying, but I really like his new take (by talking instead of yelling or singing) on things. JL (Ernest Jenning Record Company/906 Summit Ave./Jersey City, NJ 07307)

RUINATION • Year One CD

This is a compilation of Ruination's first year's worth of recordings, and all the songs are quality. Over 20 tracks of excellent thrash that reminds me of Deathreat in some way. Really fast music with dark sounding melodies and screaming vocals. The lyrics are straight forward and range from subjects about anti-capitalism, social/political issues, and standing up for yourself. I haven't heard much thrash from Michigan, but Ruination tears it up. DJ (PO Box 7096/Ann Arbor, MI 48107)

RACEBANNON • Satan's Kickin' 7"

Two songs from Racebannon on this 7". They play their usual screamy style in the vain of In/Humanity and newer Pg. 99. The first song is from the *In the Grips of the Light* LP, and the second song is called "Satan's Kickin' Yr Dick In, Pt. 3." Part 3? What happened to parts 1-2? Who knows... EM (Alone Records/PO Box 3019/Oswego, NY 13126; www.alonerecords.com)

RADAR • CD

The first release from southern California's Radar is not to be missed. Here they do a really good job of capturing the feel of their live performance on recording which is definitely a task with this style of music. Very hard to describe but experimental and super complex seem to sum it up in the best way. Think, Godspeed or even The Velvet Underground. Very progressive with so many different instruments ranging from guitar, banjo, trombone, synth, banjo to name a few. The singer creates a character using a bullhorn at the beginning of the record and it gives the album such an interesting feel right from the start. The songs seem to travel through different story lines kind of floating at times but then build up and explode. Topics such as mind control and the global political order are explored. NH (Dim Mak Records/PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

RADIO HOLIDAY • CD

This is weird that I'm reviewing this, its sounds like a band my 'bro-dog' step brother would like, "Mikey, man you got to check out this sick-ass band Radio Holiday bro, they sound like Creed but with an edge!" It's very radio friendly and sounds a lot like The Foo Fighters or something. Not really my cup of tea... very produced and slick sounding, and some of it's catchy but it just has no soul... I mean at least The Foo Fighters had some street credit with having Pat Smear. This comes highly recommended for the 'bro-dog' in your family. MO (Conquer The World/PO Box 40282/Redford, MI 48240)

THE RISE PARK • Long Winded Let Down 7"

Two mellow rockers from this indie-inspired four piece. The songs are striking and sweet, with enough depth to keep this reviewer interested. They like to build up their sound and then bring it home with a chorus of catchy vocals. A finely made 7". LO (Hello.../33 A Thatcher St./Medford, MA 02155)

RADIO RAHEEM • 7"

This Long Island trio play uptempo rock and roll with lyrics that dwell on body parts, blood and physical and psychological wounds on these 3 songs. The music is muddy, indistinct, and of demo quality. Radio Raheem might do well by playing together for a year or so more before making any more records. SJS (PO Box 50/Quogue, NY 11959)

RASKAIPKA • Unete al Raos CD

This is some pretty weird Spanish punk, that sounds like it has Jello Biafra singing in Spanish. Very weird indeed, with lots of strange tempo changes (fast, with fucked up drum beats, to slow), and bad graphics to boot. The intention seems very sincere, it's just not very original. NW (W.C. Records/Avda 41019/28080 Madrid/Spain)

THE RED CHORD • Fused Together In Revolving Doors CD

As Robodog becomes Robotic Empire, the label turns its sights to metal genre more than before. This release has similarities to labelmates Pig Destroyer or Circle of Dead Children, but they take it to a bigger extreme. Seriously twisted and thick vocals drone over wailing guitars and non-stop drumming. Double bass all over the place. The only thing that keeps it in the metal hardcore genre is the lack of guitar solos. The Red Chord keep it heavy and fast throughout, adding a few tweaks and scratches of noise as well. Perfect for the new breed of hardcore metalheads. LO (Robotic Empire/12001 Aintree Ln./Reston, VA 20190)

RIFU • Revolutionary Tango (The Slavery Dance) LP

This LP is fucking good! Twelve songs of really excellent and inspired hardcore. The band they sound the most like has to be Refused, especially with their hard edge and highly political lyrics. Riff mix in melody and anger to each song; each song an anthem and an expression of the world's ills. They take on a lot of issues of class, politics, economics, and inspiration. This record is great in every way... well played songs and really great lyrics. LO (Twisted Chords/Postfach/76327 Pfintzal/Germany)

THE SAINT CATHERINES • The Machine Gets... CD

8 tracks at 18:53 minutes. The Saint Catherines play mid tempo punk rock with slow melancholy intros. The tunes have several dynamic shifts and split into parts here and there. The guys play together well creating a dense multi guitar sound with roughed up vocals that do not dominate. The lyrics are intelligent and full of thoughtful commentary on punk rock politics and revolutionary philosophy. They are quite sincere it seems. This is listenable music. SJS (Eyeball Records/PO Box 1653/Peter Stuyvesant Station/New York, NY 10009)

SATURATION • Beware The Living LP

Saturation reminds me of Crossed Out. They have a lot of the same intensity, though their tempo is often slower. (I mean, I am comparing them to Crossed Out, of all things.) They punish you with heavy guitar work and a super fast baseline. Vocals are growled out in pure grindcore fashion. This LP has ten songs of fury and musical rampage. They talk about issues in the scene, issues in the world, and issues in their lives in a direct tone. They don't use anything but pure force to get through this LP, and fans of this genre will be pleased for sure. LO (PO Box 463/Stn. C/Montreal, QC/H2L 4K4/Canada)

SCAREDY CAT • CD

Freewheeling punk rock that is sort of all over the place fills up most of this CD. The songs are all frenzied, but given a very raw and thin recording. They throw little melodies into punk rock chords to create each song. A lot of what Scaredy Cat is doing reminds me of something you might have seen on Recess Records, like perhaps FYP or Toys That Kill. The booklet provides a list of the seventeen songs with short, witty descriptions about the content. (You have to write to the band to get the actual lyrics... Gee, they must be really good then.) Still you can tell most of them are sarcastic jabs or rants of some sort. LO (\$6 to No Label Records/PO Box 1946/Venice, CA 90294)

SCHIZIMA • State Of Mind CD

Schizima is full bore tough guy hardcore from Poland. (Though with a sound like this they could easily be from New York and playing shows with 25 Ta Life.) They use elements of chugga-chugga mosh and metal to create their rock. They take a hard stance in their lyrics and their music... Any dissenters are welcome to bring it to their face. Just don't be surprised if you get the beat down. LO (Shing Records/PO Box 117/38-300 Gorlice/Poland)

SENNEVAL • Mi Padre El Hondero De La Pistola 7"

A complex, layered and crazy screamo record that has all the right parts. Six songs speed past you with energy and urgency. I liked Senneval's clever lyrics and engrossing breakdowns. It reminds me quite a bit of Orchid's chaos-core and The Assistant's plain old chaos. The insert is printed on nice thick black paper with slick black on black text. It looks really good. Fans of this style are sure to be pleased with this 7". LO (City Boot Records/575 O'Farrell St. #604/San Francisco, CA 94102)

SHARK ATTACK • discography CD

Shark Attack plays old school inspired hardcore with a rough edge. You can tell they listen to a lot of older bands, as many traditional '80s hardcore styles are emulated here. This CD has seventeen songs, seven of which are from a live show at CBGBs. The harshness of their songs is carried over by their incredibly negative lyrics. Songs about hating people who get on your case, songs about getting even, and songs about being pissed are ever present. Pretty much just pissed hardcore. LO (Reflections/Spoorwegstraat 117/6828 AP Arnhem/The Netherlands)

THE SHIVERING • Wires of Storm and Song 7"

The Shivering draws much influence from DC's revolution summer era—comparisons to Rites of Spring and Embrace are unavoidable. One has to admit some more recent influences as well, Current being a big one. It's melodic without being poppy and there's an undercurrent of intensity running through the background. This is good, but the recording doesn't seem to quite capture everything that's really going on. It is still definitely worth checking out though. BH (Council Records)

SINKING STEPS... RISING EYES • CD

Sinking Steps... Rising Eyes play screamo hardcore with a melodic backbone. This CD recording reminds me a lot of The Assistant in the way it vacillates between chaotic hardcore and sweet unison. The five songs on this CD are heartfelt anthems about a person's place in the world. They have lots of members working towards the overall sound, which comes together and falls apart in all the right places. Very sweet. LO (sinkingsteps_risingeyes@hotmail.com)

SIX MORE MILES • Veldt CD

Six More Miles plays music that paints a picture of stick shanties, blue skies, and trailers. I am sort of bothered by it. It sounds like bad movie music. Anyway, it's just sort of there. Really not my genre at all. CD (December Recordings/PO Box 191/Newark, DE 197115-0191)

SLACKJAW • Darkest Hour CD

This is so bad. It is like the soundtrack to a really bad movie about a troubled young man's life. Collegiate emo wank. People tell me this is sort of similar to the likes of At The Drive In, or other stuff like that. It just annoys me. CD (No Karma Recordings/PO Box 71203/Milwaukee WI 53211-7303)

SOMETHING IN THE WATER • Submitted for... 17"

The sound was entertaining, but unoriginal. The lyrics however, particularly stood out in their creativity and macabre. The singer really pulls the band along. Fast drums and guitar. I wish the female vocals that appeared on some of the songs would have played a bigger role on the track over all. JM (137 Morgan Pl/Kearny, NJ 07032)

SOMETIMES WALKING SOMETIMES RUNNING • CD

The layout for this is rad. After spending some time discerning the title of the CD due to black printing on black paper, I opened the booklet to find a really pleasing cut and paste style DIY release. (Quite similar to a Submission Hold record.) Musically, Sometimes Walking Sometimes Running play layered and crazy hardcore. You can compare to chaotic screamo, especially with the squeaky vocals and opposing parts. But they use a lot of dramatic quiet, melody, and tempo changes to create something more than pure chaos. It is just really pretty discord. I did have a hard time getting the meaning out of some of their lyrics though. They seem to be mostly personal and written in a semi-cryptic manner. Plus, the mix of type and handwriting was often a little too hard to make out. But, overall, I thought this CD was well done and showed a lot of originality in both the music and the layout. LO (Traffic Violation Records/PO Box 722/East Setauket, NY 11773)

SPEEDWELL • My Life is a Series of Vacations CD

Only four tracks on this CD, which is too bad, because this is not bad at all. I wouldn't mind hearing twice as much music by these guys. They play peppy pop rock with synthesizers - but it's not too cutesy. Though it does remind me of the Promise Ring. Well, it's still not too cutesy. I like the vocals more than those for The Promise Ring. They seem a little more forceful, a little stronger, but still very melodic. A nice release, and one you should look for. PM (Ignition/1 Chandos Road/Tunbridge Wells, Kent/TN1 2NY/England)

SPITFIRE REVOLVER • Bring On the Snakes CD

I really don't like this stuff at all. It's not quite as annoying as high school pop punk, so I guess it's just bad college emo punk. No sir, I don't like it. CD (Slow Gun Records)

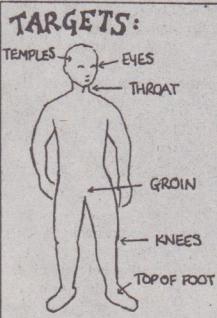
SPRINGWATER • ...Another Trip Inside CD

Moshy metalcore from Germany. Brutal drums. Crushing guitars. Growled vocals. You know the drill... Only this time the singer has a weird distorted effect on his voice most of the time. Overall pretty good, but no new ground explored here. JL (Unsubmissive/Stockumer Strasse 20/47139 Duisburg/Germany)

FIGHTING

IF YOU CHOOSE TO PHYSICALLY FIGHT, YOU HAVE TO COMMIT 100% & BE AS FIERCE AS POSSIBLE. BE- LIEVING IN YOURSELF IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF THIS!

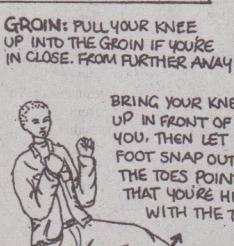
CHANNEL THE ADRENALINE RUSH OF FEAR INTO ANGER TO MAKE YOURSELF STRONGER. STRIKE, DON'T WRESTLE. THE MOVES SHOWN ARE FOR USE AGAINST THE WEAK PARTS OF THE BODY - ANY ATTACKER, NO MATTER HOW BIG & STRONG, HAS THESE WEAK SPOTS. SHOUT WITH EACH STRIKE.



STRIKES: THE STRAIGHT JAB: MAKING FISTS, BRING YOUR ARM OUT STRAIGHT
HITTING WITH THE KNUCKLES FIRST
BRING YOUR SHOULDER & HIP INTO THE PUNCH, TOO.

ELBOWS: PULL THE ELBOW BACK, HIGH, & BRING ACROSS TO YOUR OTHER SHOULDER. MOVE THE HIPS TOO! THIS IS GOOD AGAINST THE TEMPLE OR THROAT

OR DRIVE YOUR ELBOW INTO SOMEONE BEHIND YOU. PUSH WITH THE OTHER HAND.



BRING YOUR KNEE UP IN FRONT OF YOU. THEN LET YOUR FOOT SNAP OUT. KEEP THE TOES POINTED SO THAT YOU'RE HITTING WITH THE TOP OF YOUR FOOT.

PRACTICE STRIKES AT HOME WITH A SLEEPING BAG

A STRONG STANCE:

IF YOU FIGHT, DO SO FROM A STRONG, STABLE STANCE
FEET SHOULDER- WIDTH APART
ARMS UP
KNEES SLIGHTLY BENT

STOMP TO KNEE:



BRING THE KNEE UP AND THEN DRIVE THE FOOT OUT, HITTING THE KNEE WITH YOUR HEEL. THIS CAN BE DONE FROM THE SIDE, OR FROM IN FRONT, OR EVEN FROM BEHIND.

STOMP TO FOOT: SCRAP YOUR HEEL DOWN FROM THE KNEE ONTO THE TOP OF THE FOOT WITH A STRONG STOMP, EITHER FROM BEHIND / IN FRONT / THE SIDE.

STRIKE AT PRIMARY TARGETS WHEN YOU'RE ON THE GROUND



ALSO: BRINGING YOUR KNEE UP WILL HELP KEEP SOMEONE OFF YOU.

CONCLUSION

THIS IS JUST TO GIVE YOU SOME IDEAS, AND ENCOURAGE YOU TO LOOK AT ISSUES AROUND SELF-DEFENCE. DISCUSS IT WITH YOUR GIRLFRIENDS, PRACTICE SOME STUFF, AND LOOK AROUND FOR SELF DEFENCE/MARTIAL ART CLASSES. SOME CLASSES ARE RUN BY ANNOYINGLY PATRONISING BLOKES, OR THEY TEACH DEAD COMPLICATED MOVES, OR THEY NEGLECT THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECTS AND VERBAL STRATEGIES. BUT THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT YOU BUILD UP YOUR CONFIDENCE IN YOUR BODY, AND THAT YOU ARE PREPARED TO ASSERT & DEFEND YOURSELF - REMEMBER, YOU'RE WORTH IT!



WHY NOT START YOUR OWN SELF DEFENCE SESSIONS WITH SOME MATES? EXPLORE THE ISSUES, WARM UP & PRACTICE SOME MOVES, DO ROLE PLAYS, SHARE ANY MARTIAL ARTS SKILLS, CHECK OUT 9'S SELF DEFENCE BOOKS, SWAP IDEAS. HAVE A LAUGH, TOO.

IF WE WANT TO IMPROVE OUR LIVES AS WOMEN, WE NEED TO LOOK AT OUR REALITIES, LEARN SURVIVAL SKILLS AND SUPPORT EACH OTHER. WITH THIS, WE CAN FIGHT BACK AGAINST INTIMIDATION & BEING PUSHED AROUND, AND TAKE BACK CONTROL OVER OUR LIVES!

SPANCER • Countdown To Victory CD

The intro is way too long. You're evil, I get it, okay? It's doom and it's the end of the world which makes me wonder why I should even review this. I mean if we're all going to go to hell soon anyway, then why bother? I'm sure Lucifer will pop this CD into his stereo just about the time when I arrive down there and I'll be having plenty of time listening to this when my ass is set on fire. The only reasonable thing to do now then, is to turn this off. MH (York Wiese Records/Schubertstr. 3/38114 Braunschweig/Germany)

SUNDOWNER • 7"

Sundowner played several last shows, but luckily they continued as a band, and finally put out a new record. Sundowner are simply the best band to come out of Switzerland since the demise of Profax. They have been compared to bands such as Moss Icon and Current, but have a style of their own. What sets them apart from all the other early 90's emo bands is Marianne's unique guitar play, and Roman's very own way of playing his drums. It all comes across distorted, rhythmic, and yet melodic at the same time—and that is very cool in my book. The lyrics are poetic, but understandable, and a good read: "[...] all your promises were just lies/you use it as an excuse to sell your dreams/your ideas will never set us free/they will only keep some of you safe [...]." This is a limited press of 300 copies that all come with handmade/silk screened covers, reminding me of the days when Gravity put out great looking records. Get this, and if you see their CD on Dead End, get it as well (it's even better!). CU (Ape Must Not Kill Ape Records/Diethlkerstr. 64/8302 Kloten/Switzerland)

SQUARE ONE • The Long Drive Home CD

What's up with all the bro rock I'm having to review this month? Square One are another band whose CD I am wrapping up and giving to my step brother on his next birthday. The cover has 'fast cars' and 'hot chicks' on it and lyrics deal with great issues like, 'going to keggers' and 'trying to get laid.' Who buys this shit? MO (Stick To The Core; sticktothecore@hotmail.com)

STEP SISTER • CD

This is some garage style, street rock n roll. The band does their thing pretty well but the vocals in all honesty seemed kind of monotonous. I could tell when the band would sing on the chorus parts and always where the singer could come in. Other than that the bass players hitting all the scales their guitarist hitting all the right notes and the drummer rocking a big old 18" inch rack tom. In my opinion this is like a cross between AC/DC and newer stuff like Street Walkin' Cheetahs. Plenty of "oh yeah!" and whisky shots included CF (Smog Veil/774 Mays #10-454/Incline Village, NV 89451)

THE SUNDAY DRUMS • CD

The Sunday Drums play twelve songs of super tight garage rock on this CD. Each song has a familiar structure and upbeat rhythm. Sometimes it is rockabilly with a rhythm and blues tinge, sometimes it is more basic stuff but they're always rocking out with a good time vibe. LO (Dead Beat/PO Box 283/Los Angeles, CA 90078)

STREFA ZAGROZENIA • Bloody Historii cassette

Strefa Zagrozenia is a hard one to describe because there are so many different sounds going on within this band. They seem to sample all of the best bits from lots of various styles. Many anarcho-punk bands from Europe play this sort of thing. It is aggressive and can be harsh, but there is also a strong sense of melody and song writing. They use precise guitar work and catchy vocals as much as they use really crazy parts. Strefa Zagrozenia plays fifteen songs on this cassette, each of them slightly different than the one before. It is highly eclectic and from that can be very hit or miss. There are a couple songs on here that I really like. All the lyrics are in Polish. LO (Nikt Nic Nie Wie/PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

SUBMERGE • 7"

This is pretty tight and techy and very fast at times. The vocals are just way too Pantera-like, however. Maybe I'm only a fan of certain kinds of metal, but I would much rather hear some screaming than Sepultura-like growling. The songs are fairly short, which is a plus. I kind of see some Rorschach action going on here—the drums are insane and all over the place, and the song parts are all pretty abrupt. It's definitely angry sounding and fairly brutal. Lyrics are about fucked up world issues and other human rights topics. RG (Shogun Records/39 rue du Mont d'Arene/F-51100 Reims/France)

SUBMIT? • National Guard CD

Submit have songs highly influenced by both Nausea and Crass. Their female/male vocal assault is at times extreme, but mostly just intense. Most of the music is harsh, but it definitely takes a back seat to the vocals. The lyrics on the CD bring up familiar socio-political issues popular within the anarcho-punk scene. The stuff is at times a little thin and a little cliché, but I think this band has some really strong points as well. LO (Systemsuck Records/PO Box 1811/Bozeman, MT 59771)

STRIKE ANYWHERE • Underground Europe 2001 7"

Four tracks from the Strike Anywhere 1999 demo. The songs will be familiar to Strike Anywhere fans, but the production and recording on these versions are more raw and way less polished. Nice songs, and a nice 7" for Strike Anywhere fans to pick up. A portion of the profits from this record are going to the legal defense for those arrested at the G8-Summit protests in Genoa, Italy. KM (Scene Police/Humboldtstrasse 15/53115 Bonn/Germany)

THE SURVIVORS • Death Cures Addiction CD

The line between traditional hardcore and generic hardcore can be a fine one. The Survivors play upbeat eighties style hardcore with a strong straight edge element. The familiarity of their sound walks that fine line, but they seem to stay just enough on the traditional side to make listening to this CD more enjoyable for me. Most songs are about keeping control of your life, remembering what is important, and looking for a way out—with just enough anger and sincerity to keep it interesting. This is music to skate to and music to mosh to. LO (Knife Or Death Records/805 Adele St/Northfield, NJ 08225)

SWINGSET HANDS • CD

4 songs. Swingset Hands plays rocking mid-tempo emo that sounds rather old-fashioned. Not old-fashioned as in Still Life or Fingerprint, but as in Sleeper and The Descendents. Great production and good musicianship but I think they're still looking for their own sound. So far I think they're lacking a little in the originality department. Nevertheless, good effort. MH (Jason Kyle/120 Wildwood Ave/Buffalo, NY 14210)

THINKING DAY RALLY • Into The Blue Room CD

After a long day of work followed by a long night of writing reviews, I fucking hated this CD. It was soft and sweet, with lots of radio friendly song styles. I was not in the mood for it because it was so pretty, and so I just wanted to turn it off. But I listened to the whole thing. The whole moody, light, indie rock thing. Many of the songs have piano accompaniment, making the breezy style a little more dramatic. The six songs on here are really well done and I can see this really getting under your skin. It got under mine, but I'm pissy. LO (Brave Noise Records/PO Box 2268/Brandon, FL 33509)

THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB • Front Seat Solidarity 12"

I probably already had too much to do last month when I found this in the review box but I had to grab it anyway because I knew it would be great and it is. It became an instant favorite of mine as soon as I started listening to it. 14 southern folk-punk songs that are all a lot of fun and make you want to dance around and sing along. They're mostly upbeat songs with intelligent lyrics about having fun, being a punk and trying to save the world, etc. The covers were screened on the back of old No Idea sleeves and it comes with a sticker, patch and lyric sheet. This is a lot of fun and a great DIY record. FIL (Plan-It-X Records/5810 W. Willis Rd./Georgetown, IN 47122-9117)

THIS COMPUTER KILLS • 7"

Mid paced, fucked up hardcore with vocals that seem pretty 90's screaming sounding to me. There is a lot going on here musically, specially for a three piece band. This is not really my style or speed, but I can admit that it's very good. If you love your hardcore with some emo in it, and a tad of metal rock, you should pick this up. NW (Sedition Records/PO Box 18921/Denver CO 80218)

THOUGHTS TO SHARE • Through The Yesteryears CD

This is straight forward hardcore with a clean edge. Their song structures hint to traditional melodic styles, but their overall sound stays modern throughout. Sincere lyrics about relationships give it a sweet feel. Thoughts To Share have produced a record good for listening to while cooking or reading, when your focus can weave in and out. Overall, this is a really comfortable recording. LO (www.greenrecords.net)

THRONG • 6 Milliards tape

If you have plenty of patience, and enjoy heavy metal, this is for you. The music is heavy and hits with a deadening thud, but it doesn't hold my interest for long. They take too long to get to the heart of the matter. MA (Nikt Nic Nie Wie/PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland; www.nmnw.nowytagr.top.pl)

THE 'TONE • Here's Another Reason CD

You've got to be kidding me!!!! I hit play and for a second I thought I accidentally put on The Clash's London Calling. Hmm, I guess, they could be stealing from worse. At any rate, The 'Tone managed to produce a fun and entertaining record, so what's the harm. If you don't own any Clash records yet, then I suggest you buy the original before this, otherwise dig in and enjoy. MH (No Idea)

TO SEE YOU BROKEN • 7"

I don't know if they're kidding there, but in the back it says that there are only 200 copies of this. What a fucking shame! I mean how many all-women straight edge bands are there? Shouldn't more people be hearing this? Musically this is mostly mid-tempo hardcore reminiscent of some late eighties/early nineties bands. Names like Life's Blood, Nausea and Last Option come to mind. Not that TSYB sounds exactly like them, but they have that same kind of grittiness, that old style "hardcoreness." Quite moshy, but not in a metal sort of way. Plus, they say things that should really be said more often in this scene. The important point being that they're said by women and not by guys. Stay vocal. Stay pissed off. Stay loud. Oh, and press a couple more of these, please! MH (Agitprop Records/PO Box 748/Hanover, MA 02339)

TRAGEDY • Can We Call This Life? 7"

Three more amazing songs from Tragedy. Dark, brooding, melodic and powerful hardcore from these long time veterans. The cover art reminds me of an early '77 punk single with happy, bright colors, while the lyrics are dismal and apocalyptic as they cover the daily grind of class struggle and the depravity of a planet structured for economic interests at the cost of our humanity. A fucking great record. KM (Tragedy Records)

TRIAL BY FIRE • Ringing In the Dawn CD

This is great. I've been waiting a while for this record to come out, but it was worth it. I guess the easiest way to describe their sound would be to say that they are fast paced, aggressive, hardcore punk somewhere in between Kid Dynamite, Strike Anywhere, HWM and Avail, but with a little more rock influence like RFTC. This starts out rockin and I don't think there's a bad song on here. Intelligent and catchy lyrics to sing along with... they're a lot of fun and definitely worth checking out. FIL (Jade Tree/2310 Kennwynn Rd./Wilmington, DE 19810)

TRISTEZA • Mania Phase 12"

Fucking quiet. It is just too fucking quiet. Yeah, I understand that Tristeza is working on their minimalist rock groove... but you can barely hear this LP! I can hear the squeaking sound of my turntable over it, even when I turn it up. The whole LP is an extended jam or various instruments. There are no vocals and no clear "songs" (in the strictest sense). The record just sort of moves through time. Trippy elements and aural sounds fly past, but mostly it is a slow groove. I'm not that interesting the sounds they are experimenting with in this record. It doesn't seem particularly ground breaking and I don't find it to be all that engaging either. To me, it is just a mellow jam, and I want more than that. LO (Gravity/PO Box 81332/San Diego, CA 92138)

TOTALITAR • Spela Bort Alt Du Har 7"

Five more blazing punk tracks from Sweden's Totalitär. You might be familiar with them from their LP and 7" on Prank Records, the split LPs with Disclose or Dismachine, or maybe even the 7" on Crust... well they are back again to fuck you up. The songs on this 7" are really crisp and energetic; carrying the harshness of crust punk with the precision and style only bands from their area seem to be able to pull off. They wail against social, cultural, and political problems (in Swedish with English liner notes). It's really good 7" in all. Put it on and thrash around your room. LO (\$5 to Död & Uppsvälld Records/PO Box 17210/10462 Stockholm/Sweden)

TRANSISTOR LEGION • 7"

Light and pretty rock in the vein of Still Life that seems to move through moods and tempos with ease. They have all the great elements of an emotional hardcore band. Transistor legion sings about their distaste for the media and the hope for our small scene. It is nice record all around. The ideas and sounds speak to what I wanted to hear and lulled me into really enjoying this record. It just seems really friendly and inviting—and that is great. LO (5878 Fasley Ave./Simi Valley, CA 93063)

TROUBLE LOVES ME • Eyes Closed, Fingers Crossed CD

It is really too bad that the vocals are so bad. I mean, the songs themselves are trying to that rocking hardcore sound but the ever-present vocals just botch it. They totally don't mix well and they make the whole thing sound awkward. The seven tracks go by quick enough, keeping in the same mood and tempo throughout. However, the ceaseless singing makes it seem like one run-on sentence that you can't really enjoy. If the band had more breaks and change-up I think that would be better. But overall the singing just needs more passion. That point is pretty much proven when they play a Dag Nasty cover that has a better structure—it is the best track on there. LO (Last One Chosen Records/2 Gerviston Court/Liverpool, NY 13090)



TOXIC BONKERS • *Blindness* CD

Toxic Bonkers plays grindcore with a metal flare. The 17 tracks on this CD show off their ability to rage. Hyper-fast drumming and intense distorted guitar mix with growling vocals to create a really dark sound. Though their sound is evil, their lyrics are a mix of positive ideas and laments of the negative. Plenty of death metal and grindcore lyrics are disturbing in a fucked up way, and Toxic Bonkers look to talk about the disturbing while still seeming progressive. The lyrics are printed in English and Polish. LO (Nikt Nic Nie Wie/PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

UNSILENT REIGN • *Strangers Amongst Ourselves* CD

Super harsh mosh metal from this Florida band. It isn't much different than the 25 or so other metal CDs I've reviewed for this issue. It has a tight recording with lots of energy and the occasional dramatic effect. Sometimes it sounds like Papa Roach or some more underground band that could easily be on Eulogy or Good Life. The lyrics are all quite harsh and sort of cryptic. If the drumming was faster, this could qualify as a straight up metal release. LO (Too Damn Hype/PO Box 63524/Philadelphia, PA 19147)

URO • *Revolutions Romantik* 7"

Anarcho punk with dual male/female vocals. Nope, they sound nothing like Nausea, or Detestation. Less noisy and more tribal sounding. The music is stripped down to the core and delivered straight. I imagine if Crass had existed in the late 80s and early 90s they may have sounded like this. The packaging for this record is pretty nice; silk screened artwork, poster, and lyric booklet. MA (Kick n' Punch Records/Box 578/2200 Copenhagen N/Denmark; kicknpunch@wildmail.com)

VAE VICTUS • *Ugly Reflection* LP

Vae Victor play dark and pissed hardcore with raspy and belted out vocals. Hailing from Reno with a member from Gehenna, I had the chance to see these guys about a year ago and all I can say is... BRUTAL! But unfortunately these guys broke up as soon as this record came out. EM (Back the Draft/PMB #407/1442 A Walnut St./Berkeley, CA 94709)

VILENTLY ILL • LP

Man, this just isn't very good. Let me clarify that, the guitar work is all right but it is such a muddy recording that it sounds bad. The vocals are grating grunts and low toned bellowing that doesn't seem the fit the music. Plus, the music itself is apparently relying on being hard or fast to get the job done. The LP is both hard and fast at times, but the only job it gets done is making me want to turn it off. There are twenty songs on this LP of pissed hardcore with reasonably good lyrics. Too bad they are ruined by a recording that sounds like it wasn't mixed. That's excusable for a demo, but just not a good thing for a LP. LO (\$8 to Knot Music/PO Box 501/South Haven, MI 49090)

WELCOME TO YOUR LIFE • *Let it Wash Away* 7"

Wow! This actually kicks ass! At first I thought it would be generic youth crew, but I was proven wrong! While this is youth crew style hardcore, it has some very original melodies and songwriting. And the vocals remind me of Sick of It All. It's youth crew with a twist. The lyrics are very youth crew style, they seem to be about friendships gone wrong. One line that stands out for me is "I hope one day I can get the chance to save your life... so I can watch you fucking die!" That's harsh! DD (Indecision records/PO Box 5781/Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

WOOD • *Tired Words & Neurotic Symphonies* CD

Wow, pretty good. I remember this band sounding heavier. Now most of their tracks have a more melodic, emo-ish feel. Still, they didn't wimp out on anything. It's all good thanks to some catchy riffs, powerful drumming and an excellent guitar sound. I am reminded of early Sunny Day Real Estate, but Wood is a lot less whiny. They wrote some catchy tunes here. Really well done! MH (www.greenrecords.net)

WORMWOOD • *Requiescat* CD

Heavy and imposing doom metal. Stylistically they connect Amebix with Godflesh, and Corrupted, throwing a keyboard in for the sickly cold effect. There's many layers to the music. Some instruments will be tickling away at a different tempo from the thundering rhythm section, while the keyboard lets ring out over the churning bass. Good music to listen to in the dark. MA (Arm Records/PO Box 85361/Seattle, WA 98145)

WHEN WE DIE • *The Poundstone Society* CD

This is basically melodic hardcore, with some metal riffs here and there. They even have the ultimate chug chug break chug thing going on in one of the songs. There are moments of total metal core... you can just see the fingers movin' on that guitar man. Then you see the singers face redder as spit flies out of his mouth and he clutches to the microphone, but wait did I just hear someone sing a melody in the background? And, oh look... the singer doesn't look so angry, he's sorta doing this swaying back and forth thing, but then, oh yeah, they're back to the core... so they saved the song after all. So I think my favorite part of this CD was the end. They have a sample from The Other Sister... wow. EM (www.13/prodigy.net)

WHITE COLLAR CRIME • *Their Laws are Dimwit*, CD

I've absolutely no idea what is going on here... There is jazzy piano and drums mixed with snotty "punk" sounding vocals. I mean I guess this is different (and different can be good), but this is not my cup of tea, and I can't be bothered with stuff that seems so blaahhhh. The lyrics seem to revolve around unions, and other work related crap. NW (Soft Skull Press/98 Suffolk #3A/New York City, NY 10002)

WLOCHATY • *Zmowa* CD

This is a rad disc. Politically charged Polish punk/hardcore, with a poppy edge. 24 tracks and a thick booklet with lyrics, explanations, English translations and lots of cool color pictures to view. It starts off with an acoustic song/intro deal, and has a few acoustic parts, sort of Celtic or something, and one with a flute of something like that. There are also a few ska type songs. Overall this CD is great. Pick it up if you wanna taste some good international punk, or if you listen and like other Polish hardcore bands. CD (Nikt Nic Nie Wie/PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

WHEN DREAMS DIE • *My Proudest Invention to Date* CD

I really liked the comic book strip artwork. Very good recording. This music is well played, but a little too clean and new school for my taste. MT (Ides of March/PO Box 722/Wappingers Falls, NY 12590)

WOLFPACK • *Allday Hell* CD

Oh boy this is a good one! Wolpack bring forth the raw hardcore punk my ears so crave. Hard, raw and catchy—this CD is Wolpack's *Allday Hell* LP, plus a track from a split 7" with Audio Kollaps, and a previously unreleased track. Badass Swedish hardcore with epic riffing and great timing. I love the way bands like this are so straight forward. Oh yeah, please note Wolpack is now known as Wolfbrigade. CD (Crimes Against Humanity Records c/o Nick Carroll/6200 78th Ave. #3112/Brooklyn Park, MN 55443)

XFILESX • *Beaten Straight* 7"

Great fast hardcore with catchy mosh parts. At times they remind me of Our Gang and other NYHC bands in that vein. They could have done without the band photos, and for that matter the rap ending. MT (My Trust/PO Box 274/New Paltz, NY 12561)

XL BIRDSUIT • *In Minotaur City* CD

This was a really difficult review for me. I tried to listen to it for three days without one useful thought entering into my brain. Though I attempt it now, this one could be so whacked and subjective that it doesn't do much good. XL Birdsuit play catchy, post punk rock that is alternative at heart. I hear hints of bands like Sonic Youth or later Hüsker Dü who play something based on punk, though something that can be much more listener friendly and yet complex. Try as I might, I could make neither heads nor tails of the lyrics. They are jumbled poems and visuals I could not fit under a particular heading. The whole CD is like that. So indie rock in its stickiness, yet so college rock in its vagueness. There were parts of each song which intrigued me, yet equal parts I felt such distance from... So strange. LO (Flood/330 21 Ave. SW/Calgary, AB/T2S 0G8/Canada)

YAGE • *Some Things Take A Long Time*... 7"

Yage has seriously catchy melodies that carry a lot of weight and power with them, mixed with brutal honesty and humanistic feel. Much of this record reminds me of the Navio Forge LP, especially in the way the songs to be escaping from the members of the band almost uncontrollably. The Yage sound is one that cannot be contained, but shoots forth in all directions. It is an example of emotive hardcore at its finest in as much as it is strongly personal and political in every aspect. I can only imagine the intensity of this band live. Echt gut. LO (Level Plane/PO Box 280/New York, NY 10276)

YOUR HALO IS A RADAR • 10"

Boy, this is a hard one. If I saw these guys live I'd stand up at the front with my arms folded and I'd nod up and down to the beat and I'd kinda be into it, and then when it was over I'd say, "Well, that's over. And just in time. Who's playing next?" What I mean to say is that this is really unconventional and creative, but, finally, short of great. Your Halo Is a Radar play slow to mid-paced rockish hardcore. The music is intricate and incredibly varied and chaotic but tightly played. The lyrics are nonsensical but give hints of much thought behind them. Give this a try if you're looking for something different. The cover will catch your eye. PM (Insect Records/PO Box 1043/SE 17221 Sundbyberg/Sweden)

YOUTH RIOT • 7"

Super posh-youth crew that you can get behind and not be ashamed of a few months later. Youth Riot is a mix of posh-core and thrash elements with a heavy dose of passion. This band has members of Dirty Dirts and The Dirts and some other guys. They cram eight anthems onto this little 7", so you have to guess they play short and fast. It has a lot of traditional elements, but doesn't sound tired or rehashed. The spirit of the band gives it a driving force and mood that is nice, even if they are telling folks to "fuck off." I really like the attitude they are expressing. LO (Captain Wiley Records/PO Box 95/Los Alamitos, CA 90720)

ZOOTIC • *Coisa Nenhuma* CD

Zootic is a band from Portugal with lots of ideas to share. The large booklet that comes with this CD is overflowing with political ideas, dreams for a better society, and personal hopes for the world. Each piece is translated into Portuguese, Spanish, and English in order to reach as many people as possible. Most, if not all, of the songs have long discussions about their meaning. Zootic is talking a very active role in their message with this booklet, and it is very punk. Musically, they have a sound that encompasses a lot of underground styles. They play hard, they play melodic, they play distorted, and they play straightforward. Each song has an appeal of its own, and attempts to capture the feeling behind the message. Each of them sung in their native tongue that flows quite well over the music. It is a nice mix of different things to create an overall mood of resistance and hope. LO (La Idea/Apodo. 18-251/28080 Madrid/Spain)

JET BY DAY/BLINDFOLD PARADE • split 7"

This was a tough listen for me (as was much of the stuff I reviewed this month). Each song, by each band, is like 5 minutes long (thank goodness it's only one song each). For me this is completely unlistenable emo rock, where the songs seem to go nowhere. Much to mellow for this reviewer... NW (Two Sheds Music/PO Box 5455/Atlanta, GA 31107)

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT/SPATIALFIELD • LP

Don't Worry About It play high energy pop punk with lots of sing-alongs. The lyrics are all pretty personal and dealing with relationships of some sort. Their music is really happy and each song has a catchy beat. The lyrics aren't always as happy, but that makes for a good song. Their band seems to be filled with a lot of youthful energy. Spatialfield's sound is way more polished and almost closer to indie rock. Their songs are crisp and the vocals are well done light singing, making a really sweet sound overall. Each one has a good structure and some kind of melodic hook. I liked this side of the record more because the sounds just sounded better over all. LO (Walk in Cold Records/8408 Lakeside Dr./Downers Grove, IL 60516)

CRISPUS ATTUKS/DE NADA • split 7"

De Nada get going and pretty much launch into space with their hyper fast thrash core. They throw in some grind bits and mosh parts as well, and that sort of hooks more people in. They were from DC and influenced Crispus Attucks a great deal. Various troubles kept them from being a band anyone really knew about. So when Voorhees dropped out from this record, De Nada hopped on. Listening to the Crispus Attucks side after the other one does reveal how they might have been influenced by De Nada. Of course, Crispus Attucks plays a better, more modern version of the same style. They are much crazier and a good amount tighter. Their songs bring up shameful political history and the evil present as well. Lots of exclamation points all over the lyrics exhibit some of the passion you get when you listen to this 7". LO (Vendetta/Berlinerstr. 29/13189 Berlin/Germany)

DREAD 101/FASTARD • split EP

I likes! I likes! Dread 101 are crushing D-beat, much like mid period Doom, maybe even better. The guitar is abrasive and dirty, which is perfect for this style. Fastard live up to their name. White knuckled grind with crazed dual crust vocals. When they're not thrashing it up, they slow it down to hit hard enough to make your world spin. If you like it fast and brutal you can't go wrong with this. MA (Insane Society/PO Box 6/501 01 Hradec Kralove/Czech Republic; www.insanesociety.net)

APATIA NO/RASH • split 7"

Rash are from Mexico and plays three fast hardcore songs. They have a thrash influence and a melodic edge. I find it hard to not compare them to Los Crudos in this way. They sing about political injustice and the woes of the current life system. I like their guitar, it is distorted so much that it sounds very raw. This, combined with the urgent vocals, make for a very real punk recording. Apatia No plays four songs that are all sung in Spanish. They have spirited vocals played over punk rock, melodic, circle pit-friendly songs. The energy in these tracks is high and the familiar sound gets enlivened by this. I like their straightforward style and upbeat tempo. The inside of the record has not only information about the bands, but information about other issues they feel important. All of this text is in Spanish, though some lyrics are translated. LO (Disobedience Records/c/o Manuel Ramirez/PO Box 126/Seguin, TX 78156)

UNSANE CRISIS/EKKIA • split CD

Unsane Crisis: 17 tracks. Fast and brutal thrash, with a clean, mean sound. Vocals that make me bleed from the inside. Total vacuum cleaner anal probe. Not always my favorite genre, but this is extremely convincing stuff. I'm listening to this on my DVD player and it doesn't say which track is on. So, at first I didn't realize Ekkia came on. They are similarly harsh, but have a bit of metal in their sound and therefore a higher drama factor. Just 4 songs by them, but they are fucking amazing. Total killer modern hardcore in the vein of Lack and Majority Rule. Devastating little disc. MH (La Idea/Apodo 18251/28080 Madrid/Spain)

CATHARSIS/NEWBORN • split CD

Oh man. I just don't know what to say about them, except for fucking great, epic, I mean both bands just are ruling so hard. Catharsis starts off this disc with one long song. Newborn kick out three new jams that I have been aching to hear since I heard their song on the CD that came with the final *Inside Front*. Dammit, how do these bands get so fucking good. Anyway, you should pick this up for sure. CD (CrimesthInc. Records/2695 Rangewood Dr./Atlanta, GA 30345)

BBS PARANOICOS/E.M.S. • split LP

Ego Means Survival is a melodic punk outfit from Germany. Their songs are well structured and have a good amount of energy to them. It is very real and emotive, and similar to bands like Yage that play from the heart. EMS does use a greater amount of heavier sounds to get their point across though. They sing about politics, religion, vegetarianism, crime, and empathy. BBS Paranoicos also play in a melodic style that is quite punk. The vocals are well sung and the songs come together well. Each has its own driving rhythm and energy. Their songs about personal issues, interpersonal relationships, and dreams that fit well into their sound. Both bands commit a lot of music to this LP, and you can tell it was a labor of love. LO (Voldroge Records c/o Dirk Drommaschke/Knektstedenstr. 13/40549 Duesseldorf/Germany)

JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS/EXCLAIM • split 7"

This is a great split 7", both sides having great bands. Jelly Roll remind me of early Token Entry but on crack, while Exclaim play a much more harsh style in the vein of Seige. MT (625 Thrashcore/PO Box 423413/San Francisco, CA 94142)

DARKEST HOUR/DAWNCORE • *Where Heroes...* CD

Darkest Hour gets better and better each time I see them. Live, they're all over the place, full of energy, and they just have a good time without taking themselves too seriously. For me, this is the first song where I really think that shows through. Actually, I think this is the best song they've written. It's simple brutal metal at *At the Gates* and it's short! I wish they would write more like it. Dawncore, on the other hand, really doesn't do much for me and just sounds like every other metallic hardcore band I've ever heard with the creepy talking and then the screaming about painting walls with blood or whatever. I'm sure it's good if you're into that sort of thing. This record was originally supposed to be a 5" but the vinyl cut off the end of each song so it was pressed on the little CDs with the clear plastic rings. Each band has one song and the whole thing is less than 6 minutes long. It's definitely worth it just for the DH song. FIL (Join The Team Player Records/Altöttingerstr. 6a/81673 Muenchen/Germany)

MR. CALIFORNIA/14 YEAR OLD GIRLS • split 7"

Well now, this is just crap. Mr. California plays noise-based insanity that goes all over the place. Most of their songs sound like a cat being tortured. There are eight songs on this side; I can't tell one from another. When you flip it over you get something much better (by comparison). 14 Year Old Girls plays synthesizer based odd songs with feisty lyrics about Stalin, Tomb Raider, and Chris Freeman. Still, this record is pretty bad overall. LO (Choke On A Pretzel Records/no address)

BREAD AND WATER/ RUSSIAN SCHOOL OF BALLET • split 7"

Russian School Of Ballet is quite good. They play a modern hardcore thrash sound, with a lot of fast parts, catchy breakdowns, and good lyrics. They remind me of MK-Ultra or a less spastic Charles Bronson. Honestly, this band could easily be from Chicago, New York, or Los Angeles as much as Brazil. Their politically inspired lyrics for social change are sung in English and translated into Portuguese. (Or perhaps Spanish, I can't really tell. Sorry.) I really like the songs on their side of this record. Bread And Water play upbeat crust punk with female vocals. They reminded me of Kill The Man Who Questions, though Bread And Water use more dramatic effects and have more speed on this recording. Their recording is very raw and very effective. They sing in English, with the lyrics also translated. This is the best record I have heard from this label. LO (Systemsuck Records/PO Box 1811/Bozeman, MT 59771)

PANIC KEEPS CRAWLING/ STAGNATIONS END • split LP

PKC take you on a trip unleashing upon your aural senses haunting dark and depressing melodies fused with brooding and blasting hardcore. The majority of this side of the record is slow and heavy with agonized vocals to compliment the stressed and angered lyrics of helplessness, the disparity of being "successful," and letting the TV and media live your life. The tone that both bands share is very heavy and crushing and incredibly tight drummers make both bands superb. As said before heavy and pounding rhythms with some fast blast beats thrown in the mix. Stagnations End, just drop the needle on this side of the record and be killed. Heavy down tuned open notes straight into furious blasting to thick breakdowns. Two sets of screamed vocals and they have the whole dark and scary sounding melodies down as well but different than PKC in that they aren't very discordant sounding. There is a lot more social/political type lyrics on this side. They even throw in some acoustic old school emo (not indie rock!) breaks. One side has that dystopic feeling while the other maybe some German monument to thievery. Both these bands are excellent and will rule your cranium. CF (Sabotage/PO Box 110338/93016 Regensburg/Germany)

ENDSTAND/KAKFA • split CD

Endstand come out rocking with five inspired tracks of hardcore punk. Sometimes they bring in lighter melodic parts as well. The energy is high throughout, and you can't help but move around a little. Their songs discuss capital punishment, holding true to your dreams, and searching for way to live beyond the norm. Plus they do a Negative Approach cover. Kafka kick it up a notch with their four songs of metal influenced, heavy hardcore with squealing vocals. They sing in Italian, though the lyrics are printed in English as well. Songs about finding yourself, memories, commitment to the DIY ethic, and the freedom of today. The drums and cymbals are really present in this recording, which makes it easy to get caught up in the rhythms. LO (No! Records c/o Villa Luca/Via Cadighiara 18-14/16133 Genova/Italy)

NEIL PERRY/KAOS PILOT • split 7"

I thought this was a great split with very compatible bands, and good artwork and packaging. Both bands play great chaotic punk with screamed vocals. I Love when US and European bands share wax too. MT (Level Plane/PO Box 280/New York, NY 10276)

BRENDA O'DONNELL/SCOTT SMITH • split 7"

As can probably be guessed by the names written above, this is a split between two solo artists. The Brenden side has three songs that each vary somewhat in style. The first one reminds me of some of Pink Floyd's old and extremely mellow songs. Just very quiet acoustic with lyrics about drinking tea, and he has an English accent. The second song has drums and very distorted guitar. It kind of reminds me of something that could be in an old Nintendo game, maybe Rygar. He seems to be experimenting in a mix between Floyd and fantasy rock, or maybe that's just what I am imagining. The Scott Smith side plays off of the extremely mellow aspect and runs with it. Or maybe trudges along dejectedly. There is quiet singing, guitar and harmonica. Inside is a poem that doesn't seem to go along with the lyrics. The guitar is minimal, but it works for the mood. This record came with about eight scraps of paper, and it's difficult to tell which one of them provided which piece. RG (Man on Horseback/3000 Golden Road #2/Greenville, NC 27858)

BENUMB/PIG DESTROYER • split 3"CD

Both of these bands have been around long enough that I would expect any grindcore fan to know of them. Both have records on Relapse. Two heavy as fuck metal influenced grindcore bands share 10 songs in about 7 minutes on one little CD. Benumb seems to be a little more metal of the two with their extra guitar and occasional lead. Their 3 songs here sound like speed metal with grind vocals; they only really seem to slow down for a few accents in between blasts. Pig Destroyer play raw brutal grind that I've come to expect from other Virginia bands like Enemy Soil, only a little more technical and a little faster at times. They also cover a Dwarves song, which is a nice change of pace. The only real problem that I have with this record is that there are no lyrics, which just seems ridiculous to me. Instead the insert is filled with shout-outs and an annoying disclaimer by Pig Destroyer excusing the haste with which their material was written and recorded calling it a "preliminary equipment burn-in." Sounds like bullshit to me. Otherwise, this record is brutal. FIL (Robodog... oops, I mean "Robotic Empire"/12001 Aintree Lane/Reston, VA 20191)

FREE RANGE TIMEBOMB/SAPERE AUDE • LP

Free Range Timebomb plays upbeat crust punk with a harsh edge. Most of the songs are raw punk with little variations on the old standard. The lyrics and booklet are all in German, but from what I could read they are mostly complaining about our shitty society. They remind me of Fleas & Lice in a way; just classic punk stuff with a circle pit beat that does not quit. Sapere Aude also plays German punk, but they infuse more melody and more intense parts into their punk style. From the look of the booklet, it appears they also sing in what I think is Polish what I am certain is English. Their lyrics are generally about aspects of this crappy world. Polluting factories, resistance that seems futile, the misuse of animals, and the like. LO (Twisted Chords/Postfach/76327 Pfintzal/Germany)

HERK K/THE FAUVES • split 7"

DIY hardcore. HERK K sounds similar to U.O.A. The bumbling bass, the noisy guitars and the dirty production values, they all remind me of that great old band. I bow my head to you Herk K, job well done. The Fauves, too, have a more old school emo sound. This time what I'm reminded of is Cerberus Shoal. They offer one great instrumental number which is carried by a melancholic saxophone. Really good effort on both parts. MH (Transgalactic Ladder/PO Box 104/Wilmington, CA 90748)

GLASS CANDY & THE SHATTERED THEATER/ SUBTRONIX • split 7"

This record has two songs from bands in the neo new wave genre of today. Subtronix are an all female outfit that plays a really catchy tune full of moaning vocals, keyboard tweeks, and saxophone. At their best, they could be compared to The Slits. Glass Candy & The Shattered Theater are a more dramatic and minimal exploration of this sound. It is pretty much just her deep voice over manipulated keyboards and bass. At their best, the vocals are comparable to Patty Smith. I found this 7" to be strangely intriguing, but not as something I would play very often. LO (Troubleman Unlimited/16 Willow St/Bayonne, NJ 07002)

IRON LUNG/TEEN CTHULHU • Tentacled Breathing 7"

Jesusallahbuddha save us all! This is a powerhouse of a record. Iron Lung bring some harsh HC to the table. They rock. But the star of the record is Teen Cthulhu. Emperor meets Orchid. That's the only way I can describe the insanity. Fans of Blackmetal and Hardcore alike will worship Teen Cthulhu. Both bands rule, but Teen Cthulhu does so without mercy! DD (Rock and Roleplay/634 NW 48th/Seattle, WA 98107)

DC NINE/PARADE OF ENEMIES • split CD

2 bands from England. DC Nine, 4 songs: Great straight hardcore. The vocalist reminds me of that Burn guy. Pretty old school, I guess, but it still comes through. Parade of Enemies has a great, great 80ies sound, kind of like Negative Approach or Urban Waste. All the anger, all the frustration, all the power is there. It's like traveling back in time. I'm well impressed!!! MH (SixminuteSET/12, Timothy Close/Stoke-on-Trent/ST3 5RB/England)

STEPSISTER/STREETWALKING CHEETAHS • Keeping It in the Family split 7"

Both bands on this split are in kind of the same genre of good old punk and roll. The type of bands that play in bars I'd bet, and maybe even wear cowboy hats. I definitely like the Streetwalking Cheetahs side better. It's catchier and more authentic sounding. CD (Smog Veil records/774 Mays #10-454/Incline Village, NV 89451)

SPEND 4/WEEKENDER • split 7"

Sometimes I wonder why I ever listen to anything other than Japanese thrash. Spend 4 is full of energy and excitement. The group vocals make me want to join in too! Fast but not monotonous; wonderful musicianship. The Weekender had a rawer sound, less technical than Spend 4. The recording quality was pretty bad, but behind it all the songs were entertaining. Chaotic, medium range punk with some pretty rocking guitar solos. I recommend this seven inch overall, if not just Spend 4. JM (401 Hongou Mansions/2-36-2, Yayoichou/Nakano-Ku/Tokyo 164-0013/Japan)

GREY AM/RUINED IN A DAY • split CD

2 songs each. I don't remember the Grey AM sounding so rock. The first song is quite reminiscent of Jawbox. The second ditty is some sort of tribute to AC/DC, I think. In my book that's a mistake right there. Still, it's not too annoying. Still rocks. Ruined in a Day, however, now there's a band I will give two big thumbs up. Great emo vocals that go from skippy and teary-eyed to full throttle screaming. The song structures are epic. The sound is clean. Another keeper. MH (Alone Records/PO Box 3019/Oswego, NY 13126)

MERZBOW/SHORA • Switching Rethorics split CD

Merzbow is credited with songs 1, 4, and 6 on this CD. Tracks 1, 4, and 6 are just annoying sound loops of screeching noise and electronic nonsense. So let's stick with Shora, credited with tracks 2, 3, 5, and 7. When track 2 starts, you think it's still just noise, but then, no, you realize it's a guitar being played. Then the drums kick in, with lots of symbol noise, and then the vocals, which sound like they're being piped in from somewhere, and there are a few starts and stops, and the song ends. Repeat. I must admit I have a hard time telling the good music from the bad with this genre. This is like the last Reversal of Man LP, only not that good. Shora come to us from Geneva, Switzerland. Heavy and crazy stuff. PM (Bisect Sleep Industries c/o Overcome Records/PO Box 80249/35102 Rennes Cedex 3/France)

THE LOCUST/MELT BANANA • split 7"

The Locust may be the weirdest, wackiest, and heaviest band like this in the US, but they are no match for Melt Banana. No, indeed they will never match the Japanese... though they do try. Their side of the record has five songs that are some of the best ones they have done in terms of tight sound. Each of them short, grinding, synthesized, and accompanied by sexual and weird lyrics. Now, Melt Banana doesn't even bother to print their lyrics because you can pretty much just assume they will take the cake. (Where The Locust lyrics seem to be more interested in taking the clap.) Melt Banana play two noise influenced grind tracks that are so punishing and poppy at the same time they just about take out you. Full sounds and heavy guitars throughout, plus her vocals are so sugary and creepy that is just complements the moog-like sound effects perfectly. The ambiguous and freaky cover art from Sam McPheeters compliments the sounds as well. LO (GSL/PO Box 178262/San Diego, CA 92177)

SIN DIOS/INTOLERANCE • split 7"

This is an interesting record. Each band is covering the other band's songs, and they sound good. The theme of the record is an anti drug message, saying that they hate drugs because they control peoples lives, make the government and mafia rich, destroy movements, divide movements (anti/pro drug). Both bands play melodic hardcore, with lots of old school punk and some thrashy parts, too. This record is a great sampling of two rad Spanish bands. CD (La Idea/Apdo. 18-251/28080 Madrid/Spain)

NARCOSIS/MOROSE • The Hierarchy of Human... split 7"

Narcosis play a mix of grind/metallcore. It's pretty heavy and quite brutal, with dual high and low vocals and double bass pedal-a-crankin'. The same goes for Morose, hectic and heavy grind from the UK with high and low vocals and blast beats galore. EM (Deathstill Records/PO Box 633/Dagenham/RM8 3AZ/UK)

SIN DIOS/APATIA NO • split 7"

Another great release from Spain's almighty Sin Dios. Playing two songs in their marked style, combining elements of melodic hardcore, old school punk and skate thrash, and a healthy dose of political critique. These two songs are attacking the satanists and their hypocrisy, and one exclaiming workers' rights to strike and ask for better care. Apatia No are from Venezuela and play politically charged punk rock with female/male vocals. The music is simple and catchy, and the lyrics address the problems of capitalism, of people not practicing what they preach, and one anti-vivisection song. It comes with an English translation sheet, also containing an essay on workplace injury and accountability. A good record indeed. CD (La Idea/Apdo. 18-251/28080 Madrid/Spain)

GREEN BERET/ MOCOVY KHAMENI • split EP

Green Beret make good use of the keyboard with their harsh grind/thrash style. The keys give the music a more demented edge. At times the vocalist will do odd things ("Burp The Hatchet") among the thrash and bash as well. Proof that you can play fast and throw wrenches in to make it interesting. Mocovy Khameni do the no frills crust grind thing with precision. Low growls, rain-on-a-tin-roof drumming, and the wire brush guitar. Only two people in this set up, and it sounds full. MA (Hyenym Records c/o Petr Halgas/Leskovec 340, p/Dvorce u Bratla, 793 68/Czech Republic)

POINT OF FEW/MIHOEN • split 7"

Fast and brutal hardcore from these two Dutch hardcore bands. Point of Few are heavily influenced by Seein' Red, while Mihoen are more savage and crazed. The record comes packaged in a nice hand screened cover with a thick booklet with lyrics and what not. A definite keeper for frantic thrash fans. KM (Kick And Punch Records/PO Box 578/2200 Copenhagen N/Denmark)

MOMENT/THERE WERE WIRES • split 7"

Moment comes out with a strong, catchy indie rock ditty. It is a song about aspirations, realness, and how you rate. Their fuzzed out recording gives it a little bit of an edge and makes it a pretty good one. There Were Wires play two songs. The first one quite heavy and driving with lots of catchy breakdowns. The second falls apart more than the first, but the energy makes up for the loss of structure. Both songs are about cycles of emotions in the world. Their raw recording only improves what they've got. This record is by no means fabulous, but it shows off the talents of each band well. LO (Amalgamate Records/PO Box 3221/Beverly, MA 01915)

NAILBITER/VIIMEINEN KOLONNA • split 7"

Viimeinen Kolonna has five songs on this record. Each of them straightforward traditional punk with a thrash edge. They use really tight, raging guitar and quick drumming to their advantage as the songs speed past. It is a familiar Finnish punk sound played smokingly. Only the recording is a little muddy. They sing in Finnish about liberation, mad cow disease, living in the moment, and soulless people. Nailbiter play two songs and (I think) are from the UK. Their sound is fast hardcore with a thick edge. It reminds me a lot of the last His Hero Is Gone record with it's layers and aggressive tempo. Pretty good. LO (Fight Records/Hikiuorenkatu 17 D 36/33710 Tampere/Finland)

NO KNIFE/NINE DAYS WONDER • split CD

No doubt, No Knife is one rocking outfit. Woo-hoo!!! Rock'n'roll!!! I've always thought it weird that Steve Aoki who's such a political guy puts out all these bands—granted they're all great musically—who don't have anything to say at all. No need to even print their lyrics. Apparently they could afford neither knife nor pen. As with the other band, I've wondered for 9 days and I still can't tell what they're trying to say—granted they're great musically—oh wait, I already said that. I don't know, what can I say... great sound, great layout, great effort all around. I'm longing for something to stick, something that will promote me from listener to doer, but this CD doesn't offer me anything in that department. MH (Dim Mak Records/PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

ONE AM RADIO/THE WIND-UP BIRD • split CD

Two songs from each band: one original (that is quite long) and one remix from each (that is just a couple minutes). The order switches back and forth like a tag team event, which helps to make the songs on here more interesting. Each band plays extremely mellow indie rock with lots of minimalist elements. Left to their own devices, they could make you take a nap. However, when having a cup of tea on a cold day it could be just what you want. One Am Radio has been on lots of splits, so perhaps you have heard them before. They play really soft indie rock that goes on and on. The Wind-Up Bird have members of Jerome's Dream, though you would never guess it by listening to them. Their sound is just a step above no sound, with an eerie minimalism that continues for most of the thirteen minutes of the song. The CD has a very fitting mix of sounds and it you like one band you will most likely enjoy the other. LO (Alone Records/PO Box 3019/Oswego, NY 13126)

INNER CONFLICT/JUGGLING JUGULARS • 7"

At first the tuneful qualities of Inner Conflict threw me. Imagine Funeral Oration with more bite, and better lyrics with a woman singing. The voice is smooth and great, the guitar is strong, and the songs make their way into my mind for humming later. "No Time" speaks volumes on the capitalist condition. Juggling Jugulars are always great, and amaze me with every new release. They write lyrics that hit a person in the gut because of their honesty, and articulate thoughts and emotions we all feel. Just take on the second track, "Mask." The music is driving, and the bass gives everything an energy to compliment the vocals and words. Two great bands more people need to hear. MA (Twisted Chords/Postfach/76327 Pfintzal/Germany; www.twisted-chords.de)

ORRIN DEFOREST/JAZZFINGER • split LP
 Five very crazy grindcore tracks from Orrin Deforest. They play chaotic hardcore with a quick tempo and screeching vocals. The songs are made up of either grinding or a slower breakdown. There doesn't seem to be much in common for this band. The recording is really tinny, and it made the record sound more like noise than might be intended. Jazzfinger has two songs. The first one is an extended noise track. Now, by that I mean a guitar song with noises of banging pots and looping sounds over it. It sort of sounds like a bustling house of people or a busy sidewalk. The second song has the same meandering guitar sound, but this time they play power tools over it. Sort of a combination of someone chilling on the stoop and someone building a bookcase. I found both of the Jazzfinger's songs totally annoying and I was glad when their side was over. Perhaps their point is to distance the listener and create this strange space... I'm not sure what the thinking is here. I just know I'm not that into it. LO (Traqueto Records/14 Whiggs Lane/Whickham/Newcastle Upon Tyne/NE16 4PF/England)

CEMETERIO SHOW/SIN DIOS • split 7"

The CS side was pretty good heavy pounding, fast crust influenced Spanish HC. Lyrics in Spanish and German about, religion, media and scene bullshit. The stuff was pretty good but I think that they could have described their contempt for religion in the song highest power a little better than "hail Mary so full of shit, Virgin Mary, I'll rape that fucking clit..." Oh boy, I don't know about that, but I think there are hundreds of things that could have been said right there instead. Now, the other side rocks! SD has been playing awesome anarchist fueled punk for a while and have out some records. Pissed off fast (maybe faster now) and angry. Right on lyrics in Spanish about our lives not being for sale and the press and police being the dogs of capitalism. This is an awesome release. CF (La Idea/Apdo. 18-251/28080 Madrid/Spain)

BURNS OUT BRIGHT/DADE COUNTY RESISTANCE/LAST TO KNOW • 3 way split CD

A bunch of new bands introducing themselves on this well-produced, very nice looking CD. Burns Out Bright, 4 songs: Above par rockin' emo. Kind of weird that this band out of nowhere has such a great sound. Dade County Resistance, 4 songs: First of all, cool name. I only recently saw that Dade County mockumentary. Musically it's somewhat generic melodic punk. Well played, of course, and with nice harmonies. Lots of kids play in this category and you have to be playing absolutely standout material to make it. Still, I think there's enough potential here to go far. Great sound, too. Last To Know, 4 songs: More melodic punk in tune with the other bands on here. I think all these bands could either go MTV (the potential is definitely there, all they need is a good marketing scheme) or they could write harder/weirder/noisier/uglier music and stay underground. Right now it's hard to say where they're all at. MH (12 Step Program, address completely unreadable)

UNSANE CRISIS/EKKAI • split CD

Unsane Crisis covers Napalm Death on here which is always a good thing. They have a dual growler/screecher thing going that works really well for them. The CD opener could easily pass for a Locust track. Tempo changes and break downs galore! I even hear some youth crew style backup singalongs thrown in with this brutal thrashy sound. Ekkai bring a slightly more straight ahead and noisy metal like approach to this release. The guitars have the anemic, more melodic sound of metal while the singers still stay by their screeching vocal style. Overall, a great showing by these two. JL (La Idea/Apdo. 18-251/28080 Madrid/Spain)

HAYMAKER/OXBAKER • split 7"

Whoa, these are some pissed off Canadians! In case you haven't heard, Haymaker wants you to kill yourself now, because life won't get any easier. Musically, they remind me of Devoid of Faith. Oxbaker doesn't provide lyrics, but with song titles like "The Wheels of Justice are Clogged With Shit" I don't think they are very happy either. I prefer Oxbaker of the two, but both play a similar style of music. DD (Deep Six Records)

END ON END/LIFE IN PICTURES • split 7"

These two hardcore bands fit together pretty well; both have similar styles. Life In Pictures is the heavier of the two with a little more of a metal influence and screeching screaming vocals. They have the part where everything gets real quiet except for the eerie clean guitar and the creepy voice that builds back up to screaming again. End On End are more of a band to yell along with and point fingers to but they have quiet-loud parts too. The insert is a kind of nice quarter page booklet with lyrics on see-through paper over pictures of the bands. Screen printed covers and green vinyl. FIL (Coldbringer Records/PO Box 931174/Los Angeles, CA 90093)

**CHARLIE DON'T SURF/
THE PEOPLE'S WAR** • split CD

This is a great CD. Charlie Don't Surf is from Yugoslavia, and play tight and solid hardcore that has lots of change ups and melodic parts, emotionally played. I like it more every time I hear it. Political lyrics addressing a slew of issues. I hope to see more from this band in the future. The People's War are from Memphis, Tennessee, and they rock this disc with great noisy hardcore. Unrelenting, violent and dark and political hardcore, with venomous and uplifting lyrics. Almost as good, in my opinion, as their 7" on Coalition. This CD is totally DIY, with a stickered CDR, and folded and stapled paperboard cover. A great release altogether. CD (Good Samaritan Records c/o Zujic Bojan/Cara Dusana 110 Tm/78000 Banja Luka/Republika Srpska/Bosnia)

SEEIN' RED/THE NOW DENIAL • Hope... split 7"

The profits from this 7" go to aid the legal defense fund for those arrested at the G8 World Trade protests in Genova, Italy. The cover folds out into a poster that includes various band members writing about hope and disillusion. There is a definite theme for the record, and it is carried through quite well. Nicely done. The music is of course a burst of angry and fast thrash! Each band unleashes with four frantic thrashers. Seein' Red is well known, and these tracks won't disappoint. The Now Denial keeps up their end as they show that they can thrash with the best of them. KM (Tome Tumme Tott/Schlüchthaber/Handwerkerstr. 1A/33617 Bielefeld/Germany)

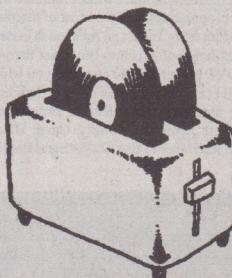
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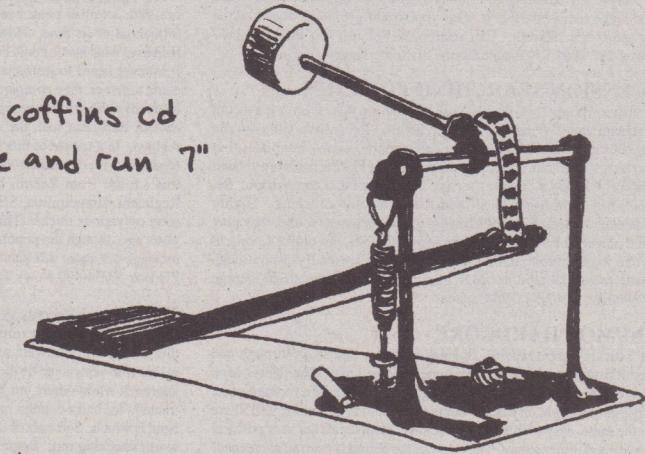
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6/15 Tucson, AZ	6/29 Milwaukee, WI
6/16 Phoenix, AZ	6/30 Chicago, IL
6/17 San Diego, CA	7/1 Indianapolis, IN
6/18 Los Angeles, CA	7/2 Detroit, MI
6/19 Goleta, CA	7/3 Cleveland, OH
6/20 Santa Cruz, CA	7/4 Philadelphia, PA

Questions/Help out?
offminorthreat@yahoo.com

BETERCORE/OHLO DE GATE • split 7"

Well, recently I was reading a column by an undisclosed columnist in MRR, and he was talking about how he felt that the next big explosion would be a SxE/crust crossover scene. Is this one of the first in the explosion? Betercore play self described YouthCrust. Personal and political lyrics with doubled up vocals. Lots of cool super fast thrash riffing and moshable breakdowns. This is pretty fun stuff, highly recommended! Ohlo de Gato play more fast, political thrash core. This side of the record didn't really catch me as much but it still shreds pretty hard. Maybe if Vitamin X and Charles Bronson got together and switched around some members, this is what you would get. Stay ahead of the times and check this out. CF (Balowski Records c/o Roy Meijnen/ Haarweg 287/8709 RX Wageningen/The Netherlands)

RECENSION/SEARCHING FOR CHIN • split 7"

Wow, they certainly took their time in assembling this record! It's a cool little scheme that I've never seen used before. Recension: Ultra-spastic power core with minuscule little mega-fast parts, moshy interludes, but no part lasts longer than about 5 seconds. Kind of like the hardcore version of System of a Down. Oops, I'm sure they'll hate that comparison. So, anyway, this is fast and harsh and the lyrics are awesome. Highly recommended! Searching for Chin has a more coherent sound, they play fast and powerful hardcore with lots of great hooks, not unlike Living In Oblivion. Again, the words that go with the music are totally inspirational. Fantastic record all around. MH (Sounds of Revolution/1620 George Ave./Windsor, ON/N84 2Y6/Canada)

OBNI/MOB HARDCORE • split LP

What a fucking great record! Spanish hardcore that rocks through and through! Both bands rip it up with some very well played hardcore. Mob Hardcore have some brilliant riffs along side there straight forward ones. Totally tight and right on track to being a big band in the future. OBNI are much the same, only with a female vocalist. Both bands are very political and have good things to say. The cover of the record is even silk screened! How rad is that! Only 500 of these puppies, so get them now or miss out on some of the better records this year! DD (Mala Raza/AP 6037-50080/ Zaragoza/Spain)

LET IT BURN/THE SCARLET LETTER • split 7"

Released in Germany, this split 7" features New Jersey's Let It Burn and The Scarlet Letter. Let It Burn are once again exploding with their high energy hardcore while The Scarlet Letter are playing more thrashy hardcore with some melodic elements. I think this 7" is some sort of limited edition tour release. The Scarlet Letter are good, but not great, while Let It Burn are pretty damn good. Their tracks are always so catchy. KM (Vendetta Records)

V/A • Tribute To Rejestracja LP

In 1980, a Polish punk band formed which many considered the most influential of its time. However, the strict reign the Polish government held over what music could be recorded kept many people outside of Poland from ever heard Rejestracja. In the booklet explaining how this project came together, they compare them to the UK Subs, Discharge, and Dead Kennedys. The music here is similar, but not the same. Though it has an eastern European feel, the age of the songs gives them an extra bit of realism. In a tribute to this influential band, Polish punk artists gathered together to record these songs. For the most part, the people that play on this LP are from Rezim, but folks from bands such as Apatia, Post Regiment, Homomilitia, Schizma, Pdzama Porno, 1125, and Deuter all song on various tracks. This LP was also released as a CD comp a few years ago, though the popularity of this label will allow the comp get the message out about this band to a greater degree. LO (Nikt Nic Nie Wie/ PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

V/A • Friction Records Vol. 1 CD

20 bands. Nice to get a surprise. I must admit that I wasn't familiar with this label at all. There are some cool songs on this CD. Most of them are in that emo vein; some do the Deep Elm thing, others go for a much harsher approach while others are going experimental/techno (my least favorite tracks). If I had a counter on my DVD player I could even tell you which band is which. Sorry about that. All I can say is that this comp is definitely worth checking out. Some of the bands are: Don Knotts, Halos From Martyrs, Jamesen, Hunter Rose, With Arms Still Empty, Gavin Black, Enon and Mechanik. MH (Friction Records/PO Box 6605/Grand Rapids, MI 49516)

V/A • Winter Reggae Festival CD

Kent, I have no idea why you didn't review this yourself. Polish reggae? Are you trying to torture me or something? For all the people who didn't know: Kent McClard is one big time reggae fan and I'm not kidding. Tears will well up in him when he speaks of Bob Marley. Me, however, I hate the reggae. I mean, I've tried smoking pot when I was younger and it never worked. Never felt a thing. Same with reggae. I could listen to this for days and I still wouldn't feel it. Admittedly, a couple of these songs have more of an edge than expected. They go ska or they're played harder than the usual dub fare. I imagine that reggae is a pretty good communicator—lots of people are probably into it. All the words are in Polish so I can't tell what they're saying, but I know that the label is very punk/underground and I'm hoping that these bands, too, have some smart things to say. I think, these songs were all recorded live, but it's hard to tell because the sound is excellent. If you like reggae at all (I'm talking to you Kent), you should check this out. MH (Nikt Nic Nie Wie/PO Box 51/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

V/A • Three Parts of Intense Emotion 7"

A 3 band split 7" with Springwater, Linsay, and Deamons Jaded Passion. I would just call it a comp personally. Generic Euro-metal. At times a complete Slayer rip, but not in a good way. Not very memorable. MT (Unsubmissive/Stockumerstr. 20/47057 Duisburg/Germany)

V/A • No Idea 100: Redefining Music CD

Sixteen bands on the No Idea label slaughtering covers from Thin Lizzy, The Clash, Circle Jerks, The Police, and the like. Eh... MA (No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

V/A • Virginia is Still for Lovers 2xCD

I haven't lived in Virginia for two years, and maybe I wasn't aware that there were so many emo bands, but apparently there are. I was expecting more harder sounding music on this 30 song double CD. Its mostly emo songs with good sound quality, and a few hardcore and experimental songs with terrible sound quality. I'm disappointed to know that the music scene has less good bands than when I lived there. DJ (Amendment Records/ 580 Nansemond Cres./Portsmouth, VA 23707)

photo by Matt Average

Romantic Gorilla

V/A • Relics Of Ordinary Life CD

This compilation has a sampling of current hardcore, screamo, and metalcore bands; most of which you have probably heard of before. Well known outfits like Hassan I Sabbah, Eulcid, Mara'akate, Usurp Synapse, Force Fed Glass, and Pg. 99 mingle with smaller bands like Suicide Note, Right Arm Death Threat, There Were Wires, Humanbodyflawed, The Hreste, Illithed, Laura's Agent, Die Trying, and The Drago Miette. Upon opening up the booklet for the comp, there is no band information but rather a note from the label. It is an open letter to the community about how he feels the scene has changed and become less genuine and more interested in getting bigger. While this is a good point to make as you see the cycle of the scene pass through your hometown, I do find it odd that someone who cares so much about preserving the DIY scene would choose to no print any band information. Actually, let me clarify that... They ask that you go to their website for the band info. Um, that sucks. The comp is fine, but that sucks. LO (Happy Couples Never Last/PO Box 36997/Indianapolis, IN 46236)

V/A • Plastic Culture comp CD

Oddly enough this comp CD is a benefit for a Food Not Bombs chapter in the USA, which is a great cause, but the comp is dominated by bands from Italy and Germany. The line up includes With Love, Never Was, Romeo Is Bleeding, HHH, Jane, Waiting For Better Days, Dawncore, Timebomb, Downright, Engrave, Comrades, Fuerza De Lucha, Course of Action, No Somos Nada, Generation Waste, Man Vs. Humanity, Defdump, One Fine Day, Reveal, Kafka, Kill Your Idols, Endstand, and Most Precious Blood. The music is a mix of metal hardcore, some more emo stuff, more traditional hardcore, and some political thrash stuff. All in all a nice sampling of a lot of different bands. KM (No! Records/Via Cadighiara 18-14/16133 Genova/Italy)

V/A • Banned in Nagoya tape

This tape comp features six HC bands from the above-mentioned city. The diversity of bands on this is pretty cool and stays in the realm of HC. Some of the bands have the late 80's hardcore youth thing going and others stick to the more raw traditional HC style. Bands featured in this comp are: District, old school DC HC; One Line, poser-style; Nine Curve, noisy crossover thrash; Linkage, more traditional style Japanese HC; Furious About, early 90's sounding political hardcore ala Born Against; and my favorite with a great cover of MOB 47—Unleash! I have to stick to my crusty roots and go for Unleash on this comp, but District comes in a close second on the traditional HC side of things. Check this out for some local flavor from a different land. CF (Depression Records c/o Hirokiyuki Karaki/Nishimbo Yotutuji 5/Aichi 491-0365/Japan)

V/A • Tribute To Rejestracja LP

In 1980, a Polish punk band formed which many considered the most influential of its time. However, the strict reign the Polish government held over what music could be recorded kept many people outside of Poland from ever heard Rejestracja. In the booklet explaining how this project came together, they compare them to the UK Subs, Discharge, and Dead Kennedys. The music here is similar, but not the same. Though it has an eastern European feel, the age of the songs gives them an extra bit of realism. In a tribute to this influential band, Polish punk artists gathered together to record these songs. For the most part, the people that play on this LP are from Rezim, but folks from bands such as Apatia, Post Regiment, Homomilitia, Schizma, Pzama Porno, 1125, and Deuter all song on various tracks. This LP was also released as a CD comp a few years ago, though the popularity of this label will allow the comp get the message out about this band to a greater degree. LO (Nikt Nic Nie Wie/PO Box 53/34-400 Nowy Targ/Poland)

V/A • Quarters Vol. 2 7"

This compilation series has a grown up/artsy look that I never expect the music to sound very hardcore. I was wrong. Not to say that this is blistering power violence or something, but none of these tracks is too wimpy. Sweep the Leg Johnny: first time I've heard this band. Unfortunately this is an instrumental track—so I'm not sure I'm getting the whole story. I did like it, though. It's got a good drive. Biddy Biddy Biddy: never ever heard of these guys. Great track, though. Interesting, rocking rhythm and cool distorted vocals. Real good. The Casket Lottery: way, way better than I remember them. What a pleasant surprise! Trocar: one rocking track somewhere in between Standstill and stoner rock. Fast (considering the genre), sweet and to the point. Good value. MH (Atarms Mechanics/PO Box 27/Marshall, MI 49068)

V/A • Already Too Much Blood On Science Hands CD

A large compilation of bands from all over in support of animal rights. Most of the are anarcho-punk or crust bands, though the particular styles tend to vary. The bands on here are Contravene, Counterpose, Fallas Del Sistema, Kakistocracy, Fleas And Lice, P.A.W.N.S., B.O.D., Sin Diós, Inopposition, Aftermath, Phalanx, Alt Tc, Framtid, Bread And Water, Autonomia, Murdered Minority, Riot/Clone, Diaspora, Cojoba, Dekadent, Absurd Attitude, Wlochaty, Excrecadores, Paz Americana, and Thulsa Doom. Some of the tracks have already been released, but I believe most of them have not. Lyrics and contact information for each band is listed, as well as information about getting in touch with organizations for the animals. LO (Counterpart Records c/o B. Racanelli/1 Blvd. De Lorraine/La Pointe Rouge/13008 Marseille/France)

V/A • Stand Up & Fucking Fight For It: Queen in Hardcore & Punk CD
There is not one track that I skip when listening to this CD, which is amazing because it is a compilation and there are inevitably one or two bands that are just horrible. Ninja Death Squad, Fakefight, and Myles of Destruction represent the thrashy hardcore side of things here. Hell, Myles of Destruction even has a wind instrument. How cool is that? The Hail Marys then proceed to play really good 80s style hair metal which is totally rockin. Yeah! Then we get a healthy dose of youth crew angst with Kids Like Us. Then, holy crap!—a bubble gum pop hilarious look at body hair from The V Area. Lipkandy follows with a really great indie rock song. Fagutron plays an awesome bass driven song "Asskickertron" which is as good as its title. Finally, Rotten Fruits have an all out attack in their "Fuck Media Faggots" clashy type song that is so great. Pick this up! JL (Agitprop Records/PO Box 748/Hanover, MA 02399)

TOP 10 LISTS

Fil

CITY OF CATERPILLARS—new LP • PLEASE INFORM THE CAPTAIN THIS IS A HIJACK—new LP stuff • **THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB**—Front Seat Solidarity LP • **TRIAL BY FIRE**—Ringing In The Dawn • **DARKEST HOUR**—live and With Friends Like These... • **Doris** #15 (DIY anti-depression guide) • **MS. PAC-MAN** with Ryan Parrish (157355 vs 23700) • **ERIN MUNGER**—live • **PUNK ROCK ART SHOW** (our first ever)

Scott Torguson

JESUSEATER ep • **V/A—Later, That Same Year** comp (mostly for the Vagrants song) • **GEOFF FARINA**—Creative Eclipse • **SHARKS KEEP MOVING**—Pause and Clause • **THE SWORDS PROJECT**—live • **Bobby Jackson #24** • **THE COUP**—Party Music (especially with the original cover) • **ABILENE** ep • **FUGAZI**—The Argument • **KARATE**—Cancel/Sing ep

Steve Aoki

FROM MONUMENT TO MASSES—live • **PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES, THIS MACHINE KILLS, YOUR ENEMIES FRIENDS, MIRACLE CHOSUKE, OBCD, FUNERAL DINER** show at Laurel House, Santa Cruz • **THE KILLS**—Black Rooster CD • **THE RED LIGHT STING**—new songs for Sound Virus • **THE DIMES/THE CULOTTES**—CD • **MARS VOLTA**—Tremulant EP and live • **BLOOD BROTHERS**—March On Electric Children LP • **VINCENT GALLO**—So Sad 12" • **V/A—In the Beginning There Was Rhythm** 2x12" on Soul Jazz • **V/A—Histeria** 12" on Soul Jazz • **V/A—Histeria** 12"

Jonathan Lee

VIRGINIA BLACK LUNG—7" • **FUGAZI**—The Argument LP, Furniture 7", and live • **V/A—Histeria** LP on Lengua Armada (awesome!!!) • **RADIO 4—Gotham!** LP • **TRAGEDY**—7" • **LIMP WRIST**—LP • **YAGE**—everything!! • the new Warp releases (Boards of Canada, Aphex Twin, Squarepusher, etc) • **PARTY OF HELICOPTERS**—Space and How Sweet it Was 2xCD • **CERBERUS SHOAL**—Mr. Boy Dog 2xCD

Marianne Hofstetter

OZ, season 5, especially the musical episode • Brett Hall for taping me those shows! • The Cops, season 2, finally • Cooking with Carsten • TO SEE YOU BROKEN—7"

Steve Snyder

YUKO FUJIYAMA QUARTET—Re-entry • **MYRA MELFORD/MARTY** • **EHRLICH**—Yet Can Spring • **ESG**—A South Bronx Story • **Paping** comics 'zine • **Beetle-mania!** 'zine • **SUN CITY GIRLS**—High Asia-Lo Pacific • **THURSTON MOORE/EVAN PARKER** • **WALTER PRATI**—The Promise • **NELS CLINE**—Destroy All Nels Cline • **A Handful Of Dust**—Urban Psychogeography vol.II • **SIR RICHARD BISHOP**—Salvador Kali • **ICEBURN**—Land Of Wind And Ghosts CD • **MUSLIMGAUZE**—Islamaphobia 12"

Vincent Chung

What the hell is that thing on Kent McClard's head in *HeartattaCk* #33?: The Scene's RED PHONE • Kent really works in international espionage, why do you think he still lives on a coast? • "Commando," Nokia's new line of cell phones. They're wireless and stylish! • portable karaoke • a direct line to Mike Judge, for advice on life's most troubling questions • when he talks into the mike, it makes him sound "important" • voice command for his new Sony Robodog • did you hear that the MRR office telephones are bugged? • so Leslie and Lisa can say, "Hey Kent, stop surfing and help us finish the magazine" • whatever it is, it's probably playing the Overcast LP 24-7

Chuck Franco

Dan Fontaine and Steve Snyder's word luck (what a rad idea!) • 1st annual DIY punk rock art show/spoken word/acoustic night • *Lies My Teacher Told Me* by James W. Loewen, read this book! • Sunday soccer with all the kids! • PLEASE INFORM THE CAPTAIN THIS IS A HIJACK—live show • Working with the SB living wage coalition • Hanging out with my brothers Mike and James • Chris, Jose, and Denver, I love you guys! • Getting my stitches out and being able to skate again! • Playing the Anarchist Black Cross benefit in San Diego (thanks Austin!)

Chriss Crass

Anarchist Panther 'zine #2 and #3 by Ashanti Alston • *Outlaw Woman: a memoir of the war years, 1960-1975* by Roxanne Dunbar-Ortiz • *Political Protest & Cultural Revolution: nonviolent direct action in the 1970s and 1980s* by Barbara Epstein • *RACE (Revolutionary Anti-Authoritarians of Color)* 'zine #1 • this years anarchist cafe in San Francisco • my friends Rahula and Jeff having a baby • *Royal Tenenbaums* • *Can't Hardly Wait*, teensploitation at its finest • *WarTimes*, free national anti-war newspaper, write wartimes@attbi.com to distro in your town • *On the Road to Healing: a booklet for men against sexism* #2

Lisa Oglesby

The Assassin and the Whiner #14 'zine • *Die Trying* #1 • *HARUM SCARUM*—Live In Slovenia CD • *Media Reader* #5 • *AGAINST ME!*—Reinventing Axl Rose LP • *THE DEVIL IS ELECTRIC*—I've Never Trusted... LP • *NO PARADE*—Ceaseless Fire LP • *Scenery* #15 • *RIFU*—Revolutionary Tango (The Slavery Dance) LP • *Slug & Lettuce* #70 • *YAGE*—Some Things Take A Long Time... 7" • *Gullible* #23 • *JOSHUA FIT FOR BATTLE*—To Bring Our Own Sound CD • *CORN ON MACABRE*—I 7" and II 7" • *SENNEVAL*—Mi Padre El Hondero De La Pistola 7" • *YOUTH RIOT*—7" • *How 2 Zine* #2 • *These Are The Days* #4 • *DEF CHOICE*—7"

Timothy Sheehan

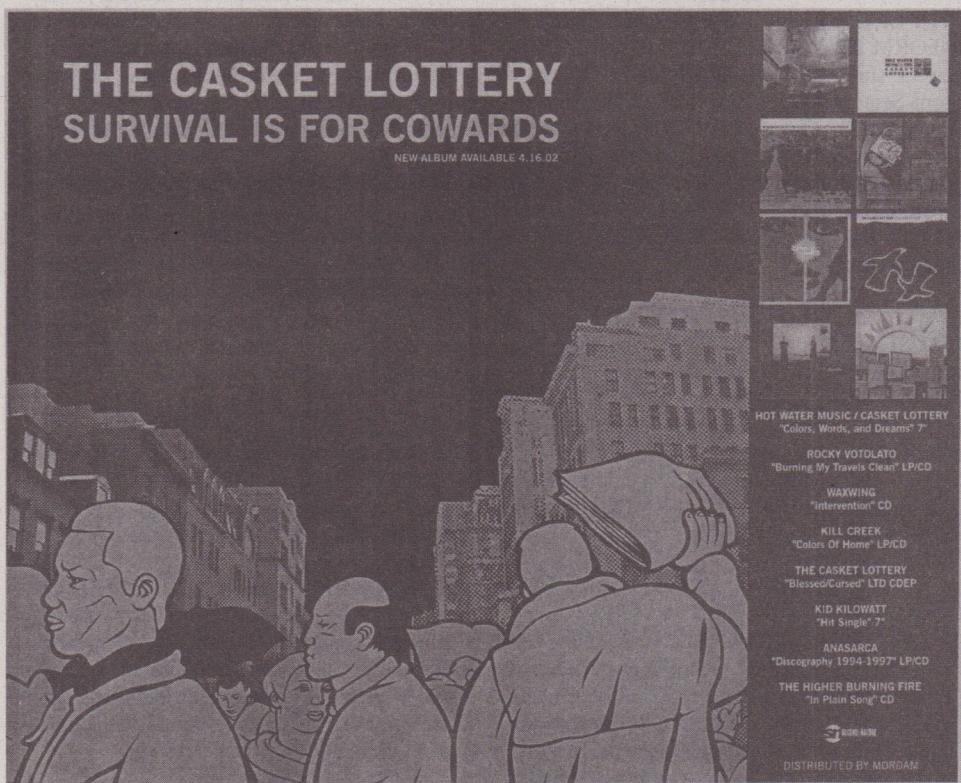
PLEASE INFORM THE CAPTAIN THIS IS A HIJACK—live and recorded • Stanislaw Lem • *IRON LUNG*—live • *RORSCHACH*—all • *YAGE*—7" • **V/A—Histeria** 12"

SL-27 • demo

SL-27 play crazy hardcore in the vein of Charles Bronson, but the melodic parts of Orchid. The recording is pretty muddy and the songs are kind of sloppy. Though they make up for a lot of that with their energy and spunk. Their concise lyrics deride the scene and our society in an apt manner. LO (\$4 to Stig K./Koekoestraat 7/2400 Mol/Belgium)

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V/A • Thrashbot Records 4 band split 7"

Two songs from each band, and the longest of any of them is 47 seconds. The record says 45, but when I put on the record the Crippled Mongoloid grindcore songs sounded too fast. They were just about right at 33. The songs from Charmburgler are more grindcore but to get them to sound right you have to, again, adjust the speed back up to 45. That speed is right again for Discreetly youth hellchristbastardassmanx, probably the most well known band on this comp. They play fast and spastic hardcore that is very much thrash. Losin' Fusion finish off the record with more demesne thrash and their "Heatstroke" is the clearest song on the record. Each of the covers is hand made and wacky. All of the bands are from Escondido, just north of San Diego. None of these bands are The Locust. LO (Matt Ottley/736 S Chestnut/Escondido, CA 92025)

V/A • I Wear Your Heart CD

First off, the packaging looks very shitty, due to it being a bad Xerox copy job, but there seem to be some decent bands on this comp. Styles ranging from metal, to dance, to punk, to noise. It's a pretty experimental comp. No bands that I'm familiar with at all. NW (DFC Records/13171 Edgemont Rd./Smithsburg, MD 21783)

V/A • II: An Escape Artist Records Compilation CD

Most of the tracks from this comp are taken from previously released Escape Artist bands. This includes bands like Time In Malta, Isis, Burn It Down, Anodyne, and Keelhaul. The exceptions to this rule are Craw, April, and Sweetness. One thing holds true in each of the tracks—and that is the heavy metal core influence in these bands. Some are more rock, some are more mosh, and some are more metal (yes, on top of the other metal I already mentioned). The extent of the booklet is band information and, of course, the CDs you can buy are advertised. Hopefully this sampler is cheap, otherwise I don't see much of a point in it; especially since it isn't a clearly themed comp or a collection of unreleased songs or anything. LO (Escape Artist Records/PO Box 472/Downingtown, PA 19335)

V/A • On Top of Life: A Swiss Hardcore Compilation CD

This CD has tracks from seventeen current hardcore bands from Switzerland. The styles vary from the more metal hardcore sounds of Knut, Oeme, Cease, Dark Day Dungeon, Inured, Cataract, Brazen, Pray Silent, Shora, Prejudice, Riots, or Mulder to the melodic-infused hardcore bands like Blue Water Boy, Reference 21, Cwill, All Fools' Day, or Sundowner. All but three of the songs are unreleased and each comes with lyrics, discography information, and band contact information. All of the bands have good recording and just about all of them sound really good. Only the metal core bands blur into the background (because they are so many). Prawda has released plenty of interesting records from Swiss bands, and this comp is a really nice sampling of some of the best current ones. LO (Prawda/Scholastikerstr. 24/9400 Rorschach/Switzerland)

V/A • Down in Front CD

This is basically a "Best of Aaron Cometbus" compilation. At first, I thought this was the box set but this is just the best of the "Down In Front" box set plus one song from each of seven 7"s. This includes one or two songs each from Redmond Shooting Stars, Astrid Oto, Pinhead Gunpowder, Cosmetic Puffs, Sweet Baby, The Retard Beaters, EFS, Shqwell Coho, The Blank Fight, Mundt, Shotwell, and Cleveland Bound Death Sentence. Most of them have (what I think of as) a bay area punk sound (even though they're from all over the country), while others are more like low fi garage rock and roll. If you like any of the bands on here then you'll probably like some of the others so this is kind of like a sampler. There are some great songs on here, so it's nice to have them in one place. FIL (No Idea Records/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

V/A • The Emo Philips: Diaries From Tampa To Eternity CD

Ever get a record and the cover is so god awful that you instantly get a sick feeling in your stomach? If not, check this CD out for the previously mentioned feeling. I mean it's got some dorky looking emo kid on the cover trying to look 'cool' (and whose face is in no way easy on the eyes). And that fact that the insert says it took four people to design it is just beyond me. Now, that said, I guess I'll talk about the music, it's a compilation of bands from the Tampa, Florida area. I can't help but hear it and think of The Get Up Kids and that sort of stuff, so if that is up your alley you would probably like this. MO (New Granada Records/PO Box 29104/Tampa, FL 33687-1044)

V/A • Sweet 16's Turned 31 CD

Whaddaya know, it's a Bob Seger tribute compilation! Four bands, one track each. I don't think this is any worse of an idea than the Embrace tribute record was. I mean that turned out horribly wrong, didn't it, and this here isn't bad at all. The first two bands, [Daryl] and Sarasota do a good job, but I have to admit that I wasn't very familiar with the original version. The Hillary Step, however, cover "Against The Wind," you know, the one song that even you know, and they do a fantastic job. Their interpretation sounds familiar and completely different at the same time. Which reminds me—don't I have a Hillary Step CD lying around somewhere? I must go and listen to that again. Alright, last band, Sweep the Leg Johnny. Well done, too. If you can live with the whole Bob Seger thing—and clearly I can—then I think you should check this out. MH (Urinine Records/6808 Madison Dr./Indianapolis, IN 46227)

V/A • Seven Eleven #8 cassette comp

The bands on this tape are Federation X, Creamy, 9 Shocks Terror, A-Cup, Cassettes, Our Mother's Mustache, Modest Mouse, Snarkout Boys, Earth Quake Generation, Fleshes, Razak Solar System, 12 Tome System, Wipers, Pave The Ocean, Chester, Hearer, Calvin And Laura, Eye Team, and Earth Quake Generation. The sounds vary from melodic indie sounds, to challenging K-Records style rhythms, to crazed punk rock. I'm not sure where most of the bands originate from, but if it were the northwest US I would not be surprised. Most of the tracks are recorded live from a show space while others are other live tracks, out of print stuff, or from another comp. The sound quality is good overall and there is quite a bit on here that I liked. LO (\$3 to Danny/PO Box 771402/Lakewood, OH 44107)

V/A • A Force To Be Reckoned With LP

This comp features six bands from Denver doing three songs a piece. The order plays one song from each band at a time, so it can be hard to really get a feel for each particular band. The bands are Scapegoat, Clusterflux, The Taints, PBR Street Gang, The Stressed, and Crimson Haybaler. There are a couple really catchy songs on here that I think were from Clusterflux and The Stressed, though it was hard to tell because not all of the bands printed their lyrics. All of the bands play crust punk, full of beer and rebellion. Some of them are straightforward and raw, while others use layers to enhance the sound. Overall, this isn't a great comp...but I'm sure folks in Denver would be into the local bands. LO (Shitjack Records c/o Matt/545 Broadway/Denver, CO 80203)

BAD BUSINESS • Demo 2002 CD

This CD has five quick thrash inspired tracks. The straightforward anger and style of Bad Business is good, but they need to build on that sound more before the music becomes really strong. The traditional hardcore style they playing sound best when you play it really tightly, and I think this band could get there. LO (Dan Bress/121B Perkins Rd./Rochester, NY 14623)

THE MISTAKE • demo CD

For a demo recorded live this is pretty good. I didn't even think it was live until they started talking between tracks. The Mistake play really heavy hardcore with a fast edge. At times, they remind me of Bleed or Groundwork... but really they are comparable to any good minded aggressive band. Their songs are catchy and punishing at the same time. They sing about politics and personal issues with a clear voice and a pointed finger. Some of the topics include the unrest in the Middle East, working for minimum wage, the victims of war, and personal struggles. I like the fact that the recording isn't super thick, it allows them to be more raw and real. LO (Prime Directive Records/PO Box 571/Balboa, CA 92661)

KEVORKIAN CHRISTMAS SPECIAL • Take Drugs and Kill... demo
Pretty noisy screaming type punk HC stuff here. I thought the lyrics would be comical and humorous judging by the band name, but were actually serious and intelligent, critical and questioning and sincere. This isn't so bad for a demo tape. These guys could be pretty damn good with some time on their side. Some of the stuff reminds me of old LA HC punk or Reagan Youth with some Rudimentary Peni thrown in. Most of the stuff is pretty fast and aggressive and pretty much stays within that territory. I would like to see where this band is in a little while. CF (\$2 to Mike/16745 Cerro Vista Dr./Morgan Hill, CA 95037)

THE MONOLITH • CD-R demo

Larger than life hardcore influenced metal. When they kick in the speed it's pretty good. Dual grind vocals, sand paper guitar, and good drumming. Unfortunately, my copy has too many drop outs for me to get the maximum effect. MA (monolith_trash@yahoo.de)

SHACKLES AWAIT • demo

Six songs of angry and grinding hardcore. This band is definitely influenced by weighty hardcore bands like His Hero Is Gone. They use a lot of thick sounds and complex fury to get their point across. With a name like Shackles Await, it is not surprising that most of their lyrics are about trying to break out of repressive norms. LO (201 W 6th./Edmond, OK 73003)

...OF DEATH • demo

This is some pretty crazy stuff from Texas, that has some of the highest pitched screams and vocals that I've ever heard (I mean it when I say high pitched). The music is odd, and switches from a complete blasting black metal sound, to crust beats, to jazzy sounding stuff. Strange, and brutal. NW (2700 College Ave./Ft. Worth, TX 76110)

GUITARBOY • tape

This is made up of one guy who feels passionately about some current political issues and coincidentally also knows how to rock out on the guitar. There are multiple instruments, however, and from the sound of it he recorded them all on a 4-track (but I could be wrong). The songs are mostly along the lines of 2-beat punk (I think the drums are done on a machine—sorry, if they aren't—so he kicks the high hat up a notch to 4) with a melodic edge. In between some of the songs are recordings of Guitarboy arguing with the local far right-wing radio voice. It's nice to see someone acting out on their beliefs and expressing them in some good old punk rock songs. 8 songs. RG (\$3 to Neo Havok/PO Box 71357/Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

DISIDENCIA • CD demo

Five tracks of super-energized hardcore thrash from Uruguay fill this CD. Their first song has a full bore style and straight ahead vocals remind me quite a bit of Los Crudos. In later tracks they also throw in a good dose of melodic guitar hooks to give it lots of layers. Disidencia change it up and keep it interesting, while at the same time staying true to a hardcore style. The stuff on here is really good. Soon they will have a 7" out on Thought Crime Records from Germany. LO (Diego Irigoyen/Arturo Lezama 1964 BIS-2/Aguada-Montevideo/CP: 11800/Uruguay)

ESKAPO • Kalayan Ne Isipan demo

This one is sort of a mystery to me. The name, title, and some of the lyrics are in a language I'm not familiar with (it looks Scandinavian) but the recording are all from the bay area in California. Eskapo play thrash with a changing tempo and, often, tiny sound to the drums and guitar. The songs are structured as songs and not simple assaults, but then they throw in this thrash element at times. It sounds very much like a European punk band. The songs on this tape are well played and the material is good, but I'm not super excited about it. LO (no address)

THE AFTERMATH • demo

Five songs that display a lot of anger and disappointment. They play heavy hardcore with a sometimes fast tempo. Each of them has a crunchy guitar sound and thick vocals. Though it isn't really my style, the stuff on this demo impressed me with how pulled together it was. This band does not seem confused or floundering. They have found their rough groove and they stay in it. LO (PO Box 80112 NE/Washington, DC 20018)

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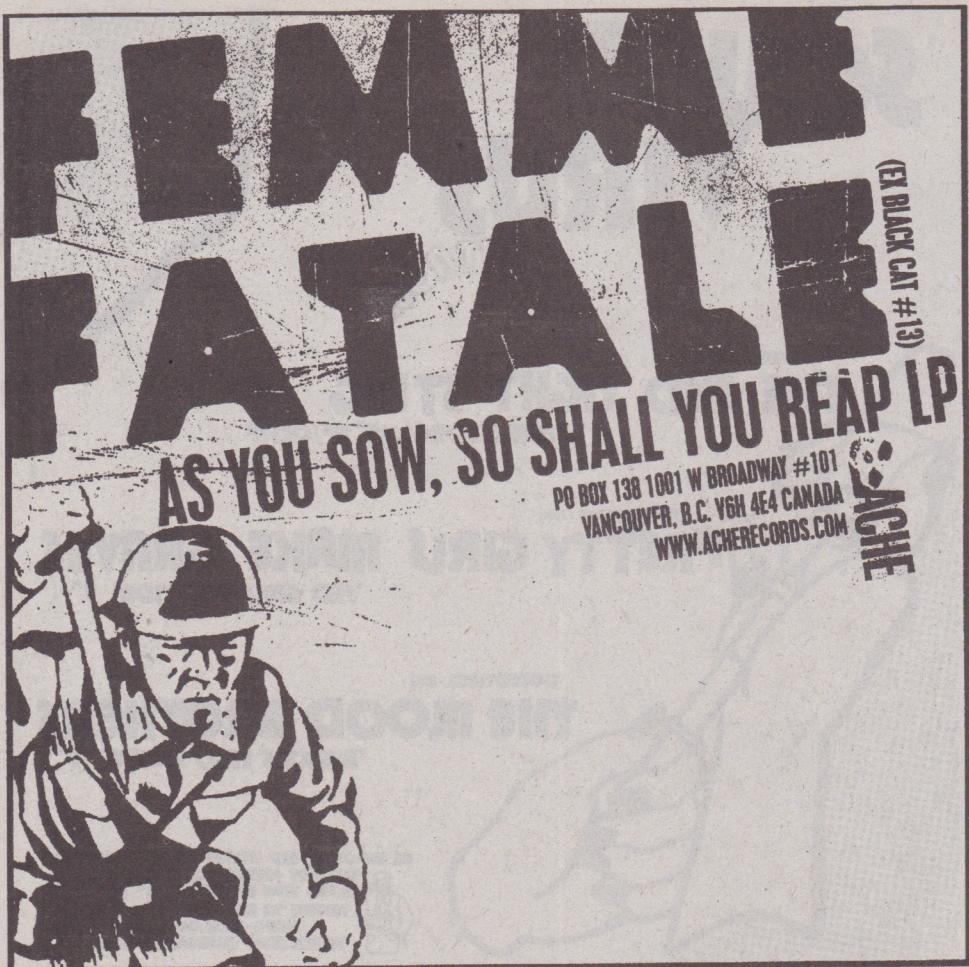
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FLESH COLORED CHRISTS • tape

This is an anthology of a now-defunct outfit from L.A. They played some shows and felt like keeping a record of their material—and I am glad they did. There are five songs on one side, and four on the other, but they are the same songs with just a different recording and in a different order. The music seems to be kind of a mix between the later Honeywell stuff and Inkwell, and maybe some Heroin, with a few parts that remind me of more standard old school punk rock. The guitars are semi-clean and the vocals are really high-pitched and screamy (hence the reason I am reminded of Honeywell). The songs are all fairly long and have many different sections, with lyrics about various personal issues and stuff. The recording was done on a 4-track, and it surprisingly sounds pretty good. I always have shitty luck with 4-tracks. There is a nice cover and a nice booklet with some pictures and writing and lyrics and explanations. The music ranges from chaotic and fast to slower and melodic/filled with anguish, but it always feels emotional and heartfelt. I have listened to it about 15 times in the last 4 days at school. RG (Message in Crayon/11845 C Spruce Run Dr./San Diego, CA 92131)

GRITOS DE ALERTA • demo

Six quick songs of intense punk thrash. Gritos De Alerta play aggressive stuff with Portuguese (I assume, since they are from Brazil) lyrics. The songs are all well played and they go by very quickly. Lots of harsh sound and punishing beats throughout this tape give the demo a very brutal edge. LO (Renan/PO Box 8080/Porto Alegre-RS/90201-970/Brazil)

BAD BUSINESS • demo

I was pleasantly surprised by this demo, as the name, well to me it's bad... I thought I was in for some ska core or something like that, but no way, this shit is totally fast, hyper punk/hc much like Tear It Up, or some of the other current faves of the hardcore scene. Five songs on this tape, and they are all good, with cool lyrics (even a s.e. song that doesn't sound straight edge at all). Surprisingly these cats are from Syracuse, but seem to leave that militant crap to Earth Crisis. I'll be listening to this daily. NW (badxbusiness@hotmail.com)

ASEBIA • demo

This band is god damned brutal with a capital B! Asebia have a dark crusty sound, a lot like From Ashes Rise. Coming from Denmark with a member of Intencity, this is definitely worth checking out! Look for upcoming releases from these guys. EM (PO Box 578/2200 Copenhagen N/Denmark)

THE PLOT TO BLOW UP THE EIFFEL TOWER • demo

Too bad this is in mono with wavering sound quality (I've played it on three different systems - all the same outcome). TPTBUTET mix the Gravity sound with Nation of Ulysses with good results. "Casket Salesman" is a great song with a punchy rhythm. But like I said, the mono recording and the tendency of the sound to rise and fall incessantly mars what otherwise appears to be an interesting band. MA (Message In Crayon/11845 C Spruce Run Dr./San Diego, CA 92131)

EVERYONE DIES ALONE • demo CD

Three pained and strained tracks of discontent and turmoil played to a harsh punk extreme. Dramatic breakdowns and gaps of screaming wind between bits of noise and semi-melodic chaos. Three songs and no insert. LO (222 N Washington/Moscow, ID 83843)

HE TAUGHT ME LIES • To Thine Own Self Be True demo

Musically it reminded me of a cross between Halfman and The Descendants. I really liked the booklet that it came with too. MT (Mike Q. Roth/PO Box 8131/Pittsburgh, PA 15217)

FUCKED UP • demo

This is my favorite demo that I got to review. It has a nice strong hardcore sound with a quick tempo. It reminds me a bit of Citizen's Arrest, though played out in a newer style like Deathreat or No Parade. The songs on this tape grind, wail, and beat at you with an intensity that is unfortunately more than a little clouded by the recording. If it were a crisp recording, this would be amazing. The songs talk about scene politics, depression, reality, and boredom. Apparently this band has a 7" coming out on Deranged... that ought to be good. LO (34 Park Blvd./Toronto, ON/M8W 1G8/Canada)

BUILD A MORGUE • mini CD-R

Heavy and insane grindcore that whizzes past. Like Godstomper, they have just a guitarist and a drummer... and fuzzed out recording. Everything that can be has been distorted on this one. The vocals are more like a pack of wolves than a person. Fittingly, their angry lyrics call the status quo, the media, work, and people in check. It doesn't take them long to go through nine songs, they just put it in gear and drive it to the edge. LO (PO Box 40333/Denver, CO 80204)

PROPHET OF THE DAWN • CDR demo

First of all: very nice packaging! Quite some work and thought went into this. All members write something about why they're in this band and what their intentions are. Good, but there is a little too much white boy punk rock guilt in there. I really don't think you should chastise yourself for spending \$400 on a drum set. Personal spending is an important subject; where you spend your money and how much you spend is significant but that itself is not going to change our world. You can live the most righteous life ever and you still won't have changed a system that supports only the rich. But hey, just the fact that I'm even writing this means that this demo really struck a chord in me and isn't that what it's all about? So anyway, this CD comes with a lot of food for thought and I welcome that even though I don't agree with them on every point. Their arguments are intelligent, there is no doubt about that. Musically, well, I think most of the band members have only just started to play an instrument and it's really quite good for that. Crikey, I've heard demos much, much, much worse than this! The vocals have that great early SXE urgency that bands like Against The Wall, Powerhouse and Youth Of Today had. The songs are thrashy and fast. Great things could come from this. Let's give them some more time and hope they stick with it. MH (Kill You For A Dollar/PO Box 68015/Grand Rapids, MI 49516-8015)

FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS • demo

This is dark, heavy straight-edge hard core. Nothing really special, really predictable. Nothing really bad, but not really good either. CD (fvkdcxxx@hotmail.com)

SUBMITTED FOR APPROVAL • demo

Raging hardcore from NJ that goes balls fucking out! Definitely hardcore for the hardcore, with an excellent east coast feel to it (early Citizens Arrest, etc.). NW (745 Wood Ave./North Brunswick, NJ 08902)

INHUMANE NATURE • demo CD

This band plays 4 basic fast paced punk songs with melodic yelling/singing. Their lyrics are great but the music itself is pretty average. They play a pretty good Born Against cover of "Mary and Child," but the rest of the songs could possibly be better if they weren't as long. The pictures on the insert are horrific shots of animal torture, and aren't in good taste? With more time, this band could get better. DJ (Inhumane Nature/PO Box 11055/Costa Mesa, CA 92627)

HOLY SHIT/TAB • split demo

Holy Shit plays messy punk-written in a sloppy style. Their twelve songs fly by with a crazed pace and in a thrash style. Tab donates eight songs to the cancerous drink. The best one of theirs is "Mr. T Versus Godzilla" which is pretty much them screaming the title, some noise, and then more screaming of "I pity the monster!" Tab would like to be Spazz, but they aren't. They are crazy though. The whole demo is pretty short, I was shocked when I looked at the insert and saw just how many songs were on there. I seemed like I only heard about eight different ones. LO (aappj@hotmail.com)

BLACK EYES RED • demo CD

I would have gone apeshit over this band in high school. The poorly recorded demo disc, song titles like "I Hate High School" and "Turn Off Your TV," simple 3 chord progressions, and snotty Jesse Micheals-like vocals would have spoken volumes to me through my speakers. I still enjoy the fun found in this recording but some of the lyrics' blandness and the inability to hear what's going on put a damper on things. By far the best and most well written track on this CD is "2 Summers Past." Good. Just needs more polish. JL (Dunstan McNutt/2902 Newbern Dr./Johnson City, TN 37604)

SWELL 99 • demo CD

The note reads: "The band was born ... with the intention to play live music of Pearl Jam, Bush, and Nirvana." Honestly, why do I bother. That says it all. LO (radioattivo@infinito.it)

ROBOT HAS WEREWOLF HAND • demo

Fast and furious thrash. Male and female vocals backed by very tight and fast hardcore. Lots of well-timed stops and sick drum rolls keeps this interesting and impressive. I usually don't listen to this type of hardcore too often, but the strong emotion and well-played music helps this to stand out to me. Kind of reminds me of some of the Kill the Man Who Questions stuff. Has some members of The Control and They Live. Six songs, and it goes by pretty fast. RG (Justin/19 Tremont Ave./Upper Buffalo, NY 14213)

THE FURTHER ALONG • *May I Never Stop Evolving* CD demo

The packaging here is pretty weird. You get a 9"x12" envelope with a CD-R, plus two letter sized pieces of paper and a transparency. These, apparently, are to act as the cover and insert. Seems to me like someone couldn't be bothered to actually make their own fit this size... Though upon listening to this CD I am not surprised. The music on here is eclectic and flirts with many punk genres. There are hardcore songs, noise songs, indie songs, and songs that are almost acoustic. The whole thing has a free form and doesn't seem all that interested in fitting into the regular categories (just like the packaging). Some of the songs have printed lyrics and comments from the band, while others have just a sentence or nothing at all. LO (no address)

YOU JUST DRIVE THIS THING, KID. WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THE GOWN • demo

I thought this was a pretty cool demo. Mid-western emo rock with sibling members. No seriously MT (Jared Hueholt/PO Box 1061/Iowa City, IA 52244)

GODS AMONG MEN • CD demo

The songs on this demo are akin to what you might here at an experimental crust jam session. Lots of opposing sounds being used together in a way that will hopefully work out in the end. It liked the pieces with the tribal drumming styles and the cello. The more typical crust styles were nice as well. The free form of the music can sometimes be a bit much though. They use familiar resistance based lyrics in most of their songs, though the liner notes express that they sometimes just say whatever they want and the lyrics are probably wrong for the most part. Four songs in all. LO (\$1 to Justin/4019 16th Ave. SW/Seattle, WA 98106)

ETHEL SCULL • CDR

11 tracks at 31:31 minutes. This is somber rumbling instrumental music played on guitars and basses with a few effects and vocals by a person named Amelia Peel. She describes her music as dark improvised mood music and that is exactly what you get on this CDR. Low key short tracks without much in the way of dynamic development make this music mellow and ambient. SJS (<http://www.angelfire.com/mi3/melancholia/index.html>)

HELLBLAZER • *Knives, Forks, Scissors, and Deadly Hot Pokers* demo
No, not the comic book silly, this is a music review... okay, well I haven't really listened to much grindcore or death metal in a few years now, as I got burnt out on it a ways back, so I was kinda stoked to here this German grind/death band. It's perfect music for driving in my '72 dodge dart on a warm spring day... the production is raw enough for me to still enjoy it without thinking that it's way over produced. Six tunes here with some cool samples between songs. Brutal is the word for these 4 Germans. More metal then grind, but still very cool. NW (Feuerbachstr. 1/06114 Halle/S. Germany)

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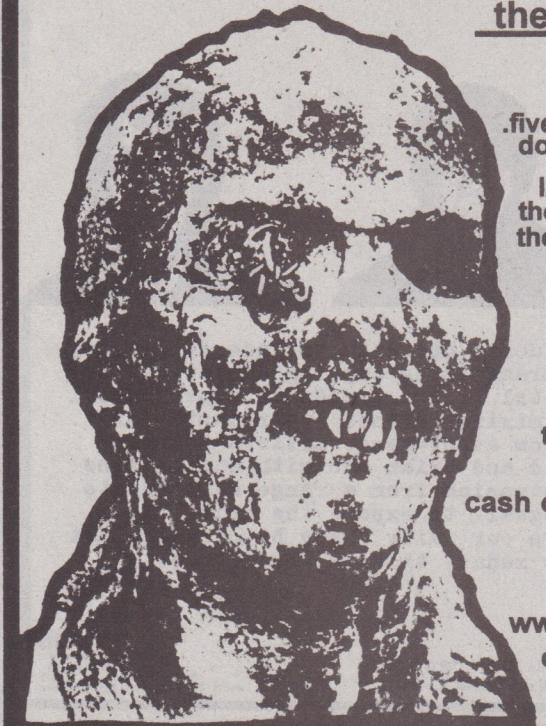
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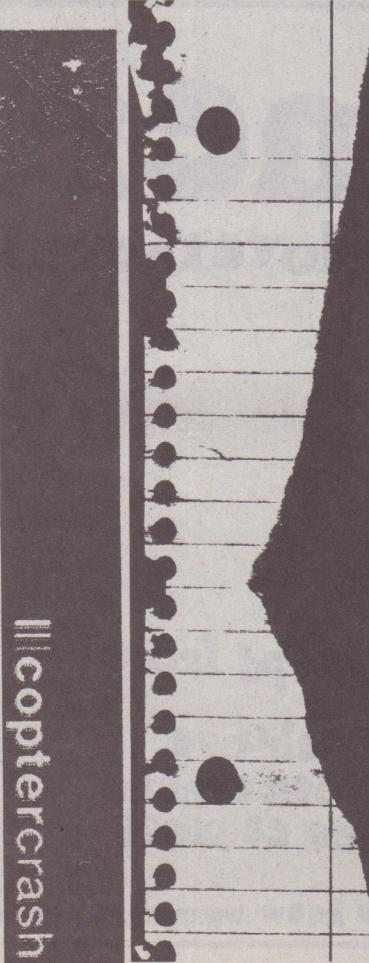
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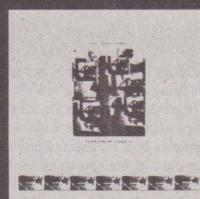
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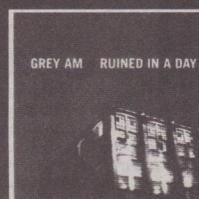
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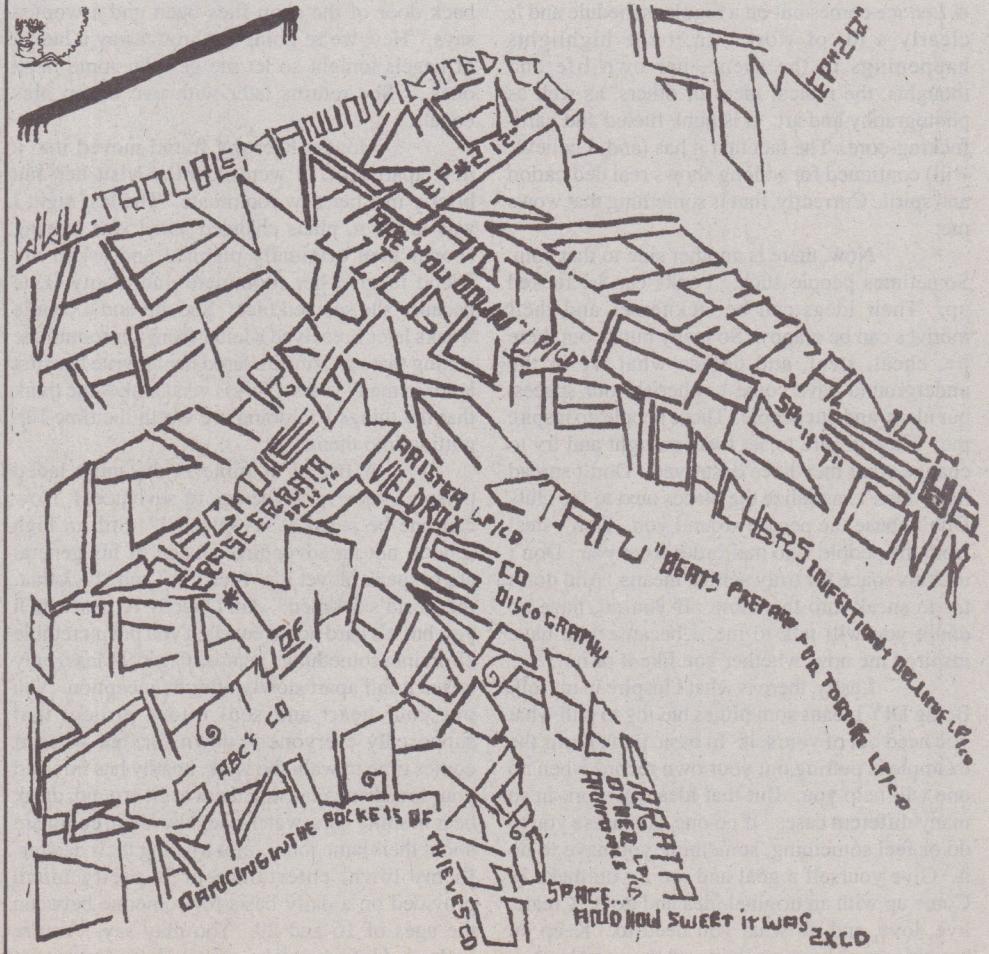
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INSPIRATION

from Lisa Oglesby

Inspiration, like much in this world, can be a slippery slope. The impetus to take action or have thought based on the effect something or someone has on you can take many forms. In my life, there are two kinds of inspiration—things that make me want to emulate the good in my own life, and things that are fucked up which I want to change. I am a busy body. I am a do-gooder in some terms. Even when faced with the pleasing idea of really getting revenge on a bad situation, I often chicken out and try to make the best of it. I am the kind who wants to roll up the shirt sleeves and get it done, even if tired. You'll hear me say, "suck it up and deal with it" on many occasions when it seems like true inspiration is really lacking. I have a handful of ideas of how inspiration manifests itself in my own life...

I do not believe in idols. In general, I am nobody's fan. Amazing people around me are also people, and I don't get caught up in the fantasy of being in awe. That said, there are punks out there who I think do really awesome work. Right now, the person I find to be the most awesome is Christine from *Slug & Lettuce*. She has been putting out a quality 'zine for years. *Slug & Lettuce* comes out on a regular schedule and is clearly a lot of work. In it she highlights happenings in the scene, her own life and thoughts, the radical ideas of others, as well as photography and art. It is punk fueled and hard-fucking-core. The fact that it has (and, I believe, will) continued for so long shows real dedication and spirit. Currently, that is something that wows me.

Now, there is another side to that coin. Sometimes people suck. Punks can be fucked up. Their ideas can be sicknesses and their motives can be crappy. So many punks out there lie, cheat, steal, and deface what we in the underground have come to cherish: our spaces, our ideas, and our people. Those people do inspire me. They inspire to set them straight and try to change what they have destroyed. Don't spread hate. Don't vandalize the places next to the club. Don't abuse the people around you. Don't steal from the people who mailorder from you. Don't use this space for truly selfish means. And don't try to sneak into the show. If you do, have no doubt you will talk to me... because you have inspired me now, whether you like it or not.

Lastly, there is what I inspire in myself. Being DIY means sometimes having to pull what you need out of yourself. In basic punk terms the example is putting out your own record when no one will help you. But that idea can work in so many different cases. If no one can infuse you to do or feel something, something you have to do it. Give yourself a goal and see if you make it. Come up with an original idea and do it. Create, live, love, and do what you need to. Keep on breathing and keep on living, at the very least.

from Tim Rakunze

Within the last year, I've lost a lot of faith in humanity. Forever friends have become distant memories or passing acquaintances. I only trust a few people with real emotion and the rest with small talk and sarcastic remarks. Everyone seems to be waiting for their turn to talk and I've finally decided to just let them.

For the last seven and a half months I've been unemployed. I've been making my \$325 rent plus utilities on 90% scams. This is by choice mind you. I am not disabled in any way, I would just rather do things I like to do such as travel, fix and ride bikes, write letters, make art, read... none of which include working a job. Most of my food comes from dumpsters or scams also. This is not the life most people and so when asked the very common question, "So, what do you do?" it is hard for people to relate. Therefore I must keep telling myself that I'm trusting my desires and doing what I want to do. So where do I find inspiration?

There is a bagel shop in town who's dumpster I frequently visit. One day in particular it was raining and I was sorting through mushy lumps of dough trying to find some gems. The back door of the shop flies open and a woman says, "Hey, we're going to throw away a bunch of bagels tonight so let me get you some fresh ones." She returns later with two dozen plus bagels.

Months later my friend moved into a new apartment. I went down to visit her and briefly met her new roommate. The last night I was in town, plans changed and I was leaving sooner than originally planned and asked my friend to give her roommate one of my 'zine because she seemed nice. She did and a couple weeks later I received a letter from her roommate stating that my 'zine inspired her to write her first letter in many years. This is what makes me think that the things I'm doing are worth the time I'm putting into them.

A friend of mine is the most jaded person I know... at the age of seventeen! How can one be jaded at seventeen?!? Still in high school, not an adventure outside of his general are to speak of, yet it's "fuck this" and "fuck that, the world's doomed." Am I jaded? At times, hell yes, but it's hard not to be when you put incredible effort into something (Ventura Critical Mass) only to see it fall apart slowly after its inception. You put your heart and soul into a project that supposedly everyone is down for, but when it comes time to walk the walk, apathy has infested your loved ones causing them to sit around, drink beer in shitty bars, watch bad television, complain about their lame jobs... not trusting their desires. In my town, entertainment is pretty much provided on a daily basis for someone between the ages of 16 and 29. You may say, "You're lucky." Unfortunately, this makes everyone a

passing acquaintance. Nobody seems to want to be real friends. No one wants to make any sort of effort because why bother. If you don't want to be my friend, there are hundreds of kids just like me that I can relate to. So while you've listened to everything they've had to say for the last half hour, when it comes time for you to relate a story, they're too busy looking around to see who is checking them out or who has the best tattoos to care. Why bother? I'd rather entertain myself by reading romance novels in the bookstore dumpster or riding my bike down streets and alleys I've never explored before. Or writing letters to people I only see, maybe, once a year because I know they are the good ones. Those people you would do anything for because you relate to them on a level beyond fashion or taste of music or diet.

I inspire myself, I inspire others, and others inspire me! Narrowing it down to a few things is ridiculous. When something/someone causes me to do or feel something out of the ordinary, when my heart skips a beat, or I feel a chill run down my spine... that's inspiration!

Send long letters, old photos, mix tapes, etc. to:
Tim Rakunze/6031 Idaho St./Oakland, CA 94608

from Kevin Brock

Some form of hope.

When I discovered the punk-hardcore scene I was 15 years old, living in Greenville NC (known only perhaps for the presence of East Carolina University). I was looking for something that would fulfill me (though weren't we all at such a point!). Unsatisfied with organized religion, confused regarding relationships, and angry at the world around me, I looked for a release that would allow me to burn energy.

My best friend at the time and I discovered the pseudo-punk played on the radio and MTV, made attractive by an industry looking to continue its alternative campaign after the decline of grunge. It was fun at the time, it made us consider 'new' ways to rebel against the authority of previous generations, and it made me feel like an individual. Then we happened upon the punk scene in our town, and my exploits into the realm of rebellion under the tutelage of Rancid looked suddenly childish and fruitless. This punk community in my own town, made alive and vibrant by people working hard and dedicating their time and energy to something they really believed in - this was what I sought.

Trying to immerse myself in a scene run by teens and twenty-somethings at least 5 years my elder seemed difficult at first glance, and the high-school bred concept of calling these people my 'friends' (since I wouldn't see them for 7 hours a day like those my own age) seemed alien altogether. Thankfully, I took the time to get to know the people in my town and, thankfully, they took the time to get to know me. To let me hear new musical sounds, to read the literature they had (political and personal in nature), and to treat me as though I wasn't some 15-year old clueless poseur who was all but completely lost in this new world.

In that scene, I started trying to make myself more of an asset to the community. I wanted to give back part of what I was taking away from it; there were so many things people were doing to help me (or anyone, really): from putting on shows, to making tapes, to photocopying flyers and pamphlets, to giving rides to hear speakers or attend protests or other shows, to making me feel like I was really cared about. I started putting on shows. I started taking the initiative to talk about politics in the classroom and hopefully educate others with the potential of a new perspective. I spoke up about my experiences with sexual abuse and tried to be there for others who had the same apprehensions and fears I had for so many years. I wanted to make my presence there worth the energy that everyone had put into inviting me into the scene. I wanted to give my energy and my love into the community, since I had taken that time and energy from others. I wanted to make things fun for them (though as participants in punk, they were already having fun), the same way they had made it fun for me.

That was six years ago. I've since moved away for two years, but have recently returned to Greenville to finish college here. Many of the folks I knew have left; others have remained, and a good deal have arrived during my absence. I think a lot about those that have left, and wonder how they're faring in other towns and other communities. Sometimes I wonder how different Greenville is from other scenes I've heard about; while I've been here, I haven't really seen a big presence of sub-groups or cliques, but then, a lot can happen in a small amount of time.

I am reminded of a discussion I read online (as I was not really a major part of it) about a) how hardcore has changed since you got introduced to it, and b) what it takes to stay involved in hardcore. The quote that stuck out in my mind, and sparked the urge to write this contribution (combined with the call for such writing in *HeartattaCk*) was: "It's not up to hardcore to keep you interested. It's up to you to do what it takes to STAY interested." I believe Billy Werner wrote it, but apologies if I have misquoted. In any case, the point is an extremely valid one. The punk community is just that: a community, not a spectator sport. We get involved and participate because we want to, because we are genuinely interested in creating something worthwhile and beneficial to ourselves and to others. We shouldn't be there to pay our \$6 at a bar to hear a band rock out, and then go home. Why do we go to the bar? Why do we like the band? Once we have evaluated our reasons (ie. "I like X band's comments about _____ in

politics"), we can look to find ways to help further our reasons (ie. "I think I will begin reading articles and literature on _____ in politics").

I spend a lot of time these days talking to the folks that have stayed. Alex Smith, who has put on more shows and knows more people than anyone else I can think of, was there in 1995 to put on the first show I ever went to. He read a tract about political ideologies before the bands played. I remember thinking about how I was in for a new experience. I consider Alex an example of what is really amazing about the hardcore scene, from his ability to speak freely with almost anyone, to his frank honesty, to his great sense of humor. He has inspired me greatly to try and give back so much of my time and energy to help create something fluid, and alive, and so completely ours.

Looking at the new faces in my town who check out punk bands or show interest in happenings and gatherings, I feel conflicting emotions. Part of me—the part we don't really like to mention as members of such an open-minded community—wants to sit back and let them struggle to find an answer. Which is the way I often felt as a young teenager, the way society impresses upon us to act towards anyone who doesn't fit our mold of cool or attractive. The rest of me remembers that young person inside me, and recalls the way I was treated, with kindness, and respect, and friendship. And so, I try (I say try because, really, who am I to claim I am free of any preconception) to set aside high-school protocol, and take up the role my friends in the scene did for me when I was 15. Maybe I can show them a new band they've never heard. Maybe I can introduce them to the writings of Zinn or Chomsky or even my own journal and see if they want to pursue interests in sociopolitical topics or writing as a means of exploring the self. Maybe I can take them to shows elsewhere and let them meet new people and get new perspectives and opinions. Maybe someday they'll do the same for another teenager. Maybe someday they'll do the same for me, and show me how worth it my energy and time was to them, but not just for me—for the punk community as a whole.

kmb0407@mail.ecu.edu

from Aaron Miller

Well this subject seems oh so very easy. To most of us in the punk or independent community inspiration drives us to start bands, write 'zines, or listen to the music we love. But what inspires me to do all of these things is tough. I started thinking of bands or music I respect or love first. How many of my favorite bands, and the lyrics they write, make me feel like there is someone else out there trying to make change, or the music they play that drives me to want to write music and make people feel the same way. I am in a band, I help run a label, and I love music. But these things alone are not the driving force in my inspiration in the punk scene.

You get so many frustrations playing music, running a label, or even going to shows. Being in a band is so difficult; you get fed up

with playing to drunken assholes, or to scenesters who don't care. Add in the fact that staying in a band is nearly impossible, people quit, music changes, and life just gets in the way. Sometimes it feels like playing music is more hassle than it is worth. Next we have running a label, it is also hard to find bands that aren't going to break up after you help them put out their record. As I mentioned earlier, it is hard to keep a band together. Last but not least is the scene in general; people can just plain piss me off. If you don't have the right hairstyle or the newest Locust belt buckle you're not hip.

So what is there to be inspired by? What drives me to keep going? For me it is actually simple, the people. I know I mentioned people pissing me off, but for every twenty scenesters out there, one person will just blow me away. When I meet somebody who changes my life, brings new insight into my life, and just opens me up—that makes me want to press forward and keep going. I have met so many people who helped me the person I am today in the punk scene. It's a strange thing to think that some person in some other state, which you have only talked to five times, can make your life different, but they can. I love that, I think that is the coolest thing and I wish I could gather everyone up and tell him or her how much s/he has helped me.

The best way to do that is to realize that I too can make a mark on people, and that usually happens when I don't realize it. Just through talking to people and being positive and listening to what people say, I think I can inspire them. It's so crazy to think of the big picture. That a 14 year old kid in Mayor's Income, Illinois is reading lyrics I wrote and it's helping him/her question what is around him/her. That every time s/he hears a song I wrote it can make him/her feel the same way so many bands have made me feel. And hopefully when that person sees my band play s/he comes up and talks to me, and leaves with a different thought or idea. People are powerful, we help inspire and move other people everyday of our lives. I have gotten so much from so many different people and I am so grateful for that.

aaron@lolarecords.net

from Steve Snyder

In my dictionary inspiration is initially defined as "a prompting, especially to creative action." A second definition, from biology, is "breathing." For my purposes I will define inspiration as "a prompting to continue breathing." I'd suggest that inspiration is something external that helps folks understand their place in the world and provides reason to continue breathing. I don't find inspiration in other people. I am not sure that I ever have. There are friends and a few teachers from college who have influenced my life and thoughts. Their ideas and experiences have become part of me and my life's direction was altered. That is probably expected in a species dependent on social interactions. We learn to live by observing and listening to one another. But what creates the desire to continue living and then to do more than

continue living? Some people may claim the ideas, experiences, and accomplishments of others as their inspiration. In light of all the knowledge we have collected about our planet and our universe looking to a few individuals in the same species as ourselves seems to me an extremely constricted view. We claim to be inspired by people who make their own lives an example, by people who create roles for themselves in our cultures, and by people who sacrifice themselves so other people might live better. We claim inspiration from human celebrity and we feel that self centered view is adequate. But what of the other 99.9% of the universe? Seeking a reason to continue breathing amongst humans is futile. We have no answers and only create more problems. We live in human created nations battling to the death for the right to extract and waste the last riches of the planet. We live with human created cults battling to the death for the right to claim superiority and dominion over all even if their final solution is total annihilation. We live engulfed by human creativity in service of economic profit and meaningful only to ourselves. Where is the creative action that is meaningful to all life on this planet and throughout the universe? Why don't we understand that question? Humans as inspiration results in humans as leaders, heroes, and martyrs. Our planet has no need for any more of those. Careful observation and consideration of how our world functions, how all it's life, landscapes, climates, geology, atmosphere, and oceans intertwine to create a living breathing planet through mutual dependence and balance is an infinite source of inspiration. Seeking out a new conception of the role that humans can play on our planet, a role that finds us in communion with all fellow creatures provides infinite reason to continue breathing.

from Amal Mongia

I caught up to the old man up ahead on the bike path. Besides the only bicyclists in the midst of cars being our soul connection, we also had the strong winds holding us back together. As I approached, understanding why it was without effort that one moment he was just a speck in the distance and the next, I could imagine the life he must have led by studying his robust yet frail body struggling next to me. Both of us still fighting against this mood that the weather reserved for rare and certain days. I cowered at the sight of his rusted brown chain on his bicycle and all the churning sounds eerily audible, even with the automobile engines around us. I held back my criticisms and sound advice for another time, well at least till two more stoplights.

Gus was riding to the library near the college. He had told me after we introduced ourselves. He mentioned living in San Luis Obispo for many years before he set foot in Ventura, which he says is not much different. I would have to agree. I could not think of any odd knowledge that I could share about that town to prove that I had spent enough time there to pass off as a local. The burrito place didn't even come to mind, or the bakery next door with all the day old bread inside the dumpster. Only thoughts of walking on the train tracks with you, crossing,

hopping across the boxcars and empty 48's and the feeling of dry grease and dirt on my palms. Then my thoughts would sidetrack to the rain drenched walk on the cliffs of Montagna de Oro overlooking the jagged cliffs and waves breaking on them down below us.

If a person without any geologic knowledge were to look long enough at the rocks, they could probably figure out the origins of the irregularities down below. And if they were to sit there long enough, alone on the desolate beach with gray threatening skies, who knows what could happen? But I was not alone, and the rocks below were not as alluring as a wet rainy kiss under the hood of your green rainjacket. So I stuck around longer to see what might happen next.

Gawd! How memories can flash in and out of the mind for seconds and then be gone, but writing about them can seem an eternity in comparison.

Gus was still beside me, and had no idea what thoughts might have triggered in me from the mention of San Luis Obispo, but why would he? We just met half a mile ago. The conversation came to why we ride a bicycle. He mentioned fun and freedom in a shout which contrasted well with the high speed traffic zooming by drowning out his words to "un and eedom" but I understood. I knew those words well, maybe not so much in practice but a mantra, which I should be repeating more often. For ten years he says, he's been enjoying the fun and freedom of riding a bicycle. "I sure hope it hasn't been making those noises for all these years, Gus?" More of a question than a statement on my concerned part. He laughs, understanding the humor in my statement. I mention also the economic freedom from car insurance, repairs and the all American fuel consumption, and Gus gives a smile of agreement that says he was thinking the same, but just forgot to mention it. I look down at his bulging, husky calves, he's telling the truth about the ten years. "You know sometimes I worry about my knees giving out in a couple of years, but looking at you Gus, I know I'll do just fine." He laughs, I took it as a thank you for my indirect compliment.

We were approaching the library, I was going to find the community gardens today, even if my knees did give out. I mentioned how this would be my first spring attempt at growing food. "Planting a seed into the earth and watching it sprout in a few weeks to a full grown plant bearing fruits and vegetables is the most amazing thing that no science book can ever convey. It goes along with the concept of fun and freedom, I tell you." I told him. It was time to part ways, before he had a chance to reply. We said our goodbyes and promised to meet again. As I watched him park his bicycle at the racks, it came to me, the revelation. I had seen that same bike parked there almost everyday for a few months now. Now I had a face to go along with the bicycle. I wondered what he did in there all day? Did Gus spend endless hours reading, or was he writing a memoir of his adventures in fun and freedom?

Maybe he had an enormous crush on one of the librarians and spent hours observing her for clues into what kind of life she must have led, or still not yet found the right moment to approach her to surrender his heart to her. All the

scenarios put a smile on my face. It felt good also to know where I could find him now.

It is with amazement to realize that a stranger can give you as much joy and fuel to make it through one more day and is not necessarily a beautiful woman? I will definitely look for Gus before the rocks down below start to look appealing again.

from Dan Fontaine

Ever since I first started paying attention to things and thinking for myself, there has continually been a lot of changing, learning and growing in my life. And it has everything to do with the fact that the more I pay attention to things, the more aware I become of how amazing everyone and everything can be. As a result, there are more and more things that inspire me. So many things that it's hard to find an umbrella term that covers them all, but for fun, I'll try to describe them in the context of natural forces. By that I mean everything from the obvious, like wind, to the things that require a stretch of the imagination, like guitars. I think everything has a rhythm, and of course, not all of them agree with each other. You can't go with the flow of one thing without going against the grain somewhere else. For example, the rhythm of industry is seldom compatible with the rhythm of the environment. But of all these various forces in life, some make sense or feel right with something inside of me. When I see somebody or something moving in accord with that force, it inspires me, and I feel an urge to move myself in a similar direction. So I guess my point is that I want to keep moving as a person, and I see inspiration as the things that enable or foster that movement. The things that fall into this category are the ones that not only agree with my perspective of their setting or the world around them, but also with what feels right to me from within.

In my life, the most dramatic example of the inspiration that arises from alignment with natural forces is surfing. Riding a wave and moving with the rhythm of the ocean is a very powerful feeling. It can be thrilling or casual, but in either case, surfing requires the coordination of many different elements of the rider and the environment. This coordination simultaneously evokes a deep sense of connection with the ocean, the earth and the atmosphere. Wind creates the waves in the medium of water, and the land causes the waves to break. The sense of connection even goes out to the moon and the sun, but I'm probably already being too esoteric without going there.

The point is that this feeling of harmony with the ocean has totally inspired me to take an active role in the well being of my local coastline. I want to keep the beach clean. I want to minimize my impact on the ocean in terms of what goes down storm drains or sink drains. I want my voice to be heard on proposed developments that I don't feel are compatible for the coastal environment. It's really not a sense of duty or responsibility that engages me in these activities. Perhaps it's partly out of gratitude, but ultimately I see pro-ocean activities as one part of the whole surfing experience. A part that is logical to me and feels right.

In a similar way, music is a huge inspiration for me. Sound is definitely a force. I think when bands start out there's a lot of time spent trying to figure things out: composing notes, fitting parts together, searching for lyrics. During this time, it seems to me that a lot of the movement is in the direction from the musician to the music, and that when there is feedback, it's not entirely fluid. But as band members get more familiar with the instruments, the music and each other, there comes a point when they really start to feed off each other in a very dynamic way. At a live show this happens in a dramatic way where the audience feels it, too, and becomes an essential part of the whole experience. The most memorable shows for me are the ones where everyone ends up moving, physically and emotionally, with the pulse of the music. Submission Hold comes to mind. When I get wrapped up in music, it absolutely inspires me to figure out where it came from. And I always seem to find that the music that moves me starts with an idea or a feeling that somebody is really passionate about. There's a lot of music out there and a lot of directions to choose from. Nine times out of ten, the music that reaches deep inside me is based on a position that I find myself wanting to support as well. The connection between an idea, an emotion and a sound has given my life a lot of direction over the years.

In my past I spent a lot of energy focusing on details, but now I find myself zooming out more and more. That said, I really get a broad and diverse range of inspiration from seeing how things move together. I have a real history with surfing and music, but a lot of inspiration comes from a glimpse of something from a new perspective. Nature is a bottomless well of instruction. Just observing how a river, a tree, and a coyote interact gives me a lot of direction. People are equally infinite in their capacity to inspire me. "Oh, I see you have a similar idea as me, but you experience it or react in this way, and this is the result." Wow. I'm always learning from people in that way. And another thing—I love how attitudes, running, and a bouncing ball come together to make such a fun game of soccer. The coordination of teamwork is ultimately inspiring to me. The punk soccer we play here in Goleta has another element that is more rare and very important to me. The most fun games to me are the ones where people on opposing teams work together in a way that makes the game more fun for everyone involved. Time is incredibly precious so, like soccer, most of the things I am currently making time for can be traced to some kind of inspiration. I'm teaching a surfboard shaping class because of the inspiration from an old friend named Scott who was an amazing surfer and all around mentor to

me. For him there were no obstacles in the water, just a constantly changing terrain for him to maneuver through. And just as is in the water, his day-to-day life was equally fluid. One day he just offered to teach me how to shape boards, and the experience inspired much in me beyond the craft itself. He was a great example of what it meant to be a giving part of a community and how rich it made one's life. But inspiration does come from brief interactions as well. Last December I was at a workshop and noticed some fingerpaint on the back of a Volkswagen squareback that read, "Runs on vegetable oil. Supports Midwest, not Middle East tensions." I spoke with Rusty, the owner, and not surprisingly his ideology was based on paying close attention his surroundings and trying to understand how he fits into that environment, and making that a good fit. He totally inspired me to do some research and go in the vegetable oil direction myself. This past weekend I went to the CellSpace in San Francisco to attend a class hosted by the Permaculture Institute of Northern California about making biodiesel fuel and converting cars to run on vegetable oil. Like the surfboard shaping class, I really appreciated the participation and sharing. When everyone involved brings their unique corner of knowledge or experience to the table, it creates a diverse exchange that makes me feel really good.

The things that I've said above imply that some of the forces that must be reckoned with in my life are necessarily internal. I have feelings that I want to honor or satisfy. Over the last several months I've been paying a lot of attention to a new friend that puts an overtly high priority on her own feelings. Sharing time with her, I've come to see how this priority serves as a firm foundation that supports the care she shows for the people, plants, animals and other things in her environment. That's important to me, and a tremendous source of inspiration, because that's all I'm really trying to do in life. Trying to care for myself and the things around me, and trying to understand how those two things go together.

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from Phil B.

For me the question is not what inspires me but whom. I am inspired by people, by individuals whom I look up to because of the way they live their lives. Yeah, there are "things" that inspire me (ideals, movements, etc) but nothing

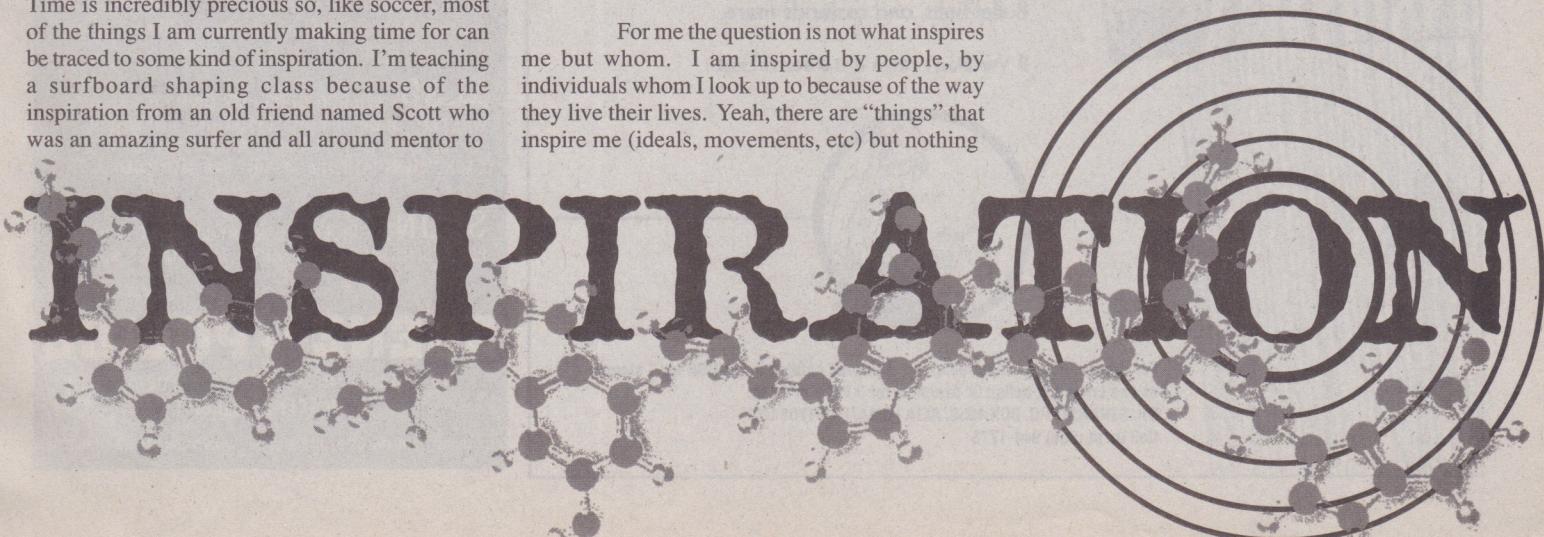
is as concrete as a single person and his or her actions. Any number of people can support something they "believe" in and we all support certain things, at least in theory. It's those of us who let beliefs speak through action that inspire me.

How many times have you (and I) read somewhere about the low wages paid to workers in some third world country and said, "That's a goddamn shame!" Only to go out later that day and buy a product made with cheap labor because its less expensive than the one made by a union worker who actually gets paid enough to feed his family. Too often all we care about is the bottom line. I am inspired by those who would actually rather buy the slightly more expensive product in support of the living wage it provides workers, rather than just sit there and shake our heads about the greedy companies who make people work for such little money. Guess what assholes, those companies don't stay in business because of their catchy slogans, but because you and I make a conscious decision to bite into that greed when we try and save a few bucks by pulling the cheaper product off the stores shelves.

But we've all copped out on this one by saying, "Well I'm just one person, what the hell affect could I have on XYZ issue." Here's the thing though: how many people were you expecting to be other than one? You won't make a difference unless you carry as much power as the entire communist party? Anything that has ever been changed was changed by individuals. Even group accomplishments are really little more than a series of smaller individual accomplishments. When a battle was being fought over black's civil rights in the 1960s, did the signs of protest at rallies and marches hold themselves up? No they were held up by individuals, people who never said, "I'm just one person," people who responsible for their own actions no matter if it meant getting gassed or shot at.

I am inspired by people who know that all they can do is the work of one person yet nonetheless do whatever they can to anyway. People who realize that when they look back one last time on the life they've lived, they only things they have to answer for are the things THEY did or didn't do, no one else's. It is they who make us all better people through nothing more than their own example. You know someone like this.

We all do. Be like them.
Thanks for reading, Phil.



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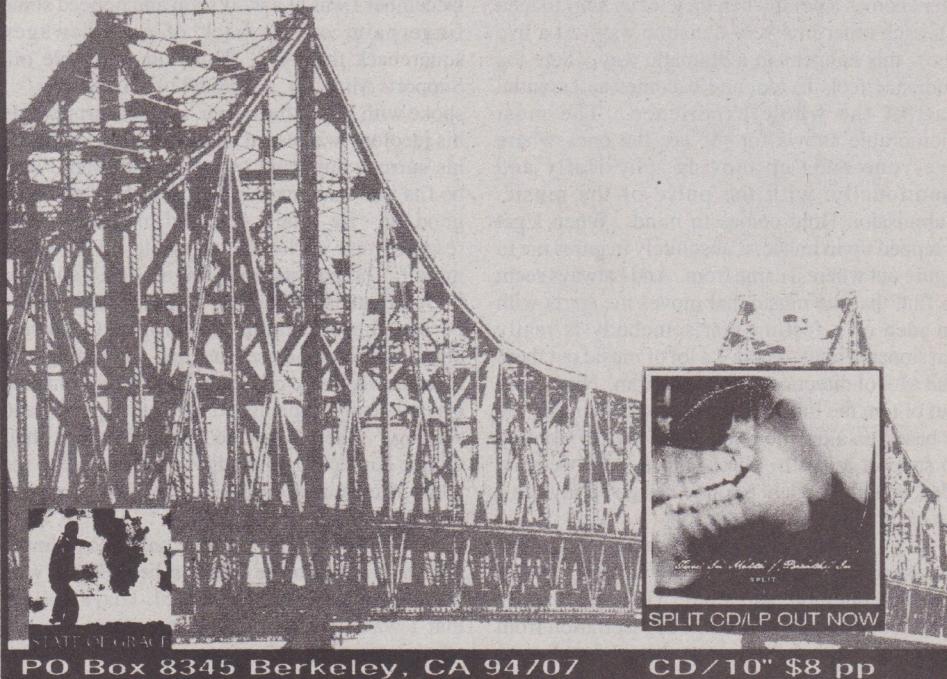
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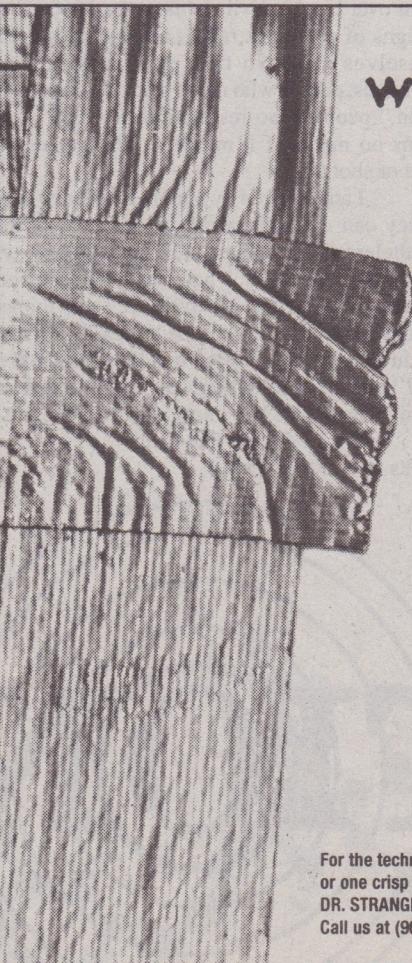
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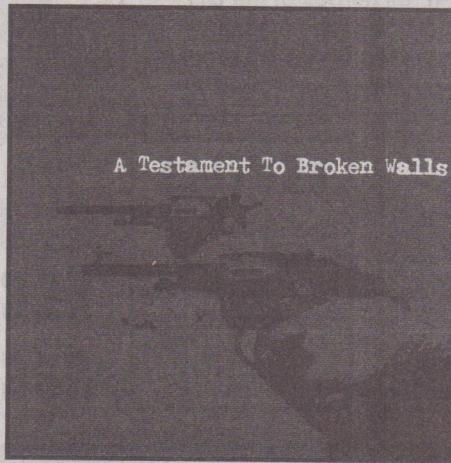


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100% PAPEL DEL WC#4

w/CD comp 8.5x11 \$3 48pgs.

This is a Spanish magazine with a focus (but not limited to) street punk and skinhead bands. It also comes with a CD sampler of some of the bands featured in the magazine. The band interviews include IV Reich, Decibelios, Banda Bassotti, and a bunch more. There is also a review of the Holidays In The Sun festival in England. It was cool to see pictures, band features etc... of anti-fascist skins and punks from a place I only have heard stories about. There is even a rad hardcore and grind section, too! This is all in Spanish and since I only know fragments of Mexican Spanish and even less Castilian Spanish I couldn't go as in depth as I would like. Viva guerrilla OI! CF (Apdo 41019/28080 Madrid/Spain)

28 PAGES LOVINGLY BOUND WITH TWINE #3

5.5x8.5 \$2/trade 28pgs.

Cristoph appears to be pumping out issues of his new 'zine. Luckily there isn't any sacrifice of substance, he just seems to be enthusiastic and has a lot to say! The first six pages of this one are devoted to the positive experience he has had from putting out 'zines and getting feedback and meeting new people from it. Next up is the continuation of the story of his son. This issue includes the exciting telling of his birth. It's very detailed and pretty interesting to read. There's also a comic with a nice theme. It teaches us awareness about natural gas and comes with an ethanethiol scratch-and-sniff sticker—infucking sane! Cristoph also refers to this year as "oughtitwo," of which I am a strong proponent. Twenty-ought two is so much better than two thousand two, despite my friends' adamant objections. Finally, someone is on my side! RG (Christoph Meyer/PO Box 106/Danville, IL 43014)

ADMISSIBLE DECAY #13

8.5x12 1 IRC 4pgs.

This newsletter prints lots of classifieds, news, reviews, a short Juggling Juggalas interview, and a few editorials. Lots of info here. LO (J-P Muikku/Csongrad/F6 U. 20-24, I-1/6640/Hungary)

ALONE IN THE CITY

2x3 free 20pgs.

Alone In The City is a short read filled with things that flew out of the editor's brain. The content is random, and so the cut and paste style layout fits it well. A rant about how to run a truly DIY show space, a story about crappy housemates who steal the TV so you can't watch "The Simpsons," and a hint about scamming designer clothes fill this issue. They suggest you listen to any old Madonna music while reading to enhance the experience. (I sang the chorus of "I Know It" in my head since it is short.) LO (PO Box 30748/Rochester, NY 14603)

AS IT STANDS #3

5.5x8.5 \$7 56pgs. If you liked *Harbinger*, then you'll love *As It Stands*. Interviews with the author of *Evasion*, Daniel Quinn, and Brian of *Catharsis*. The tale of disinvestment of a LA born, ex-nazi skin actually brought tears to my eyes. Includes a shoplifting tip guide. Although the editor's writing was very influenced by CrimethInc literary styles and lifestyle ideals, the author confronted three of four issues that I wish CrimethInc would address more: race, class, and realistic goals. It reads well and goes easy on the romanticism. Very clean presentation. JM (8364 Washburn/Goodrich, MI 48438)

THE ASSASSIN AND THE WHINER #14

5.5x8.5 \$1 24pgs.

Each issue of this comic impresses me with its hefty amount of honesty, insight, humor, and artistic appeal. I think the stuff Carrie draws has a great perspective and realness to it, and her intensely personal subject matter only adds to that effect. Issue #14 deals mostly with her battle with the booze, which, in turn, affects her battles with moods, sex, and self-esteem. *The Assassin And The Whiner* has been featured in many a HaC 'zine review page and, I expect, many to come. Always a pleasure. (Carrie M./PO Box 481051/Los Angeles, CA 90048)

BEAN SODA #1

8.5x11 \$2 32pgs.

A lot of trivial things are collected here. Excerpts from instant messenger conversations about getting tattoos, some columns, and interviews with Trans Am and Victoria Reis, DC art curator (which is the high point of the 'zine). MA (4835 N 22nd Rd./Arlington, VA 22207)

BEETLE-MANIA! #1

4.5x5.5 75¢ 52pgs.

This is a nifty 'zine from a person who is passionate about insects. Danielle has taken up the study of entomology and this 'zine is compiled from her accumulated knowledge. Danielle combines specific information about insect habits, life cycles, and terminology with small drawings of representative insects from each of 22 insect orders (the categories into which insects are divided due to their evolutionary traits). The writings are brief but give a good introduction to the subject. I imagine some folks will find it a very interesting read. I look forward to Danielle's next issues. SJS (Danielle/PO Box 280/Tivoli, NY 12583)

BLACK CLAD MESSENGER #19

8.5x11 \$2 32pgs. I have enjoyed this 'zine for over a year now, and find myself a bit misty eyed that issue #20 will be the last. But, such is the way with 'zines. There is tons of information to take in here. All the anarchist news you could ever want in a 'zine! This 'zine has a "green" anarchist bend, so there is lots of environmental news as well. Highlights of this issue include coverage of Genoa, words on prison rape from some prisoners, and of course plenty of direct action news. There are also articles on patriarchy and modern society. If you haven't picked up a copy of this 'zine, now is the time to do it. DD (PO Box 11331/Eugene, OR 97440)

BLN #4

14x8.5 34¢ 2pgs.

This quick reading flyer 'zine talks about the dangers of bike riding, Critical Mass happenings, and reviews a few bike themed 'zines. Short but informative. LO (Carlos Kosinski/5470 W Military Dr, #2715/San Antonio, TX 78242)

BLOODFLOW#2

4.25x5.5 \$1 16pgs.

This is a short and sweet little 'zine filled with personal rants about sexism, destruction, and that which drives us; printing a few band photos and making a few jokes as well. It was nice to see a man so concerned with sexism, but his rant got hard to read because the text was so close together. The final page of crust punk pick-up lines was hilarious. A second issue that shows progress, and so I look forward to the third. LO (Shaun Ketterman/419 Regents Ave. Rm. 704/Bowling Green, KY 42101)

A BOOK OF DAYS

8.5x5.5 \$1 52pgs.

This publication is subtitled "A Collage Study for the Representation of Los Angeles." The writings within attempt to describe the nature of Los Angeles through the lives of two isolated and detached persons. These people travel throughout the city, driving at night, walking amidst buildings and parking lots, aimlessly looping about on the freeways, stopping occasionally to eat in a vague restaurant before getting back on the road. They spend hours sitting or sleeping in their non-descript apartments thinking about their observations of the city or thinking about sleeping. Their interactions with other people are entirely through observation though at times it seems they may be seeing one another. The placeless anonymity of Los Angeles and the cities that surround it are captured in these writings as are the subdued but inescapable colors of the sky, the ocean, and the mountains that provide some definition to the disjointed and often garish sprawl. A well constructed text with inset photos that help maintain the cool observer's mood. SJS (From the Ground Publications/2025 Peachtree Rd. NE #645/Atlanta, GA 30309)

BREAK THE CHAINS #9

8.5x11 \$1 12pgs.

This latest issue discusses the current war against "terror" that the US is currently engaged in, gives updates about political prisoners, illuminates issues of resistance, and supplies contact info for prisoners. I've read too many of these newsletters to get really psyched about this stuff, but if you are interested in learning more about political prisoners this can be quite helpful. LO (NAPSN/PO Box 11331/Eugene, OR 97440)

CHANGE 'ZINE #12

8.5x11 \$2 120pgs.

Patrick West of New York City compiled this 'zine over the last 3 and a half years of his life. There are articles and essays written that express a number of attitudes toward hardcore and the people involved with it so you get a bit of a feel for where this guy has been during that time. Generally he seems pretty hardass but with an open mind. You get his thoughts on feminism, September 11th, New York Subway etiquette, basketball, personal responsibility, and a few more topics. Throughout the pages of this issue you get a number of essays discussing the history and culture of the hardcore scene and thoughts on why many people leave it behind. There are long interviews with Johnny Temple, Sammy Seigler, and Chaka Malik that cover their bands, their pre-hardcore days, and what they do outside of music. There are shorter interviews with Steve Albini, Bob Weston, At The Drive-in, and Max Ward that cover some music questions and some personal issues. Then there is an interview with Sweet Pete, the singer for In My Eyes, in which Patrick fucks with the guy most of the way through. There are many reviews and a few pages of predictions and thoughts on the state of the NBA. *Change 'Zine* is a good reading 'zine from an intelligent person with a lot to say. SJS (PO Box 416/Mamaroneck, NY 10543)

CHAQUE JOUR... #18

4x8.5 \$2 20pgs.

This is the most recent issue of *Cryptic Slaughter*, taking its title from an Akhenaton record this time. Within these pages you will find some swell stories from the life of editor Giovanni. He begins with a walk through a Parisian park and the decisions forced on him by the discovery of a lost wallet. Highlights, or low lights really, of a house show in Seattle follow and then tales of thwarted bus fare scams, and working and not working. Giovanni writes with a wizened sarcastic edge that is often quite humorous and he employs footnotes that add substance to the stories. There are some 'zine reviews and a single music review that are handled quite admirably in my opinion but Giovanni agonizes over including reviews at all and eventually determines these to be his very last. At the end of this issue Giovanni discusses the merits of proper grammar and correct spelling in the world of 'zines. The layout of *Chaque Jour...*'s pages is active with careful attention to the logic of reading. There are blocks of text, line drawings, and images arranged within meaningful borders, and it all reproduces very well. SJS (Stickfigure/PO Box 55463/Atlanta, GA 30308)

CHUMPIRE #146

8.5x14 34¢ 2pgs.

Chapter 146 in the life of Greg and the news of his local scene. This issue has editorials of what's been going on, thoughts in interesting books/zines/records of late, and a good dose of good nature. Packed as full as the (extra long) piece of paper can handle. Can you handle it? LO (PO Box 680/Conneaut Lake, PA 16136)

CLENCH #4#5

8.5x11 34¢ 2pgs.

Clench is like a short trip back in time. Issue #5 is dedicated to the F.U.S and issue #4 is dedicated to Void. We're talking band history, discography information, commentary, fuzzed out old photos, or whatever they can jam in there. Totally interesting for anyone who wasn't around in that time looking to bone up on the history and become a record collector geek. Also interesting to see where we were and where we are. LO (Philip Knowles/12780 E 2200th St./Atkinson, IL 61235)

COLDBRINGER #3

7x8.5 \$1 26pgs.

This 'zine contains short stories, an interview with Mike of Asian Man Records, and a collection of essays on world events since September 2001. The editor asked folks living outside the United States to contribute their opinions on the causes of the September 11th attacks and the ongoing aftermath. These essays are reason enough to find this issue of *Coldbringer*. The forum provided is desperately needed. The folks who wrote in offer critiques of the role the US has played in the world and pull no punches when explaining their anger and frustrations. The stories are all written in the first person and describe experiences and observations. One tells of a group of travelers in North Africa after the next world war. The other two are about personal experiences. SJS (Coldbringer Collective/PO Box 931174/Los Angeles, CA 90093)

COMIXVILLE #1

5.5x4.25 34¢ 20pgs.

Comixville is not a review 'zine, more like a guide for those interested in finding out about what is out there. Each listing has information about what's in the comic, how to order it, and a frame or to from the comic. It is a good idea. LO (PO Box 697/Portland, OR 97207)

CONNECTION

5.5x8.5 \$2 32pgs.

The theme of this 'zine changes throughout—probably because it took 2 years to put together. It ranges from more personal and emotional writing of poetry on identity to writing on straight edge and bands, etc. That has a much different feel to it—partly due to the change in layout. I would have to disagree with what is said about straight edge; I do not think that there are any untouched opinion leaders that everyone looks up to. Since it is being characterized as a movement, it would probably then follow in the same way as most other movements: with the masses being the engine behind it and the few notables (if there are any, personally I have no idea who might be a straight edge notable) being more or less expendable. Well, there's also an interview with Zegota and they give really nice long answers. Cool 'zine with a food variety of things to read and I can tell they put a lot into it. RG (Johan Van Der Auwera/Caputsteenstraat 3/2800 Mechelen/Belgium)

CONTEMPT COMICS

5.5x8.5 \$7 16pgs.

These are funny. This 'zine is a collection of drawing done at shows by the author. Each picture is separate from the others, and they all make fun of funny stuff that goes on in the scene, from straight edge jocks, Christian punks, trendsetters and hypocrites. Well not that funny, but the comics are cool. CD (www.louisvillenoise.com)

CRAZED SPARROW FREE RANT COLLECTIVE #3

5.5x8.5 68¢ 24pgs.

Aptly named, this 'zine has mostly non-sensical rants and other forms of odd expression. I read the first piece twice trying to really get to the heart of what they were saying. Then I realized they were being odd just sort of for expression's sake and let it slide. It didn't really allow the other pieces to sink in any better though. Some of the more familiar styles, like ones about memories or friendships, or the Belarusian scene report were nice to read. LO (Brent Johnson/625 E Burlington #7/Iowa City, IA 52240)

CRUDE NOISE #2

7x8.5 \$2 40pgs.

I've always been a fan of the well done personal 'zine, and that is certainly the category that *Crude Noise* falls into. Meredith (with the help of several contributing friends) writes about topics from bikes to gender, from abortion to consensus in decision making. All of the articles and art are clearly from the heart, and that's what makes this 'zine stand out. She recently moved from New Orleans to Pittsburgh and talks about the differences between the cities from several different angles. Each copy has a silk-screened cover, and 40 pages of writing that remind me why I ever started to read 'zines in the first place. Very well done! LK (Meredith/PO Box 19136/Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

DEAL WITH IT #2

5.5x8.5 \$2 36pgs.

This is a semi-regular publication looking to explore anti-sexist and anarchist views among men. They hope that, in exploring their own issues and the issues brought up by the readers, they can get in touch with the oppression that surrounds gender and no longer contribute to the problems created therein. In this issue they discuss the ideas of sports, pornography, the US's fight against the Taliban, gay bashing, genital name calling, and what to do when you are accused of abusive behavior. The topics are taken seriously and personally as they attempt to deconstruct the issues at hand. *Deal With It* takes original stabs at these issues, and hopes readers get involved as well. LO (PO Box 584/Eugene, OR 97440)

DETRIMENTAL INFORMATION

3x5 \$1 34pgs.

Alright, guys. Now, it's one thing to make a little 'zine to snicker at and pass out to your friends, and another thing altogether to send it to a magazine to be reviewed. And apparently there are back issues of this available! For a dollar each!! But okay. You want a review? Here goes. Thirty-two pages of short fiction by two boys in Minnesota. Stories with diverse topics ranging from bodily functions to masturbation and back again to bodily functions. And, luckily, they're all illustrated with crude sketches of sloth-like creatures urinating, defecating, and dismembering one another. If your humor never leaves the bathroom and you've got a dollar to burn, get in touch with John and Luke. PM (John Holden/1104 Minnesota Ave./Bemidji, MI 56601)

DIKE TRYING #1

3.75x4.25 \$1 12pgs.

I laughed out loud at each of the twelve pages, as each ones contains a different sarcastic rant. The editor talks about being disappointed by the millennium, rubber-stamping, identity theft, getting married, and the disappearance of ska. Share this one with your friends and get a good giggle. LO (565 Sunset Dr./Athens, GA 30606)

DISORDERLY CONDUCT #5

5.5x8.5 \$3 96pgs.

It had been a while since I've seen an issue of this. It's seems as though some of the articles and opinion pieces have gotten better and a little less (in my opinion). While there still are a few of the knee jerk "more revolutionary than you" pieces, the majority keep it real and don't waste time pointing fingers. Some of my favorites were about anarchism in Spain (about the writers trip to Spain visiting squats, historic CNT chapters, and experiencing the social climate), or where Jack Wilde responds to Carol Moore on the (endless) debate of diversity of tactics with very well put arguments, and the people of Argentina have had enough. There are excerpts from Kurt Vonnegut's "Harrison Bergeron" and Daniel Quinn's "Ishmael." Just the sorts of things I seek out in a revolutionary publication; news pieces on global anti-capitalist resistance mixed in with theory, opinions, and good story telling. This is a fat issue spilling out with lots of small print and comics and radicals. Great work on this issue, I really hope to see more especially in the world of post 9-11 propaganda. CF (PO Box 11331/Eugene, OR 97440)

DOWN IN FLAMES

8.5x11 \$3 32pgs.

This starts off simply and innocently enough. Jimmy explains how he first got into punk rock in high school in 1985 and then continues on with his experiences as a reject with a prevalent "fuck the world" attitude. Things just never seem to work out too great for him. By the end everything has transformed into a schizophrenic haze, as his skewed vision of reality falls down around him. It follows him up to 1994 or so and then just kind of ends abruptly. I guess he tells all of the important things though and what happens afterward isn't of any real consequence to the autobiography. One of the appeals to this was his attention to detail be they mundane, important, or just completely weird. That is often one of the bases for a good biography. I wouldn't call him a colorful character, but there is an appealing aspect to his grim honesty that helps him stand out from most autobiographical stories that I read in 'zines. Even after taking into account all of the differences between him and me, I found that I was still relating to him, regardless of how much—for the sake of my mental health—I wish I wasn't. RG (Jimmy Reject/115 W Quantum St. #203/Quincy, MA 02171)

And the reviewers are... CF=Chuck Franco, JM=Jenny Mundy, MA=Matt Average, SJS=Steve Snyder, DD=Denver Dale, CD=Chris Duprey, BS=Brany Schofield, RG=Ryan Gratzter, SC=Sara Cushman, PM=Patrick McFate, LK=Leslie Kahan, & LO=Lisa Oglesby

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL #225

8.5x11 \$3 160pgs.
This issue contains a relatively brief letters section and the usual massive accumulation of columns with the familiar topics, complaints, and history lessons for which MRR will always provide space. The news section focuses on recent developments in the invasion of Afghanistan and its aftermath with analyses taken from independent and overseas media sources. The interviews in this issue are with Lengua Amada Records, Three Years Down, Holding On, 86'd, See You In Hell from the Czech Republic, The Red Light Sting, Russia's The Pauki, Scare Tactic, Nazis From Mars, Turun Tauti from Finland, Scrotum Grinder, and Breaker Breaker. They also tell history of the Flux of Pink Indians. It ends with the usual massive collection of music, 'zine, book, and movie reviews. SJS (PO Box 460760/San Francisco, CA 94116)

MEDIA READER #5

8.5x5.5 \$5 162pgs.
Recent events caused Dave to put regular *Media Reader* content on the back burner and publish issue #5 as a book with an intro about the effect of current events, reviews of releases, and the very impressive photos of Michael Rhoades. The photos are the bulk of the issue, and they warrant it in every regard. Michael has a collection of photo documentation from East Timor, Mexico City, Washington DC, and Chicago at a time of unrest for each. The first section in East Timor was taken in late 1999, when there as a sanctioned observer. The photos he returns with are of a people and country broken and destroyed. Background information and commentary complement each piece; this brings the weight of the images into the light and allows whatever reader to get a complete image of the situation. The section in Mexico City is taken from the time of a student protest. These have no commentary, presumably because they are taken as it happened and the images speak for themselves much easier. The last two sections are more familiar; images of recent US protests, with commentary about how these protests are seen and executed here. Each of these photo documentary pieces are stunning. The reviews that finish out this issue are done with their original style of reviewing the music and the layout of the release to give a review of the release as a whole. LO (Stickfigure/PO Box 55462/Atlanta, GA 30308).

MEGABEEF #7 7x8.5 \$1 32pgs.
More witty and hilarious stories and ideas; things that we normally take for granted, like getting tacos, told in a way that allows us to realize how weird they can be. There's also a travel log of a European vacation, a piece on why the editor is stupid, a things-you-never-knew-existed column, quite a lot of reviews, and other stuff. I was a bit disappointed by the lack of comments about Nintendo. Those are the funniest and most interesting. The layout is smooth as fuck, and the writing is mostly entertaining, but issue #7 seemed a little# thin. Regardless, it's a great 'zine that I always come back to. I apologise for always being the one to review it. All I can say is that I like reading it, and I like free stuff. RG (PO Box 16281/Alexandria, VA 22320)

THE MORE I MAKE LOVE THE MORE I WANT TO MAKE REVOLUTION #2

w/tape comp 3x4.5 \$2/trade 84pgs.
This is the second installment from these very nice folks from Oakland. They have shown me the sights and sounds of their town a few times and I thought I would return the favor kind of... 'cause up here we're all from a different planet and shit. This issue is smaller in size but longer, and it comes with a tape with some live songs by Ruheda, Seven Days of Samsara, Pg. 99, and Majority Rule. The music is a little muddled, and it really helps to know the songs, but it is pretty cool to have nonetheless. As a consequence of the 'zine being quite small combined with the crazy typewriter font, it can sometimes be a little difficult to discern what is being said... but that can be half the fun anyway! Zoe and James continue with their theme DIY to the max; giving ideas on foraging in urban areas (for useful plants and stuff) they give a lot of information on seemingly useless plants that I previously took for granted and squashed at every opportunity). I was never able to get my halfling druid's foraging skill up too high because I got sick of clicking the button over and over and just wanted to snare and nuke some dark elves. But now I am once again motivated! Plus I am really poor. They give us details on how to make dandelion wine, which I am totally gonna try. I was picking dandelions the other day, but I just put them in a bag and they rotted, or whatever they do. Now I can get some free booze out of my adventures in the woods. There's also interviews with Godstomper and Ruheda, which takes up almost the complete second half. But I love Ruheda, so that rules. Fresh 'zine, there's also more that I don't mention. RG (6426 Salem St #C/Oakland, CA 94608)

NEGrita 8.5x5.5 \$? 30pgs.

This is a cool personal 'zine by a woman named Gloria. She writes stories about fasting and her vomit adventures, her thoughts on the youth liberation conference 2000, being Latina and what that means to her, getting caught shoplifting for the first time, and her love of doin' it. I enjoyed it. CD (Overground Distribution/PO Box 1661/Pensacola, FL 32597)

NURSERY RHYMES FOR GLOBAL CRIMES 5.8x8.5 \$2 24pgs.

This 'zine is just what the title suggests, nursery rhymes for a new political mindset. Inside there are lyrical attacks on social, civil, environmental, and political unjust. The stuff is here is pretty good, and certainly worthy of being recited at the next gathering of radical cheerleaders. LO (PO Box 721/Homewood, IL 60430)

OCEANS OF YOUR EYES #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 20pgs.

This is a personal 'zine in which editor Jared delves deep into tumultuous relationships with friends and co-workers and examines a happy relationship with a girlfriend. There are arguments about life choices, love and sex, medical experiments to pay the rent, and beer drinking. The writings here examine the emotional content of relationships and a few stories of a person working at his life. SJS (PO Box 1061/Iowa City, IA 52244)

OFF THE MAP 5.5x8.5 free 96pgs.

Off The Map is an interesting travel diary by two people as they move around Europe with practically no money. Their final goal is to settle down in different spots in Europe, but the adventure they go through in getting there is important as well. They are up for lots of new things in their travels and, as a result, they are constantly finding new experiences from which they can learn and grow. The writing is done very well and it really seems like they are telling a story. I am very interested in hearing travel stories—especially to places that I have never been and want to go to—and the perspectives that these women provide in constantly entertaining me and keeping my interest. I am sure you will find something within the vast amount of writing contained inside. RG (Crimethinc. Far East/PO Box 1963/Olympia, WA 98501)

PAPING #4 7x8.5 \$2 42pgs.

This is a collection of comics put together by a guy named John from NYC. The majority of this issue is filled with John's experiences teaching art in a public school in the Bronx and how he went about creating a mural on a wall at the school. The line drawings are simple with emphasis on facial features that create moods and attitudes for the various characters. The story is a good one with hope and defeat, school politics and perseverance, and an upbeat ending. Two folks contribute comics. One describes the preparation for and experiences at John's wedding. The other is a brief tale of hamsters. There are some woodcuts of John's friends and a few comic observations to fill out the pages. SJS (60 St. Marks Place #4/New York, NY 10003)

PANICOLA #3 5.5x8.5 \$? 116pgs.

Issue #3 of this music fanzine features long interviews with Buck-O-Nine and Dan and Michael from Kid Dynamite. The interviews put most of their focus on touring and band history. Elsewhere in this issue there is a short interview with Porcell that covers recent history with Shelter and several pages of photos from a Discount show. The remainder of the pages are filled with cartoons, photographs, poetry and fiction, music and 'zine reviews, letters, and a variety of personal writings. Most of the writings can be divided into two types. Some are essays on personal experiences, others are rants about things that bother the author. I have a suggestion for the editor: If you are going to run several pages of "stupid things" said by "stupid people" you might consider proofreading for misspelled words and errors in your own syntax. SJS (Rachel Leah Wolansky/PO Box 1014/Union, NJ 07083)

PROPER GANDER #31 news \$1.50 20pgs.

This publication features anticomics and stories that tend toward the surreal and probably psychedelic. The comics are black and white line drawings, some more complex than others, most with no discernible narrative. Comic drawings for their own sake. One story is a memory from childhood days and the other is a tale of fishermen who find something unknown. There are some 'zine and music reviews mixed into the oddness. A wacky reading experience for one and all. SJS (PO box 434/San Marcos, TX 78667)

PSIOPIC PLASTIC JOY #7 5.5x8.5 \$1 40pgs.

This 'zine starts off with an interview of Pine Tree State Mind Control, a group that uses various subversive techniques to try and manipulate the minds of the listener. They go into some detail about their motives—making everyone happier—and the means by which they will reach their goal. They are dreadfully serious, which of course helps in furthering their cause; as the facade of knowing everything will make us more vulnerable to what they say. There's also an interview with Roscon 235. He makes sound collages and he speaks about a lot of different topics, such as copyrights and religion. Every single page of this 'zine has fairly dark images behind the text and this makes it a major pain to read! There are some other things to read here which hold true to the theme of manipulation and propaganda and stuff. A neat glimpse into a topic that I am almost convinced I should care more about. RG (PO Box 138/Wilton, NH 03086)

PUNK IS LIKE A BOX OF CANDY 3.25x2.5 \$2 40pgs.

This is a small sized 'zine from Canada. It is one woman's tale of discovering punk and her life within the scene, her political involvement, and being straightedge. Entirely handwritten with some drawings, I wish the author would have made a 5.5x8.5 'zine and added more. Her short biography implied that she's had a bit of experience; I wish she would have written more articles and put together a longer 'zine. JM (Sive/130 Clinton St. #27/Toronto, ON/M6G 2Y3/Canada)

PUNKS BEFORE PROFITS #1 8.5x11 \$1 16pgs.

The introductory issue of this 'zine has a mix of political content and some commentary. It begins with an intro about trying to do the best and punk and not giving up. There is also information about animal rights political prisoner Jeff "Free" Luers and how to join the campaign to free him, as well as articles on Christianity in punk and a hope for diversity, and the effects of labeling people within the scene. A shorter interview with a prisoner in Iowa and the punk activities he engages in behind bars, a blurb on Food Not Bombs, and some record reviews fill the rest of the pages. LO (PO Box 30748/Rochester, NY 14603)

RALPH #1 5.5x8.5 \$3 48pgs.

This project could easily expand out to a full sized endeavor. The largest sections of this issue are made up by photos and interviews. Graham has been taking photos at shows for a while now, so it is no surprise to see his stuff on nearly every page. The interviews range from interesting to regular, depending mostly on the people he talked to. They are Dave Mandel, Todd from Carry On, roadie Eric "Worst Guy" Johnson, Welcome To Your Life, Throwdown, Richie from Excessive Force, John Lacroix, and Blood Has Been Shed. Small opinion pieces from the editor and a poll for the next issue fill in the gaps. LO (ralphthezine@hotmail.com)

QUICK #1 8.5x11 \$3 52pgs.

This was formerly known as *On The Bank of the Tumid River*. Changing the name was an appropriate decision. The contents of *Quick* focus on the end of civilization as we know and some thoughts on what could take its place. The replacements elaborated upon tend toward the primitivist. One essay describes a few activities for adventurous folks who live in cities. Another looks at recent Colombian history and US intervention via the war on some drugs and another describes the French Commune and it's historical importance. There is a portion of a European Ruination tour diary, a review of "The Matrix" making note of similarities between it and the writings of Jean Baudrillard, and a very nice and useful overview of wild edible plants that includes decent images of the plants discussed. There are interviews with Burn It Down and The (International) Noise Conspiracy which do not really show either band in a good light. Some of their ideas seem naive at best. There are several columns at the beginning of this issue that fit in the downcast but hopeful feel of much of this issue. SJS (Mike/34 Park Blvd./Toronto, ON/M8W 1G8/Canada)

RATION #1 8.5x11 free 2pgs.

The first issue of this endeavor is a page, double sided. With time, the size will grow, just like the person. This 'zine comes from someone who has done plenty of 'zines, but none of them personal enough to really focus on her life. *Ration* is a first step towards that. In two pages she discusses expressions of art and life, thoughts about learning how to draw and write give you great insight as to her personal growth. Other notions of politics and musical taste explain where she is at in the world. I really enjoyed reading this. Partly because I know I like this person, but don't really know her. I look forward to future issues. LO (Arwen/PO Box 170291/San Francisco, CA 94117)

REASON TO BELIEVE #4 \$1 80pgs.

Always excited about a new issue of this 'zine which is essentially the MRR of Europe. Inside you'll find an interesting article on the actions in Gotenburg, more "Women in DIY," interviews with HHH, Illegal, Newborn, Coche Bomba, Dial House, and more. The passion and enthusiasm in these pages is great and inspiring. Definitely a staple for your 'zine reading. MA (145-149 Cardigan Rd./Leeds/LS6 1LJ/UK)

REBEL GRRRL #1 8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.

It's hard to be original in this genre. I was impressed by the writers interest in and informative articles on some of the less well known feminists. They also try to inspire the reader to look into the women of the past who have struggled for equality. It seems that they are working to build a community of women to continue that fight... I say hell yeah! I hope these women stick with it and that there's a *Rebel Grrrl* #2. BS (6167 N Broadway #417/Chicago, IL 60660)

RECLUSE #5 5.5x8.5 \$1.25 40pgs.

Recluse is a collection of writings about personal experiences and concerns of some folks around Columbus, Ohio. In this issue the columns address a racist workplace, safety and privacy issues for 'zine writers, the idiot John Stossel, animal adoption, and panic attacks. One article looks at organized radical animal rights activists and compares the philosophies and tactics of the ALF, Animal Rights Militia, and the Justice Department. Another essay discusses the good and not so good results of the Cincinnati Rock and Read festival. There is an interview with Jesse of the diyrevolution.com website staff. A story titled "The Burden of Evolution" investigates a dysfunctional relationship between a boy and a girl. There is a bit of information about the benefits of spaying and neutering pets and the harmful ingredients in cosmetics. This issue finishes up with movie, book, 'zine, and music reviews. Included with *Recluse*, a pamphlet that describes Feline Leukemia and Feline Immunodeficiency Virus, how to protect your cat, and what to do if your cat has one or the other disease. SJS (PO Box 09558/Columbus, OH 43209)

REV. RICHARD J. MACKIN'S BOOK OF LETTERS #15 5.5x8.5 \$3 48pgs.

I remember thinking this guy was a genius the first time I read this 'zine. After all of these years, the same flattery still applies. His sharp wit and beautifully executed sarcasm makes his letters to these mega corporations and heads of state hilarious. The replies always add a little something, sometimes they're the funniest part. In this issue he's actually a bit more political, which is even a bigger draw for me. Also, if this floats your boat, I hear he compiled a book of old issues. I'd like to get my hands on that puppy. BS (Rich Mackin/PO Box 890/Allston, MA 02134)

RIVETER #1 7x8.5 \$2 32pgs.

I was pleasantly surprised by the quality of the content here. There are interesting interviews with Polish punks Stracony and Nika of Post Regiment, thoughtful articles about worker's history and pre-legal abortion services provided by a women's group, and information about how (and why) you should devalue your driveway. Each piece shows individual style and passion about the topics with an overall feminist/environmentalist slant. LO (PO Box 41621/Chicago, IL 60641)

ROCKET PUNCH #1 8.5x11 \$2 36pgs.

Kudos for coming up with an all around great first issue. Serious humor, computer games, grindcore, and anime fill this 'zine. There are video game reviews, discussions of good and bad animated shows, and a funny write-up on Menudo. In their interviews with Discordance Axis, Earth Crisis, Dave Witte, and Set Pixel they are either joking around or talking about gaming. That comes as a welcome change from most interviews. I had 2 favorite parts. First, the satirical letters section (completely fictional since it is their first issue) that had me in stitches. Second, the interviews with the various monster characters of Kaiju Big Battle (live monster wrestling) wherein you weren't sure if the interviewer or the interviewees were crazier. A silly, amusing read that looks good. LO (PO Box 7268/New York, NY 10016)

THE ROMANCE OF REVOLUTION #3 5.5x8.5 \$2 32pgs.

A bookish look into various factions of the revolution comprises most of this 'zine. This issues features articles on garbage, nutrition, Syndicalism, automation, and education. Each of these pieces is highly academic and most read like a report. This got to be tedious for me. Some of the best stuff in this 'zine is in the intro, or in the small spaces where the editor's personality sneaks through the cracks. If he could find away to combine the information and the interesting writing style of a person, this 'zine would be really strong. Until then it remains informative, but not well executed. LO (Tommy Nail/1420 Gardena Dr./Allen, TX 75002)

SLEEPING DRAGON PRESS #6 news \$1 16pgs.

Probably because this is about the 10th 'zine I've read lately talking about activism, 9-11, and environmentalism, I found this issue to be a little stale. The thing that sets SDF apart is the fact that it is from Canada and in being so discusses more features otherwise ignored by American newsletters we get. There are plenty of articles about the state of natural land and the encroachment of the Canadian government. This is best for activists in Canada looking for news and opinions on what affects them most. LO (Box 539/185-911 Yates St./Victoria, BC/V8V 4Y9/Canada)

SCENERY #15 7x7 \$1 20pgs.

I really love this 'zine. It tells stories from the editor's life, talks about politics, and displays some kickin' art. This issue opens with an intro about doing a 'zine and how relationships based on writing differ from one with real world contact... which is something I relate to in a big way. I've met so many people, who I've talked to over letters and e-mail, and been pretty much unable to carry on a conversation in the moment. Just a lot of awkward questions and answers—and when you walk away you just feel retarded. Anyhoo, the 'zine has an excellent rant on the current patriotic mood in the US and it has pieces which expose the editor's freaky quirks. This 'zine has a strong personality and is a really gratifying read. I hope to meet Mike someday and I can inevitably say something like, "So, um, how's Rhode Island?" LO (Mike/PO Box 28226/Providence, RI 02908)

SCRAWLSHOP 'ZINE 8.5x11 \$3/trade 84pgs.

This 'zine delves into the interests of drug and sex obsessed metal fans from around the planet. There are interviews galore in this issue. In many of them the interviewer and the band discuss touring, tuning, discography and bio stuff, porn, and alcohol. The bands answering the questions include The Hellacopters, Handpantedwall, The Great Cat, Bloodlet, Sift, Defleshed, Alabama Thunderpussy, and Vrykolas. The first bunch of pages is filled with writings from the lives of the editor and some contributors. They tell tales of girl trouble, violent interactions in public, and various drug besotted parties and events. There are attempts to make the dishevelment poetic but often it just sounds like complaining. The 'zine ends with many pages of music, 'zine, movie, and website reviews. SJS (47E Morning Star Dr./Sanville Subdivision/Project 6 Q.C. 1100/Philippines)

SILENT CHILD... #4 8.5x14 34¢ 12pgs.

This is a free newsletter from Belgium. Inside you can read news, opinions, letters, reviews, and an interview with New Winds. Soon this project will be much bigger, so feel free to write in with contributions. LO (Duivelsbroek 5/2400 Mol/Belgium)

SLUG & LETTUCE #70 news 57¢ 16pgs.

Slug & Lettuce is one of the best things the punk scene has going. Really, it shows off all of our best features and gives us information about the things we want know about. Christine's undying inspirational nature mixes well with other informational, amusing, or personal columns. There are reviews, ads, and classifieds to keep you updated. There are even highlights of punk artists. All in all, it is the best we have to offer... and it is just about free! This issue has lots of news, but the thing that stuck with me the most is the section donated to the death of a friend. Most of us live either on that edge or closer to other people who do, it is the nature of our disposed scene. Reading the stuff in here had me thinking a lot about my own life and my own relationships. Once again, you can expect great content from *Slug & Lettuce*, LO (Christine/PO Box 26632/Richmond, VA 23261)

SNAKE PIT #16 5.5x8.5 34¢ 14pgs.

This issue is only a month long. I think I was spoiled last time with an issue containing a whole year of Ben's life. So I guess my only complaint is that there is only 31 days in January. Besides that I'm utterly impressed with his ability to entertain me with his daily 3 frame comics. I love reading about his crazy antics. Also with this issue I received a Snake Pit Fan Club button, which I wear with pride. As long as Ben keeps pumping item out, I'm going to keep reading them. You'd be a fool not to. BS (Ben/2100 Guadalupe #138/Austin, TX 78705)

SPIRIT OF FREEDOM Winter 2002 5.5x8.5 \$2 24pgs.

This 'zine is subtitled "Newsletter of the North American Earth Liberation Prisoner Network."

What you get is a series of updates on political prisoners and articles that discuss recent moves by governmental bodies against eco-activism and activists in North America. A major focus in this issue is on "anti-terror" legislation proposed or passed since September 2001.

There are listings of prisoner addresses and prisoner support groups in North America and the UK included. SJS (Box 11331/Eugene, OR 97440)

STAR CLUB #4 8.5x11 \$2 24pgs.

The text of this 'zine is almost entirely in French. The only piece translated into English was the interview with Good Clean Fun. (Another gushing interview about how funny and the GCF guys are... Like I haven't read one of those before. It is getting to be almost as common as interview with Ian MacKaye where the interviewers almost wet themselves with how great he is. Yeah, yeah, he's very nice and interesting... And the new thing to you have to add is? But I digress.) Interviews are the majority of this issue as they also feature talks with H2o!, David S. (Wee Wee), Madball, Bridewell Hospital, Hannibal, and The Get Ups Kids. Plus there is a little write up about Ray Cappo and a bunch of reviews. I don't know who David S. is, but I must have looked at this 'zine a dozen times and though it said David's Wee Wee. Yeah, I'm real bright. LO (Vincent/10 Allee Des Plantes Vives/21121 Fontaine-les-Dijon/France)

SUBURBAN VOICE #45 w/CD comp 8.5x11 \$5 116pgs.

This 'zine rules. Tons of tiny little words about Brian from Grand Theft Auto, Crispin Attucks, Deathreat, Ebro, Last In Line, Ratios De Porao,

Tear It Up, and Unseen. Letters and columns, as well as 'zine, book, and music reviews—even 7 pages of show reviews and photos. Also, a CD with a ton of good shit like Vitamin X, Tear It Up, Limpwrist, and others. This provides much info and entertainment for me. CD (PO Box 2746/Lynn, MA 01903)

SUSPENDED ANNIHILATION #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 20pgs.

This is a really cool first issue, and what prime bands to have in a first issue. Interviews with Skitsystem, State Of Fear, And Resist & Exist. If that didn't grab your anarcho-crusty attention you are blind. The 'zine isn't very big but you have to give credit where it's due, after all it is the first issue. There is a news piece on the house party that was raided by the cops in Portland (where they took pictures of everyone and their tattoos etc.) A few people were given trumped up charges of kidnapping an officer and being alleged "members" of the A.L.E.; for a better explanation of the events and the ramifications check out the 'zine or write to the address below. This is one story of many of activists/anarchists being harassed by the authorities and charged with bogus allegations. Anyway, check out this great first issue I'm sure if you like the above bands you'll be into this also, oh yeah white on black with apocalyptic images to boot! CF (PMB 121/4110 SE Hawthorne Blvd./Portland, OR 97124)

THESE ARE THE DAYS #4 3x4 \$2 120pgs.

This was the perfect read for me as I multitasked. The thoughts and stories are short, often limited to one per page. That made it easy to pick it back up at my convenience and read as much or as little as I wanted. This issue reads like a diary of things Kyle has been doing or thinking. You get to hear a good amount about his band, his drawings, and his relationships. I enjoyed the doodles and illustrations that accompanied each page. This 'zine has a DIY ethic and a real honest style. I like that a lot. LO (Kyle Bravo/PO Box 14523/Richmond, VA 23231)

UNDERGROUND #17 8.5x11 \$3.50 48pgs.

The latest issue of this magazine has a good amount of information about recent happenings and what you can go to get involved with the struggle for animal liberation. This issue has a memorial to imprisoned activist Barry Horne, an interview with Rod Coronado, news of and reports about recent actions/activists, and contact info. This magazine is best for those intimately involved in the animal liberation movement, or those looking to be so. The information is very specific and can be somewhat dry for someone just looking to get generally updated. LO (NA-ALFSG/Box 69597/5845 Yonge St./Willowdale, ON/M2M 4K3/Canada)

UNIDAD PUNK LIBERTAD #12-#13 8.5x11 \$5 16pgs.

Issue #12 has editorials, information about resistance, and articles on Sopla, Apartheid, and various political prisoners. Issue #13 has numerous articles and informative pieces. This issue features information about Mumia. All of the text is in Spanish. LO (Apdo. M-9364/CP: 06002/Admon/Palacio postal (1)/Mexico D.F./Mexico)

UPHEAVAL #9 5.5x8.5 \$2 32pgs.

The content and style of *Upheaval* reminds me a lot of *Ripping Thrash*. *Upheaval* is a cut and paste style 'zine with an emphasis on raw, underground hardcore and thrash music. This issue features interviews with See You In Hell from the Czech Republic and Coaccion from Mexico, as well as Social Napalm Records from the US. There are numerous scene reports from folks in Ecuador, Holland, Estonia, Belarus, Kazakhstan, and the Ukraine. He reviews some lesser known (but appropriate for his style) records and 'zines, and prints a few thoughts on being disconnected to people when you have no phone, stopping his pot addiction, and the current wave of patriotism here at home. *Upheaval* is well done and does its best to shed some light on parts of the scene most 'zines don't cover. This is best suited for people interested in the obscure from all over the world. LO (Craig/PO Box 471/Boston, MA 02134)

URBAN GUERRILLA 'ZINE #11 8.5x11 \$1.50 36pgs.

This 'zine isn't trying to be anything more than it is, a simple punk 'zine. It's all here, reviews, interviews, columns, and lots of band photos. There are interviews with Iron Lung, Nicki Sicki, and Blown to Bits. There is also something like a tour diary with Brainoil. This 'zine reminds me of a smaller MRR... and that's fine by me. Long live simple punk 'zines! DD (PMB #419/142A Walnut St./Berkeley, CA 94709)

URBAN GUERRILLA 'ZINE #12 8.5x11 \$1.50 36pgs.

This 'zine has grown since the last issue I saw, which was issue #10. It was about half the size that it is now. This issue is full of photos of bands playing in the bay area as well as an interview with Wes Robinson, who booked lots of shows in the 80s. Some political articles that are really thought provoking, and reviews of other 'zines and music, as well as coverage of shows. This is a good 'zine, and you should read it. CD (Jay/PMB #419/142A Walnut St./Berkeley, CA 94709)

WERFUKT #4 8.5x11 \$1 56pgs.

Wow, this brings back some nostalgic memories. The first time I heard of *Werfukt* was in an old 'zine called *Diplomatic Immunity* that I read when I was maybe 14 or 15. Now, being the ripe old age of 21, I can sit back and ponder those days of crass filled hedonism with this 'zine. I wasn't even sure if this project still existed. Well, this is a pretty crusty punk grindcore 'zine with interviews from Shitlist, State Of Fear, Phobia, Chaos U.K., and E/Pax. While I think the interviews could be a little more in depth they are still pretty good. There are plenty of anti society type rants, stories about Hollywood, and a stony adventure at a Phobia/Cattle Decapitation show. There are plenty of cool show photos, crazy punk rock collages, and artwork. There was a scene report about the Antelope Valley scene including the various bands and venues from that area. It was pretty interesting to learn about a scene I knew little to nothing about. Plenty of cut and pasted graphics all thrown together in a youthful fit of rage in one big 8.5x11 format. If you are interested in the 'zine, check out 'zines like *Suspended Annihilation* also reviewed this month. CF (Jeff Von Vomit/3313 Jahon Ct./Rosamond, CA 93560)

WOMEN'S SELF DEFENSE 7x8.5 \$2 52pgs.

A pretty heavy, but interesting read. The title says it all. There are stories from women all over writing about their brushes with assault, harassment, and their ways of fighting back. Definitely recommended reading, but don't expect to feel good about the world for a few days afterwards. MA (Ariel/PO Box 411621/Chicago, IL 60641)

WRONGS OF PASSAGE #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 40pgs.

Honestly I read this 'zine cuz it was written by a girl and girls rock. This is Danielle's third 'zine. Go Danielle. I read every word of the thing and I now feel like I know this girl better than I do some of my best friends. She offers a very honest and personal approach to some of the all-too-familiar problems of the early human experience. I eagerly await the next issue. I recommend you read this 'zine if you have ever: 1) been a woman or a girl, 2) been in a long distance relationship, 3) felt insecure, 4) felt self-destructive, 5) been young, 6) changed your life dramatically, 7) accomplished something. All right, just read it anyway. It's well worth your time and your 2 bucks. SC (Danielle/PO Box 280/Tivoli, NY 12583)

YESTURDAY'S MISTAKE #12 5.5x8.5 \$2 60pgs.

A quality, Crimethinc type 'zine. Mostly typed but with a bit of hand written stuff here and there. There is a lot to read here. Topics range from traveling for dummies to 9/11. There is even a bit of info on how to get rid of a yeast infection! This is a good read from cover to photocopied cover. There are images borrowed right out of the Crimethinc book and some of the articles are along the same lines. All in all, a solid 'zine! DD (1600 St. Michaels Drive #472/Santa Fe, NM 87505)

YOU 8.5x11 free 2-4pgs.

We received a packet of four issues, each of them hand done. The first one I read was pretty much a synopsis of *Fletch* with commentary of what the editor would do in *Fletch*'s shoes and the random thoughts of others in the room. The second on I opened talked about finding money on the street, dreams, and day to day anecdotes. The third in the package had more day to day things, like little thoughts and what the editor did to pass the time. The final envelope was the shortest of all; containing a photocopy from someone (I'm assuming the editor's) childhood. You is written in letter form and is much like that. Now, if it were a letter from a friend I might not have found the contents so tedious. But, alas, I did. LO (Luke/Po Box 4036/Melb. Uni. PO/Parkville/Victoria 3052/Australia)

YOU TANGLE #2-4 4.25x5.5 50¢/trade 10pgs. each

This 'zine is made up mostly of doodles and short bits of text. Ella's affinity for stick figures and simple drawing add a whimsical edge to the terse text addresses well. This 'zines shows you, but won't outright tell you what is going on with her. Issue #2 focuses on the little details that make you feel good. Issue #3 is more depressed, with an abundance of rainy scenes and evil-face electronic gadgets. Issue #4 is steeped in fantasy, with a reoccurring unicorn adorning most of the drawings. LO (Ella/1850 Commercial Dr./Vancouver, BC/V5N 4A5/Canada)

THE PRINCESS'S LOG, STARDATE 2001/Q IS FOR TREASON 5.5x8.5 \$3 176pgs.

This split 'zine project is a compilation of journal entries written by the two editors while traveling across North America. Much of their movement is accomplished by hitch hiking and stories of waiting for rides and the folks who stop for them are abundant in each side. Anna and Bob, the two editors, take turns relating their versions of events as they travel and visit with friends and acquaintances. A few themes quickly appear. The first is Anna's concern over her ability to connect with other people. Then there is the consuming search for good vegan food, and apparently quite a lot of it in Bob's case. The stories about finding, preparing, eating, and verifying vegan feasts and/or snacks often approach ecstatic reveries. Eating, and the desire to eat end up playing a major role in their activities. Anna and Bob also spend some time in various record stores, book stores, toy stores, and thrift stores in search of surprises. Throughout the pages you get adventures with many friends and some family members in cities between Edmonton, Alberta, Bowling Green, Ohio, and Montreal. There is a lot of exploring new places, sitting around talking, movie watching, and other enjoyable activities. Interspersed with the entries written while on the road are commentaries and updates written several months later to clarify things mentioned in the stories. Anna and Bob clearly enjoyed themselves while traveling about. Bob seems to take things with a generally relaxed attitude while Anna seems to get concerned about interpersonal relations (with Bob and with their hosts). You can tell they are learning about themselves as the entries move along. Eventually they part ways. Anna continues on to the east coast and Bob remains in Montreal for a while and this issue ends. Hopefully there are more to come. SJS (Black Weevil Distro/9324-86 Ave/Edmonton, AB/Canada)

CHICKENHED 'ZINE AND ROLL #4/HOPEWELL #4**5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 48pgs.**

These two cut and paste personal 'zines get together and compile a split issue. In the *Hopewell* pages you get a recounting of the editor's visit to Effigy Mounds National Park and a few other places of interest it's vicinity in Iowa. There is a long description of home brewing beer and all the equipment, ingredients, and methods that are useful and necessary. Then there is a story describing a most unpleasant experience with cough syrup. Along with those sections, there are some record reviews of metal and crust type stuff and scattered throughout the pages are the editor's thoughts on recent events in the US. *Chickenhead* 'Zine And Roll contains several stories of punk rock, girl trouble, and life in high school senior year. These stories are dominated by drug use and emotional trauma, as they are not necessarily a fun read. That is unfortunate. SJS (Josher/PO Box 330/Richmond, VA 23218)

THE BATTLE OF SEATTLE: The New Challenge to Capitalist Globalization

Eddie Yuen, George Katsiaficas, and Daniel Burton Rose, Editors 7x8 \$16 400pgs.

The Battle Of Seattle compiles essays, articles, and communiques from participants, journalists, and other concerned parties involved in the Seattle uprising and the ongoing international struggle against capitalist globalization. Each looks at one or more aspect(s) of this evolving movement from many points of view. The arrangement of the book creates some interesting and useful juxtapositions to consider. I particularly appreciate the sections examining the motivations and actions of the black bloc, the successes and failures of bringing together disparate ideologies and peoples, and the alteration of tactics from one event to the next. Many important issues are investigated and considered and then put into context by surrounding articles. The book begins with descriptions of movements, protests, and uprisings throughout the global South that preceded Seattle. There is a section that examines the debates and controversies over tactics employed and organization of people involved in massive street protests. Another section takes a long look at the shaky relationships between the many organizations that took part in Seattle, the uncomfortable similarities between anti globalization ideologies of the right-wing and left-wing, and the question of racial diversity within the movement. The next section follows the movement through the protests and mass actions following Seattle, including lengthy analysis of protests in Prague, Mexico City, and Genoa. The last section is comprised of writings by some folks whose ideas and philosophies have influenced the movement or captured it's nature and meanings. A wonderful introduction provides a map for the threads of examination running through these sections. The book closes with a glossary that establishes meaning for many words used throughout its pages. *The Battle Of Seattle* is a magnificent collection of eyewitness reports and thoughtful analysis of events that have changed our world in more ways than are immediately apparent. SJS (Soft Skull Press/107 Norfolk St./New York, NY 10002)

THE ASSASSIN AND THE WINNER #14, MEDIA READER #5, SUSPENDED ANNIHILATION #1, HOW 2 ZINE #2, CHAQUE JOUR... #18, SUBURBAN VOICE #45, IMAGINE #4, GIDEON #2, A BOOK OF DAYS, FRACTURE #19, CHANGE "ZINE #12, COLDBRINGER #3, SCENERY #15, SLUG & LETTUCE #70, HANGING LIKE A HEX #16, GULLIBLE #23, REASON TO BELIEVE #4, and WOMEN'S SELF DEFENSE were our favorites.

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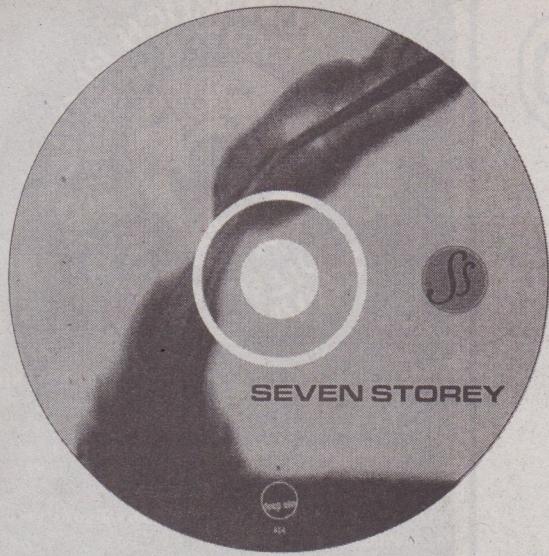
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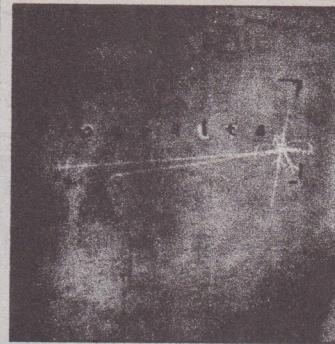
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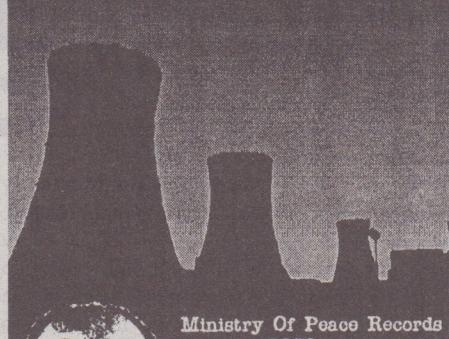
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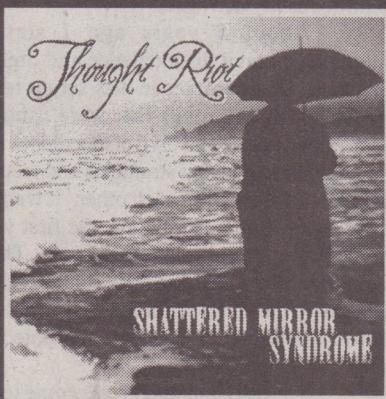
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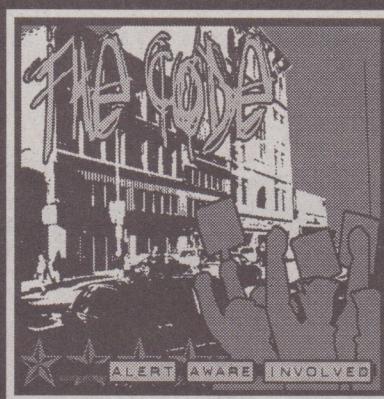
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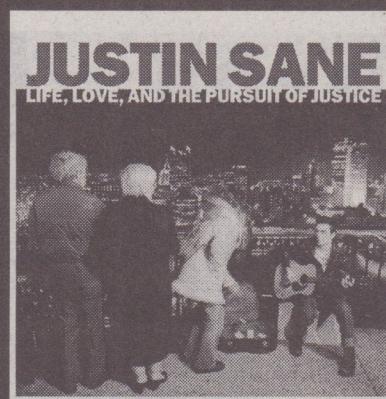
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Nisha is a bad-ass, plain and simple. I remember hearing about her exploits in Burma (see below) a few years back and wondering who this woman was, and what motivated her. Several years later, working on this series for HaC, I realized that I could interview her and ask her these very questions. So here are some of her answers. If you want to contact Nisha directly you can email her at: nisha@ruckus.org. As always I am interested in any feedback, comments or suggestions you have for the series. Some things never change. I can be reached at: arooks@hotmail.com. Thanks and read on!

HaC: What's your earliest memory of being an activist?

Nisha: I have two answers to that question. When I think about why or how I got involved in this work, for me it is closely related to the fact that I grew up in Atlanta, Georgia, which is an extremely segregated city. Growing up, my family was almost the only brown family in a white suburban neighborhood. My experience in Atlanta was getting up every day and having to be different, and feeling so different because of the clothes I wore, or the food I ate, or the language I speak. It was hard to feel so different. Instead of getting depressed, though, I got powerful and strong, and tried to be proud of who I was. But it was a hard battle, and to some extent it gave me some first hand experience with oppression at a young age.

My first memory of organizing was when I was in high school. I went to a Catholic high school, and one day I got reprimanded. The disciplinarian called me into her office and told me that I was in trouble for not shaving my legs. I was a big feminist at the time. She told me that some guy thought that it was gross and unhealthy, so she gave me a demerit and work detail—I was assigned to clean up the cafeteria or something

like that. Immediately after that conversation, I went and told all my friends what had happened even though she told me not to tell anyone. I started to organize women all across the school to not shave their legs in protest. It was my first experience talking to other people and getting them to help me out, etc.

HaC: Where did this early political consciousness come from?

Nisha: Somewhere between my early identity-awareness and where I am today was where punk rock entered my life. Punk rock came into my life at a young age. I remember starting high

evolved out of that. Actually, debate gave me access to more politics than hardcore ever did. As a member of the debate team I had to research what was happening around the world, and I began focusing on U.S. imperialism and exploitation. Through this experience I began to understand that I was not the most oppressed being in the world, and that some communities and some people are targeted and colonized in the harshest ways.

HaC: Can you talk about the impact that college had on your further political development?

Nisha: In college I got involved with the Free Burma Coalition. One year I traveled with them to Thailand. When we were there we spent some time in the refugee camps and guerilla camps, we spent time talking with refugees from Burma. In Thailand I joined an International campaign that went inside Burma and participated in an act of civil disobedience against the military dictatorship there. We went in and handed out pro-democracy pamphlets. They threw us in jail, which got me a lot of attention and fame. We got arrested and were held for a week. We were sentenced to 5 years in jail and then were released and deported immediately.

That experience put me in the spotlight. I started traveling around a lot and doing a lot of public speaking, using my public speaking skills from the debate team. But after a while I began to question why I was being asked to speak, and wondered who was I to be the representative for this issue. Everyone wanted to hear my story, but no one wanted to hear from the Burmese refugee who had to escape and leave his family behind and see all these people getting killed. Instead everyone asked me, "You were sentenced to 5 years. What was that like?" So I started questioning a lot, and started shifting where I would focus my activism.

About 5 years ago I started a conference on civil disobedience and organized resistance. The conference was set up to bring together all these groups that were using non-violent direct action and civil disobedience so that they could discuss what strategies and tactics are working and learn from each other. It went from a conference with a few people the first year, to having over 1000 participants last year. Through that conference I learned a lot about what was out there (in the U.S.). It forced me to think about where I wanted to be and what I wanted to be doing.

The decision that I have come to in the last 3 years is that I specifically want to work in the U.S., within communities that are the most targeted, within Indian immigrant communities. I want to work with people like myself—other young Indian women who are going through the same things that I am. Women in poor and working class neighborhoods who have no role models and examples. I want to give these women whatever political analysis I can give them.

I want to work with new immigrants—I want to be organizing around what's happening in the U.S. in terms of immigration. It's pretty

Activism

people in motion

school being different, and then thinking that it was kind of cool to be different because of the music that I listened to and the cultures in punk that I was involved in.

My gateway to activism was definitely straight edge. Through straight edge I developed a big anti-corporate analysis of the alcohol industry, as well as more personal beliefs about corporate music, etc. I had initially gotten into vegetarianism because my family was vegetarian, but that wasn't good enough, so I went vegan and then got into animal rights. There were definitely some politics associated with hardcore music at that time. Through hardcore it was pretty easy to get into animal rights, feminism and, to a lesser extent, anti-corporate politics. But there was not much outside of that in hardcore.

I was also a big dork in high school. I was the captain of the debate team, which meant that I studied a lot. I think that my politics



similar to what we have seen in the past. We don't have the worst genocidal politics, but there are hate crimes and crimes against humanity in these communities that get no public attention. I can go to Burma and get arrested, but when people are losing their lives (in the U.S.) there's no media centered on it, there's no attention paid to it at all. I feel that I have a lot of skills that are best used working in communities with similarly-minded people who are leaning towards justice.

HaC: When you decided to focus your activism on issues within the U.S. did you get any flack from people you worked on the Burma issue with?

Nisha: No. Burma is still a big passion for me and I am not abandoning that. I will do events whenever I can. I feel that there are amazing folks working on that issue and great Burmese leaders who have emerged since the big uprising of 1988. Ruckus works with the Burma coalition, and so I maintain my connection that way. We think a lot about how organizations here in the U.S. can explicitly support their struggle, and how we can use our privilege and resources to help people impacted by global injustice.

HaC: So can you talk about the work you do here in the U.S.?

Nisha: My main passion is the organization DRUM. The acronym stands for "Desis Rising Up and Moving." Desi is the name for anyone from the South Asian Diaspora, countries such as India, Pakistan, Trinidad and Tobago, South Africa, America, and other places where South Asians live. DRUM is the only organization that's organizing immigrant communities in INS detention centers. It's also the only organization that's working with, by and for that community against both the U.S. Patriot Act and against new immigration reforms.

We were already working in the detention centers before 9/11, so we were well situated to take on 100s of new cases, many of whom are people detained after 9/11 for really minor immigration violations, such as the "crime" of having a name from the Middle East or South Asia. DRUM has played a huge role in managing 100s of these cases. We have also been organizing in a radical way against the INS detention centers as part of the movement against the prison industrial complex, and we have been active fighting the new backlash against immigrants after 9/11.

HaC: When you say that you are taking on cases, what do you mean exactly? Do you mean offering people representation throughout the legal process, or something else?

Nisha: I mean getting them lawyers. We had a visitation program before 9/11 where we were bringing people to visit people in the detention centers. South Asian people make up the majority of people in the detention centers, but no one talks about that. A family member would call us up and say, "My husband has been disappeared and I don't know where he is." In New York that has

been happening a lot. We do the background work to find out if he's in a detention center and then we help connect him with his family.

We also are organizing around brutality against West Asian, Middle Eastern and South Asian people in the centers. People call us from the detention center and say, "Here's what

my full-time job. I am the Director of Development at Ruckus, which basically means that I am a fundraiser. I originally took the job because I wanted to get into fundraising. I view fundraising as an extraordinarily revolutionary and radical thing for a woman of color to do in the U.S. Fundraising is based on certain ideas about who should get money and who is worthy of money. Over the years I have watched the same organizations get funded over and over again, and the current political crisis has further demonstrated that there are organizations working in communities of color that are under-funded.

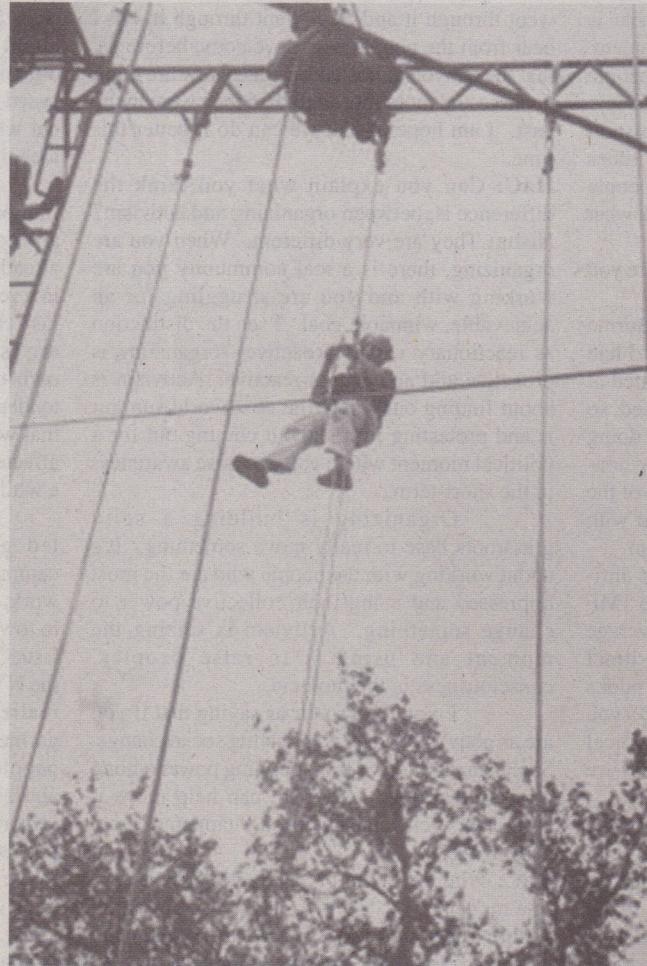
I see fundraising as an important role that I can play in social change, especially coming from my upper-class background—I want to help challenge classism and racism by working to get money to those under-funded organizations. I want to learn to take control of that process. It's radical to do this work as a woman of color, because I am not thought of as being able to do it.

HaC: Can you talk more generally about what Ruckus does as an organization?

Nisha: We do trainings for activists and organizers with the tools that they need to build power and win. That's our mission statement—it's pretty cut and dry. We do action camps each year where we bring in about 100 people from around the country to learn. The first day participants have to go through a non-violence training and do an anti-oppression workshop. We teach everything from grassroots organizing to urban climbing to campaign strategy. We teach people whole skill sets around a particular issue. We do this because we want to bring people together to learn skills, as well as build a network around their issue.

We are doing 3 camps this year. The first is a 'schools not jails' camp where we will bring together the youth activists who have been running the campaign against incarceration and help them develop skill sets. Then we are doing an environmental justice action camp called 'powershift.' We are trying to bring together folks who are fighting the energy industry at all levels; where the oils are extracted internationally, where they are refined in poor and working class communities, as well as the NGO people who are working on developing alternative energy solutions. We want to bring together the people who are fighting refineries in their own backyards with the folks trying to draft solutions. The idea is to create a synergy between the groups, while building power at the same time.

The last training is really unique. We were going to call it 'evil genius' but we thought that we'd get in too much trouble this year, so we are calling it 'tech tool box.' It focuses on tech and digital activists. We are bringing people together to learn about the media, internet activism—whatever that is—and whatever other



happened to me," or "I've been here for months. Can you help me?" We hook them up with a lawyer, visit them and get in touch with their families to let them know where they are. We also create a lot of hype around the issue and try to get media attention by organizing demonstrations. We have also been working with the people in charge of the INS detention centers to work on changing conditions and letting people out.

HaC: Is DRUM a national organization?

Nisha: No, it's based out of NY and it works on issues in New York-area detention centers. DRUM is specifically led by working class women of color from South Asia, which is really important because that perspective is lacking in the whole world of social justice.

The other organization that I am active with is a group called United Communities Against War and Racism. It's a group based here in Oakland that works on organizing opposition to the war on terrorism within communities of color.

HaC: And in addition to all this, you have a full-time job, too, right?

Nisha: Yes, working for the Ruckus Society is

kinds of trouble-making that people are engaged in via the internet. We are going to talk about the digital divide and what that means for organizing folks. It's going to be pretty different from the other trainings that we've had.

The other main thing that Ruckus does is help coordinate high profile direct actions. We are involved with the movement for global justice, and are involved in changing what is perceived to be the anti-globalization movement. We are trying to bring in the voices of people fighting globalization at the local level—people working on 'school not jails,' the prison industrial complex, toxics, etc. Even though these issues are closely related to globalization, the people fighting those issues are not connected with what is called the anti-globalization movement.

HaC: Were you involved with Ruckus before you started working for them?

Nisha: No. They helped us do a Free Burma action and that's about all the contact that I had had with them. Lots of their folks presented at the non-violence conference that I organized, so I knew some of them peripherally. I was doing non-violence trainings and they were doing non-violence trainings as well, so I knew some of the people, but I was never formally involved with the group before I started working for them.

HaC: Ruckus has been involved in the anti-globalization protests like Seattle, the IMF protests in DC, etc. A lot of the media coverage (alternative and mainstream) of these direct actions demonstrated that were a lot of punks involved in their planning and logistics. Do you think that this indicates that punk's political potential has increased, or that punk politics are broader these days?

Nisha: Despite all the shit that I have had to deal with recently, I am in a very positive place right now. Even though a lot of us were doing this kind of work well before Seattle, Seattle really did something. It was not the end-all-be-all, but it did something to energize folks. There is definitely an element of machismo in these actions—the people wanting to be in the streets fighting the cops are not too different from people wanting to dance hard at a hardcore show. In the long run, the people who are not really into the anti-globalization movement will fall out, in the same way that people fall out of the hardcore scene. But I see tons more people getting involved in activism and organizing as a result of Seattle.

I am also really positive about the work that the mostly white anti-globalization movement is doing to confront privilege. There are so many conversations about gender, race and class oppression taking place these days. I have never seen these issues discussed before in most activist circles but I see my white friends and my male friends really struggling to try and confront their privilege.

As we get older we don't see people as willing to confront their own privilege, so this is really important work. I am generally hopeful that people will begin building alliances and partnerships across race and gender lines. You could see a glimmer of this happening in Philly at the protests against the Republican National Convention. I was working with coalitions of

mostly people of color in NYC and we went to Philly, where the actions were mostly organized by white folks. It was hard, and we had many battles, but it worked.

Our elders, who have been doing this work so much longer, are also hopeful when they see this work going on. Of course, these issues came up during the civil rights era as well. SNCC went through it and SDS went through it, but I hear from the people who have come before us, that the conversations taking place now are more positive and more thorough than they were in the past. I am hopeful that we can do it better this time.

HaC: Can you explain what you think the difference is, between organizing and activism?

Nisha: They are very different. When you are organizing, there is a real community you are working with and you are struggling for an achievable, winnable goal. I see the distinction as reactionary versus proactive—organizing is proactive and activism is reactive. Activism is about finding out where the next world summit is and protesting it, it's about coming out for a political moment where you can raise awareness in the short-term.

Organizing is building a solid grassroots base to really move something. It's about working with the people who are the most oppressed and using their collective power to change something. Activism is seizing the moment and using it to raise peoples' consciousness in the moment.

I would go so far as saying that if you are an activist, you are not creating social change. Social change comes from building power among oppressed people. Activism can help move it along, but social change doesn't happen without organizing.

HaC: Who are some of your activist/organizer role models?

Nisha: There are a lot of them. Most of them are personal friends who are still doing the work, but I also really look up to folks who spent so much time in jail for their political affiliations. I have one friend who spent 13 years in jail for his affiliation with the Black Panther Party. That experience is amazing. We still have people active who were active fighting against the Vietnam War. This man who I worked with at the War Resisters League spent 3 years in jail protesting against World War II. He is now 83 years old and comes into that office every morning to work against the war.

I am also inspired by so many of the women who had to come to this country and had to leave their communities back home either because their husband wanted to come to the U.S. or because they wanted this life. They have really struggled in this very cold country where you have to be rich and have to be independent. A country where you are treated like a second-class citizen if you are a woman, or have an accent, or if you don't have a husband or family. These are strong women. They amaze me. They have had huge personal struggles that a lot of people can't imagine.

HaC: What advice would you give to other young people just starting to get politically involved?

Nisha: I think that the most important thing is to

find out about it for yourself. If you have an idea or an interest you should know that it is already out there and that there are amazing people already working on that issue. The people who are already doing the work may not be the people standing next to you at a show—they are probably a few miles away from you in an area of town that looks different. They are struggling every day. Now that I am older, I have been hearing about Project South, which is an amazing organization that does popular education. It is based out of Atlanta and has been there forever, but when I was growing up in Atlanta I had no idea that it was there.

I would urge people to take the time to find out for themselves what's out there if they are committed. There is probably someone already working on what you want to work on, in a revolutionary way. My big advice is to not just start new organizations from scratch. It drives me crazy to see people starting up their own organizations all the time. I find this tendency a lot with younger white men. I think that we should always assume that people most affected by an issue have been working on it for a while already.

A good example of this is the student-led groups fighting sweatshops on their campuses. I think that this is really important work, but it's problematic when someone comes to town and says "I really have a passion for this issue" and they are directed to a student group at the NYU campus, or at UC Berkeley. They don't realize that 10 blocks north of NYU is the garment district where there are sweatshops and people organizing in the sweatshops against abuses. That's my pet peeve, and why it's so important that we look locally first before we start our own organizations.

HaC: What are some other organizations doing good work that you think that HaC readers should know about?

Nisha: Again, I urge people to look locally if they want to get involved. But among the national organizations, *JustAct* is great. They are building a coalition called 'Movement Rising,' which is a group of youth of color organizations struggling against globalization. Project South is another great resource. Also Critical Resistance, which is building a strong academic consciousness about the need to abolish the prison industrial complex. NOA, the National Organizers Alliance, is a great place to go to find out about local groups. They are building a strong network of organizers doing local work around issues such as immigration, housing, welfare, etc.

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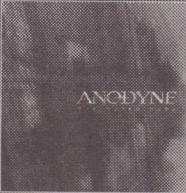
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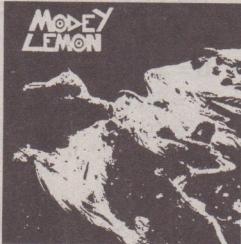


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	BREAKFAST - Eat Rice 7"	B
	BREAKFAST - Second 7"	B
	CORN ON MACABRE - Chapter I 7"	B
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	DEFIANCE - Nothing Lasts Forever LP	L
	DYSTOPIA - The Aftermath... 12"	M
	DISCARGA - Happy Night Electric... CD	J
	DISCARGA - Happy Night Electric... LP	L
	DOWN IN FLAMES - What The Fuck LP	L
	FLEAS & LICE - Recipes of Catastrophies LP	L
	FORSTELLA FORD - Quietus CD	J
	FORSTELLA FORD - Quietus LP	L
	HACKSAW - Turned Up Way Down CD	L
	HACKSAW - Turned Up Way Down LP	J
	HAWG JAW/FACE FIRST - split 7"	B
	INDIAN SUMMER - discography CD	M
	LET IT BURN - Heres to Goodbyes CD	L
	LET IT BURN - Heres to Goodbyes LP	L
	LET IT BURN/THE SCARLET LETTER - 7"	C
	MY LUCK - ...Is Frozen 7"	B
	NEGATIVE STEP - Conquering Punk 10"	L
	NO PARADE - Ceaseless Fire 12"	J
	OFF MINOR - Problematic Courtship CD	F
	OVER MY DEAD BODY/TIME X - split 7"	B
	PENFOLD - Our First Taste... CD	L
	PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES - 12"	J
	RAMBO - Wall of Death The System CD	J
	RAMBO - Wall of Death The System LP	L
	RIISTETYT - Tervetuloa Kulema 7"	A
	SCHOLASTIC DETH - Revenge... 7"	B
	SELFISH - Burning Sensation LP	J
	TEAR IT UP - Nothing To Nothing CD	L
	TEAR IT UP - Nothing To Nothing LP	L
	THE ASSISTANT - CD (x-You And I)	L
	THE KILLERS - Manual for Self Destruction 10"	J
	THE SHIVERING - Wiresofstormandsong 7"	B
	TRAGEDY - Can We Call This Life? 7"	B
	VITAMIN X - Down The Drain CD	L
	VITAMIN X - Down The Drain LP	M
	WOLFBRIGADE - Progression Regression CD	L
	WOLVES - Art.Culture.Work CD	L
	HISTERIA - comp LP with Limp Wrist, Seein' Red, DS13, Deathreat, Sin Orden, Life's Halt... J	

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